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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

The Imitative School

Fifteen years or so ago there were scattered about the country several thousand young men and women, in this case mostly men, who were busily engaged in writing ingenuous imitations of the then recently arrived Man from Nowhere. Pens were gaily spattering white paper and brown paper and yellow paper with joyous Kiplingese. The comma and the semicolon were temporarily forgotten. Every manuscript was sure to contain its "But that is another story," and somewhat pale imitations of Mrs. Hauksbee sprang up in every community in our land. Nor was this playing of the "sedulous ape" confined to the hopelessly impossible. Men of very genuine literary talent were under the spell. Of course they were very young. The other day one of the most delightful and accomplished writers of the younger school was turning over the pages of his first published book, a volume of college stories. There was one tale that told of the attempted hazing of a freshman and its consequences. The writer pointed to it with a pathetic grin. "I couldn't see it then, but I can see it so plainly now. Isn't that story just Kipling's 'His Wedded Wife' in another setting?"

Since those days of the early Kipling there have been many imitators, but no one writer who could be held responsible for a school of imitators until the arrival of O. Henry. Immediately after the appearance of *Cabbages and Kings* there were a few who attempted to reproduce the flavour, and with the publications of *The Voice of the City, The Four Million,* and other books of stories of New York City the few became legion. It was not in the least surprising. Porter's malapropisms were in themselves a suggestion, and he taught his followers a thousand obvious but unexpected places to which to turn for romance. Every other new story seemed to be an answer to a challenge. Frank Norris had said that the only three cities in the United States that offered a real background for fiction

EDNA FERBER

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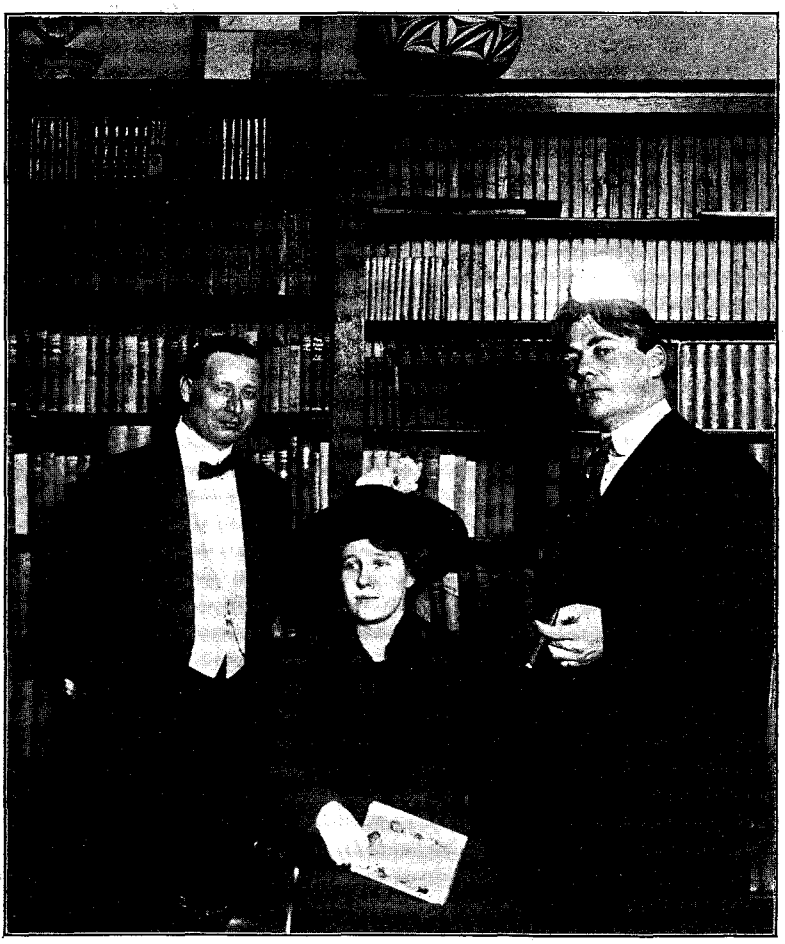
were New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. Porter took a "dry-as dust" railroad description of Nashville, Tennessee —or was it Memphis?—and produced the grim and powerful "A Municipal Report." Some one fleered at Fourth Avenue, New York, as a street without possibilities. Porter's answer was "A Bird of Bagdad." But the very assiduity with which his imitators followed in his footsteps has made their efforts seem more pathetic by comparison. There is but one of them who has succeeded in producing work worthy of serious attention. That one, as we have said before, is Miss Edna Ferber, whose collection of short stories entitled *Buttered Side Down* we have just been reading.

We have an idea that one thing in this book of which Miss Ferber is secretly very proud, is its indication of her knowledge of such sports as are generally regarded as being in the province of men. There is one baseball story, "A Bush League Hero," which she seems to cherish, not so much as a good story—it is—but because of what she apparently regards as certain convincing little touches. Therefore she will probably be surprised when we say that the only emotion they provoke is that of amusement at her naïveté. Upon this point we are not arguing with Miss Ferber. We are telling her politely but firmly. But there is plenty in her work to remember and to admire. For example, the strong, sound



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER MRS. MARQUIS DON MARQUIS

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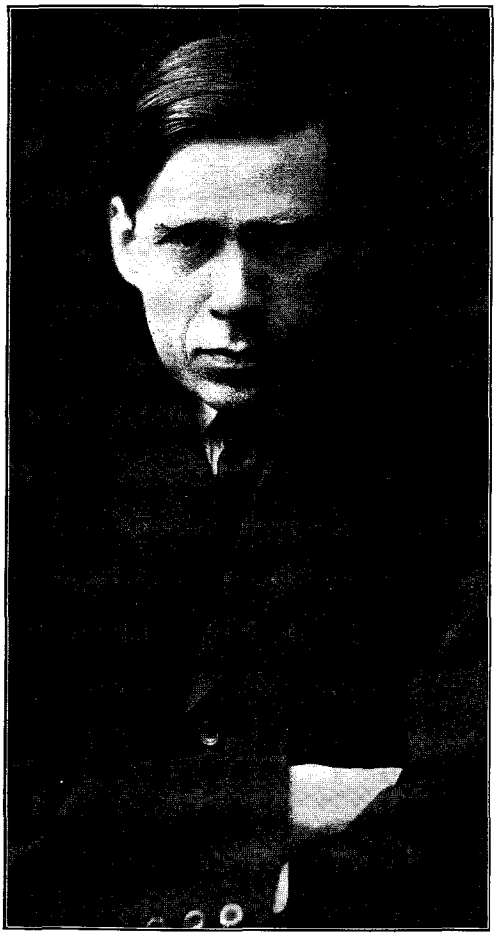
philosophy of Jo Haley in the story of "The Man Who Came Back"; the low cut black dress—we shall not venture into more definite description or Miss Ferber would be amply avenged for our preceding criticism—worn by the little shoe clerk, Sophy Epstein; the disillusionment of Mercedes Meron, née Sadie Hayes, and of Guy Peel in "That Home Town Feeling"; the tragedy of Eddie Houghton and its arraignment of life in the United States Navy. There is variety in these tales, an insight into human nature which, if not genuine, is very well simulated, and a sense of the humorous that is not to be questioned. *Buttered Side Down* stamps Miss Ferber as a genuine acquisition to the ranks of clever short-story writers. Two or three more books of the same quality will make her worthy of serious consideration.



LEROY SCOTT. "THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

COMPTON MACKENZIE

"Carnival"

Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Carnival,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, seems to be attracting an unusual amount of attention in England. Mr. Clement Shorter, writing in the London *Sphere,* says that one week brought him two memorable literary experiences. One was the witnessing of *Milestones,* by Arnold Bennett and Edward Krisblauch, "the best play I have seen for years"; the other was the reading of *Carnival.*

Some time ago I received the first novel by this writer, *A Passionate Elopement.* I observed that it was praised here and there, but I found the book entirely unreadable. I "stuck" before I was half-way through it. I thought it a compound of Meredith and water. However, now I have read the same author's second book I must read his first. *Carnival* carried me from cover to cover on wings. We have here the life story of a ballet girl. The

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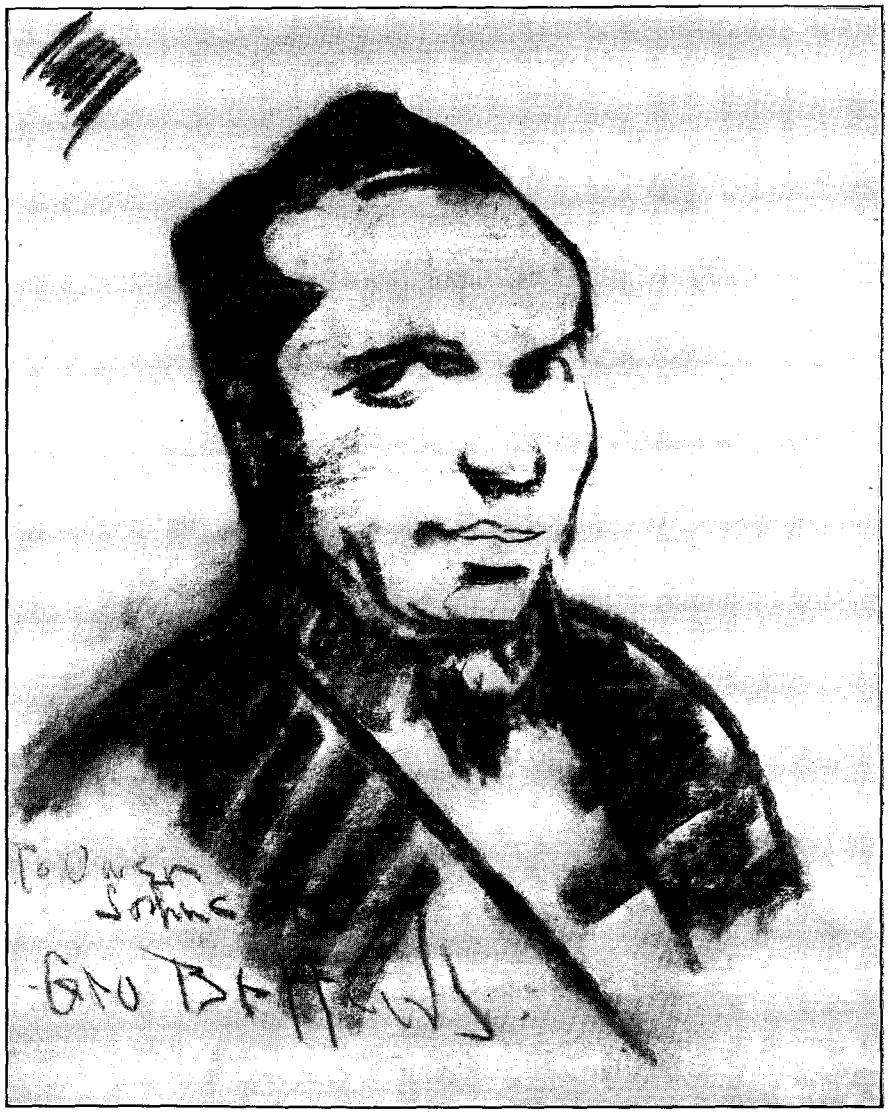
subject on the face of it is not enchanting. Books about the stage are rarely successful, and no book describing the life of the stage, as far as I can remember, has had a vogue. But every one who reads books with judgment will have to read *Carnival* and follow the pathetic but inevitable course of its heroine.

The Twenty Questions

At the time of the appearance of *Stover at Yale* in book form Mr. Owen Johnson is probably the best advertised and most widely discussed of our younger American writers. In the palmy days of Mr. Dooley that philosopher of the Archey Road



OWEN JOHNSON AS SEEN BY GEORGE BELLOWS

Mr. Johnson's willingness to have this caricature printed is as much a vindication of his sense of humour as any of his books. He calls the sketch "A Crumb for the Wolves," suggesting that its publication may afford some satisfaction to those who have been resenting his arraignment of social conditions in our greater American universities.

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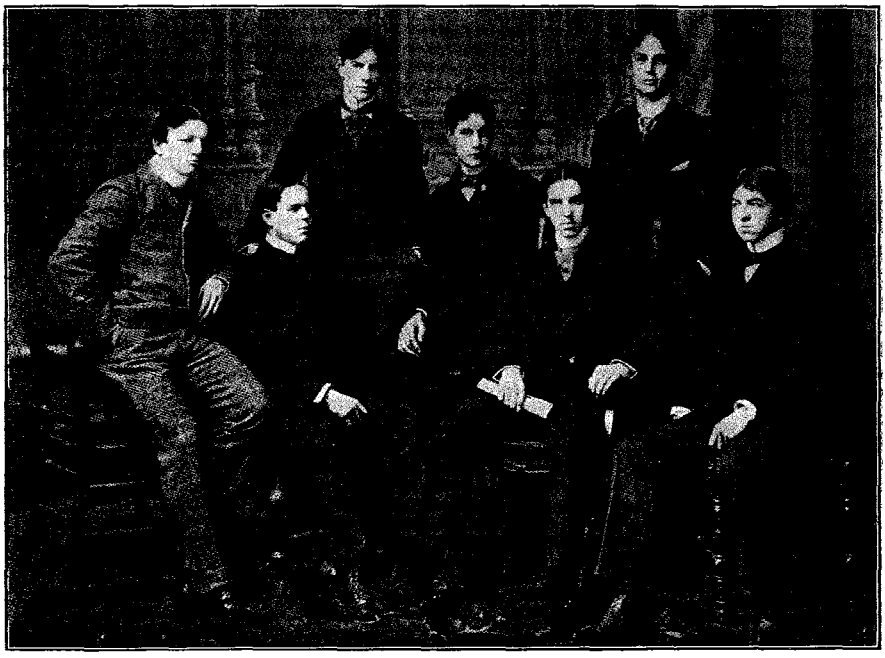
would undoubtedly have resented Mr. Johnson's existence on the grounds that it interfered with the newspapers giving adequate space to such really important news as the heavy hitting of Delehanty and Lajoie, and "how Sharkey is thrainin' for the fight." Whether Mr. Johnson is right or wrong in his expressed opinions as to the disappearance of the spirit of real democracy from our larger American universities, the subject is one admirably designed to furnish columns of very live "copy" to the newspapers, and the newspapers have certainly not overlooked the opportunity. Probably the chapter of *Stover at Yale* that has caused most comment is that in which the college socialist Brockhurst—a character said to have been drawn in part from Harry Hunt, the reform mayor of Cincinnati—defiantly hurls at a group of his classmates a series of questions which he says that every one of them should be able to answer. Here are the questions, not exactly as they appear in the book, but in an amended form:

"FLASH CONDIT" "OLD IRONSIDES" "LADDERS" "SNORKY GREEN"



"THE DUKE OF BILGEWATER" THE AUTHOR "THE GREAT BIG MAN"

THE EDITORS OF THE "LAWRENCEVILLE LITERARY MAGAZINE." FROM THE "OLLA PODRIDA" OF 1896

ON MUSIC

1. What is the difference between the Wagnerian theory of opera and the old Italian?

2. Who wrote *Carmen*, and what was the history of its reception?

3. What was Bach's influence on the development of music?

ARCHITECTURE

4. Who was the architect of the Parthenon?

5. What is the fundamental difference between Gothic and Renaissance architecture?

6. Who was the architect of the Vatican?

RELIGION

7. What was historically new in the Christian religion?

8. What is the history of the cross as a religious emblem?

9. Describe any two religions besides your own.

LITERATURE

10. What American author has most profoundly influenced modern literature?

11. Name ten French dramatists.

12. Name six German poets or dramatists.

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POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

13. What do you know about the new political experiments in New Zealand?

14. What about the labour pension system in Germany?

15. What is the difference between socialism and anarchism?

PAINTING

16. What was Rembrandt's contribution to the theory of painting?

17. What was the medium used in ancient painting?

18. Who composed the Barbizon school, and the Pre-Raphaelites?

GENERAL

19. What do you know about the history of the theory of medicine and particularly of the germ theory of disease?

20. Who were Franz Hals, Spinoza, Holman Hunt, Ambrose Thomas, Zorn, Bossuet, Tschaikowsky, Jehovah, Goya, Björnson, Strindberg, Savonarola, Dürer, Cavour, Winslow Homer, Sir James Young Simpson, Mistral, Cellini, Garrick, Abbé Prevost, Engels?

Mr. Johnson contends that these questions, while designed to baffle the average upper classman of Harvard, or Yale,

From Yoshio Markino's "Mrs. John Bull."

A JAPANESE IMPRESSION OF THE ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTES

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or Princeton, would be mere child's play to a French or German university student. As a matter of fact we know that these questions have been tried on some thirty or forty men, practically all of whom have had college educations and who have been from ten to twenty years out of college. The average of correct answers from this audience has been about sixty per cent. Happening to know the answers to practically all these questions, we are in a position to say that we consider them, in the bulk, essentially fair questions, that may be answered concisely and adequately. To illustrate, take the first question as to the difference between the Wagnerian and the old Italian theory of opera. Books might be written in answer, but it is quite enough to say that the difference lies in the fact that the old Italian opera subordinated the orchestra to the voice, and the Wagnerian opera subordinates the voice to the orchestra.

L'Affaire Steinheil

Although it is the principal reason of the book, and the subject of the greater part of it, the tragedy of the Impasse Ronsin on the night of May 30-31, 1908, will be very lightly discussed here. To the newspaper reading world at large the murder of Madame Steinheil's husband and mother still remains an unsolved mystery, and Madame Steinheil's much-exploited book neither lightens the darkness nor carries a convincing impression of the author's innocence. It is not the heroine of the most "celebrated case" of her time, nor the intimate friend of President Félix Faure who interests us most, but the young wife of the painter Steinheil presiding over a salon which was frequented by many of the most distinguished French painters, musicians, sculptors and men of letters of the nineties. Steinheil was a nephew of Meissonier, and certain of his paintings looked so much like the work of his famous uncle that they have been sold in America as "Meissoniers." Naturally, when Steinheil brought his young wife to Paris it was to an artistic circle that he introduced her, and of this circle her book gives many interesting impressions.

For example, an old friend of Madame Steinheil's husband was Bartholdi, the sculptor of the colossal "Liberty Illuminating the World." Although a man of keen intellect and much originality of thought, Bartholdi's egotism was as colossal as his statue. Once Madame Steinheil met him at the "Institut." He

MADAME STEINHEIL IN HER PRISON DRESS

wore the green uniform and sword of a member, and his breast glittered with orders. "You see this little thing here," he said. "There are but three Europeans who have the right to wear it—one emperor, one king—and myself. I don't attach the slightest importance to it." Of the statue in New York harbour he said: "The Americans believe that it is Liberty that illuminates the world, but, in reality, it is my genius."

As Madame Steinheil knew him, Massenet, the composer of *Manon, Thais,*

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Sappho, Werther, and so many other delightful operas, was an irrepressible boy of sixty, whimsical, mischievous, and fond of jokes. Usually, in entering a salon, he would waive aside the servant about to announce him, and shout "Massenet." Once, he added, "Grand officer of the Legion of Honour, author of a score of operas, member of several academies." But on one occasion he visited Madame Steinheil when there were some foreigners present and he begged the hostess to mumble his name.

MADAME STEINHEIL AND HER DAUGHTER

A little later, he was talking music to the newcomers, and in time mentioned Massenet, whose music he lightly disparaged, with the result that they agreed with him, as he seemed to know all about music, and even went further and declared Massenet's music quite unbearable. Thereupon the composer sat at the piano and played some of his own music as he alone could play it, and Massenet's critics went into ecstasies. "Ah, that's what one may call real music," they said. "Who wrote it?"

"A friend of mine," Massenet replied airily, and he played again, saying when he had concluded, "That was my own."

"It's perfectly sweet. You ought to have your music printed."

"I occasionally do."

"Really! Would you mind repeating your name, we didn't quite catch it!"

"Massenet," and with infinite good grace the composer handed his card, and left the room in order to have his laugh outside.

Another frequent visitor to the Steinheil salon was the poet François Coppée. But during the Dreyfus affair, when he was taking a leading part as one of the

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founders of Patrie Française league, the Steinheils saw less of him. Madame Steinheil met him one morning in the gardens of the Luxembourg, reproached him with his neglect, and begged him to resume his visits. "Ah! my friend," he said hesitatingly, "I'd love to call on you as in the past, but the trouble is there are too many Dreyfusards in your salon!" By an amusing coincidence, Zola called that very day, but he only remained a little while. "To my great regret, I must go, Madame." And he added in a low, confidential voice: "The fact is there are too many Anti-Dreyfusards here."

Madame Steinheil found Emile Zola lacking in his conversation just what he lacked in his books, lightness and delicacy. He was heavy, ponderous, aggressive, and disliked talent in others. One day she asked him how the chase after human documents was going on.

"Quite well, Madame. I hunt my quarry everywhere, and all day long. Human documents, slices of life, searching character-studies, that is all there is in literature." "But what of the writer's personality? Is that of no account whatever?" "It shouldn't be. I try to eliminate my personality from my books. . . ." "And don't you succeed?" "I have the misfortune of being possessed of a temperament which I cannot altogether get rid of, alas!" was the pompous reply. Another time, after re-reading *La Terre,* Madame Steinheil said. "You are a pessimist, M. Zola! You see only one side of life, the ugly and animal side; and but one kind of people . . . the bad kind. And to cap it all, you exaggerate. You believe yourself a 'realist,' but as a matter of fact, you are an idealist . . . with an ugly ideal!" It was very evident that Zola was not pleased. Without relenting, however, she continued: "I have lived in the country for many, many years. I assure you that our peasants round Beaucourt and Belfort bear very little likeness to the brutes you describe. I have loved the peasants. . . ." "And I, Madame," Zola retorted severely, "I have observed them."

The Royal Prerogative

Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s' Amuse* was recently revived at the Theatre Français in Paris. It proved to be an exceedingly dreary production, and one newspaper hit off the situation in the accompanying cartoon, depicting three very bored spectators, and carrying the legend "the king amuses himself, perhaps, but——"

AUX FRANCAIS

(Dessin de Moriss.)

LE ROI S'AMUSE, MAIS

"Sabotage"

In New York the Suffragists have recently tried the interesting experiment of enlisting the drama as an aid to the cause, and have presented three short plays, one of them being *Press Cuttings,* by George Bernard Shaw. It is surprising that greater use has not been made in all fields of this kind of propaganda. There was played a little while ago in Paris, at the Grand Guignol, that theatre devoted to the presentation of the terrible, a play called *Sabotage.* The scene the room of a Paris

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skilled workman, an employé of the electric light company. In the foreground the workman and his wife. In the background the bed in which their child is sleeping. The child is ill, and the mother tells the father that the physician has said that the crisis will come in two or three days. After a time the husband leaves to go to a meeting of his union. He does not wish to go, but the call is imperative. He will not be absent long, and in the meanwhile their friend, Madame So and So, will keep the wife company. The two women talk, the visitor telling of the illnesses of her own children. The mother goes to look at the child and screams. The child is strangling. The friend goes for the doctor, who comes at once and looks at the patient. He turns to the mother. "Please leave the room," he says, "you will only suffer, and you will disturb me. This simply means that the crisis has come earlier than was to be expected. It is much better so. It is merely the matter of a slight operation. I give you my word of honour—my professional word of honour—that all will be well. Go." Swinging the electric light over the child's bed the physician takes out and sterilises his instruments. The woman visitor standing ready to give him any needed help. He makes an incision with a knife, then another and another. Suddenly—complete darkness. "My God! Woman! Why did you turn out the light?" "I didn't turn out the light!" "Then turn it on!" "But I can't turn it on!" The physician vainly tugs at the switching, the mother rushes in, and finally a candle is found and lighted. Too late! The child is dead! Then there is a noise, growing louder and louder. The street below echoes with the tramp of a thousand feet, and there rise the strains of the "Marseillaise." The door of the room opens and the husband stands on the threshold. "Victory!" he cries. "We've won! There's not an electric light burning in Paris to-night!"

It seems rather a far cry from the intimate life of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie to the triumphs of modern aerial navigation. Yet the publication in this country of André Beaumont's *My Three Big Flights,* suggests a link of which we think very few persons in this country have any knowledge. By most people interested in the subject André Beaumont, the winner of three of the greatest of recent flights, is probably regarded as the foremost airman of the day. Many of these people know that the name "Beaumont" is merely an assumed one, adopted for flying purposes, and only slightly covering the identity of Lieutenant J. Conneau of the French Navy. But very few have associated the intrepid aviator with his parents, the Doctor Conneau who was the physician of Napoleon III, and the Madame Conneau who was the Empress's most intimate companion.

Lieutenant Conneau

Lieutenant Conneau's book is introduced by the following poem by Edmond Rostand:

AU VAINQUEUR DE ROME

Tout fut beau: la Victoire et le cri qui la nomme,
Et la Ville Eternelle, et la jeune saison,
Et le Captif sacré quittant son oraison
Pour voir l'Aile franchir les collines de Rome!

La minute est sublime où le Vieux Pape, comme
Pour laisser pénétrer le siècle et l'horizon,
Fait ouvrir la fenêtre, et veut, de sa prison,
Bénir l'oiseau lointain qu'on lui dit être un homme!

O le plus pur effet du plus grand des exploits!
Elle vient de monter pour la première fois,
La bénédiction qui dut toujours descendre!

"Pulvis es..." dit l'Eglise au fragile mortel...
Mais il s'est envolé si haut, ce grain de cendre,
Qu'il faut, pour le bénir, le chercher dans le ciel!

Mr. Carl Holliday's *The Wit and Humour of Colonial Days* contains an account of the various versions of "Yankee Doodle" which, if not absolutely new, is well worth repeating. Almost invariably associated with our own country in the mind of Americans, the tune of the ballad is older than most existing nations. In the twelfth century it was played

Migrations of "Yankee Doodle"

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slowly as a chant in churches in Italy. Gradually it worked its way into the daily life of the ordinary peasant, became a popular vintage song in Southern France and Spain, reached northward into Holland, where, as a reapers' song, it acquired the words "Yanker dudel, doodle down," and at length entered England, where before the reign of Charles I it was a widely known nursery rhyme with the words:

Lucky Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Nothing in it, nothing on it,
But the binding round it.

In the days of the Commonwealth the Cavaliers wrote a song in ridicule of Oliver Cromwell, who, it is said, once rode into Oxford, mounted on a small Kentish horse and with his small plume tied into a knot:

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.

"Macaroni," of course, was the term applied at the time to the London dandy.

Thus long before the Revolution the song had served in many capacities. Its first significance in this country was given by a British army surgeon who, seeing the raw New England rustics staring at the English troops, conceived the idea of writing new words to the old tune in derision of the patriots.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted ev'ry day,
I wish it could be savèd.

* * * * *

And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

* * * * *

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He's got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The colonists, instead of being exasperated, liked the song, adopted it as their own, and on occasion whistled it with such mocking vim that Cornwallis is said to have exclaimed, "I hope to God I shall never hear that damned tune again."

Redeeming the "Red Badge"

Here is a story about the late Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* which we believe has never before been printed, and which, in its way, is quite worthy of incorporation in a chapter of Henri Murger's *Scenes de la Vie de Bohême*. That before the publication that made it the most talked of book of a brief hour, and amazed grizzled veterans of the Civil War by what they considered its reality and verisimilitude, *The Red Badge of Courage* had many vicissitudes is a matter of common knowledge to readers who do not entirely forget the books of ten or fifteen years back. There was one time in its history when a certain number of chapters had been ransomed from the typewriter agency and submitted to a publisher. To Stephen Crane's delight, they were received with enthusiasm and the book practically accepted, on condition that the remaining chapters were up to the same standard. Crane was absolutely confident that he had not fallen below the level he had set himself in the first part. But there was one serious complication. The balance of the book was practically in pawn at the typewriter's for fifteen dollars. In despair he wrote to a friend:

DEAR DICON: Beg, borrow or steal fifteen dollars. —— like the *Red Badge* and want to make a contract for it. It's in pawn at the typewriter's for fifteen.

Thine, STEVE.

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Unfortunately, the friend was equally hard up for ready money. Fortunately, he was accustomed to do hack work upon occasion for a successful journalist who happened to be in his debt for thirteen dollars. Rushing round to collect this magnificent fund, he suggested that it would be a great accommodation if the cheque could be made out for fifteen dollars. He would "work out" the extra two dollars. The journalist complied with the request, and the cheque was endorsed and despatched to the waiting Crane. But it happened that Crane had already applied to the journalist and the latter had refused the loan. When the cheque came back with Crane's endorsement, there were recriminations. Nothing would make the journalist believe that the hack-worker was innocent of conspiring against him. It was in vain that the latter protested that all but two dollars of the fifteen was his any way to use as he pleased. Explanations were useless. The journalist refused to be placated and the "literary underwriter" received no more commissions, after having pawned his only pair of sleeve-links to make good that part of the fifteen dollars that was not his.

The Furniss Thackeray

About as amusing a manifestation of amiable egotism as we have seen for a long time is the little pamphlet "How and Why I Illustrated Thackeray," prepared by Mr. Harry Furniss for the purpose of exploiting the Centenary Edition of Thackeray's Works. The mere fact that Mr. Furniss is probably quite right in most of his contentions about Thackeray's shortcomings as a draughtsman does not mitigate in the least his vein of genial conceit.

The World's Humour

The only reason we have for mentioning Mr. Charles Johnson's *Why the World Laughs* is that it is such an excellent example of a very rich subject very badly treated. In it not only does compilation go beyond all reasonable bounds; the book might be summed up as a work about humour by a man apparently utterly devoid of humour.

Identifying "To M. L. G."

According to a note sent out by the book's publishers, two different New York theatrical critics who have long known the stage and its history are declaring that the theatrical boarding house and agency described in the anonymous novel called *To M. L. G.* is an accurate picture of the boarding house kept years ago by the mother of Bijou Fernandez. Aside from this serious attempt to identify the persons of the novel, Franklin P. Adams, of the *New York Evening Mail,* has declared that the theory that "M. L. G." is none other than Montague L. Glass would bear looking into, while, as for "He Who Passes," the subtitle of the novel, that, declares Colonel Adams, should certainly appeal to poker-players, who, he alleges, "fell for" *Helen of the High Hand* in large and bewildered numbers.

Literary Economy

We have just been glancing at *Fore and Aft,* by Mr. E. Keble Chatterton. We are not inclined to devote much time to it. We have no doubt that it is an interesting book, but we feel we can say with perfect security that we have read it all before in the same author's *Sailing Ships and Their Story, Steamships and Their Story* and *The Romance of the Ship.* Mr. Chatterton must be highly extolled for that excellent old virtue, economy. He reminds us of that philosophical verse writer of whom Mr. James L. Ford told in the *Literary Shop,* who pointed out to his fellow-workers the wicked, wasteful extravagance of using up a whole idea in a single poem. The idea should be divided into twenty-four parts, and each part made to serve as a basis for a poem.

An Illustrious Precedent

If Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, the author of *Queed,* should chance to consider himself slighted by the publication of the accompanying illustration, we refer him to the case of a certain Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray, who, finding a fellow member of a London club peacefully dozing with a copy of *Pendennis* in his hand,

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A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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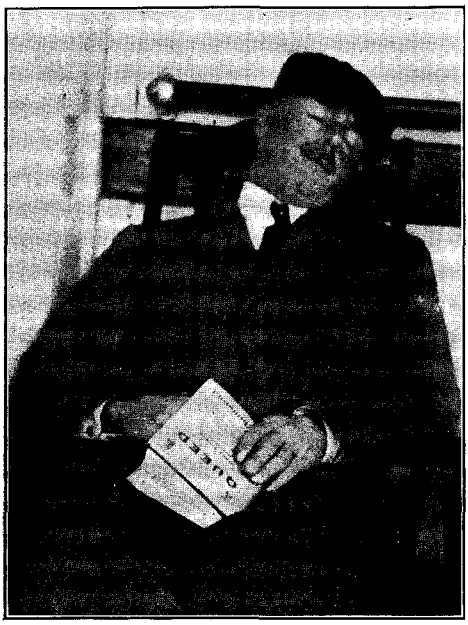

WHY INSOMNIA?

professed to take the matter as a high compliment, maintaining that the writer who produced a book conducive to honest slumber was conferring a genuine benefit upon mankind.

An Exchange in the Dark

There are two lines in our Table of Contents this month that are likely to provoke some comment. One of these lines indicates that Mr. Owen Johnson's *Stover at Yale* is reviewed by Mr. Brian Hooker; the other that Mr. Brian Hooker's *Mona* is reviewed by Mr. Owen Johnson. This little exchange of compliments or bullets, as the case may be, calls for an explanation. Some time ago Mr. Hooker suggested that he would like to review *Stover at Yale*. In view of Mr. Hooker's unquestioned standing as a critic, and the fact that he is a Yale graduate, with some very decided ideas on the conditions at New Haven which Mr. Johnson so seriously arraigns, it would probably be impossible for any magazine to make a better choice. A little later Mr. Johnson, quite unaware of the assignment of his book to Mr. Hooker, said some very interesting things on the subject of opera librettos. As a result he was asked to review *Mona,* and acceded to the request. Nothing, however, was said to Mr. Hooker of the matter. To be absolutely candid there was an unguarded moment in which Mr. Hooker rather "let the cat out of the bag" in the matter of the review of *Stover at Yale,* but to the best of our knowledge the first intimation he will have that Mr. Johnson has reviewed *Mona* will be with the appearance of this issue of THE BOOKMAN. At the time of writing this paragraph we have received neither Mr. Hooker's review nor Mr. Johnson's. But with a feeling of perfect confidence we submit them to any reader who is inclined to doubt the wisdom of the selections.

AN INFORMAL PORTRAIT OF HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

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THE ADVENT OF THE LITTLE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

MERELY to attend the Little Theatre, which Mr. Winthrop Ames has opened lately in New York, is in itself a delicate experience. A sense of something daintily delightful begins with the first glimpse of the exterior of the edifice. We are reminded of elm trees and a calm New England green; for the design of the façade is ancestrally American. Here is no strained and tortured imitation of the Greek or adaptation of the Romanesque, no puffed and tumid *rococo,* no meretricious, glittering *art nouveau;* but a simple, chaste Colonial design, lovely in unobtrusive dignity. We take our hats off to the architects, Messrs. Harry Creighton Ingalls and F. Burrall Hoffman, Jr., and enter the white and homely little lobby. This lobby reminds us of New England also, for it gives us a sense of good housekeeping. Next we step into a hall with a fireplace at the opposite end; and this transition has conveyed us easily overseas to Old England, where interiors are comfortable. We are met now by a nice girl, demurely dressed in grey—not *too* demurely, though, for there are frilly little fringes of white about her costume, and a wreath of pink flowers almost on the point of laughing lightly from her darksome hair—who leads us into a mellow drawing-room, where there are chairs for us and for our fellow-guests. We look about us, and discover—for this is a special first performance—that two hundred and fifty of the two hundred and ninety-seven other guests are valued friends of ours. What a pleasant party it is! and how glad we are that we have come!

The room itself is lovely. Above dark wainscots of aged wood, the walls are hung with ancient tapestries—or so the eye believes, while resting on their counterfeit presentments. Over all is a white ceiling, richened and matured by a light that never was on sea or land,—but surely ought to be, forever, in a drawing-room. We look at the chandeliers, and grow thankful to some nameless artist. Then we make more marvellous discoveries. We have room, for instance, for our knees: and this almost persuades us that we must have left New York and are again in London, where orchestra-stalls are constructed with some logical reference to the anatomy of man. We dally with a programme that is printed—and there *is* an art of printing—with good taste: even the advertisements look like visiting cards. Oh yes, we are very glad we came!

It is now a quarter to nine. We have not been dragged from dinner before the salad; we have even taken our *demi-tasse* in peace: we have, in very truth, escaped the ticking of the clock—that usual overture of annoyance to an evening of theatre-going. A quarter to nine: this is the proper time for things to happen. There is a desultory chiming of sweet bells, as from some tower far away; the mellow light grows dim, and fades, and lingers, and is gone; there is an upward gathering of rich curtains; and a vista is opened on a fresh, imaginary world, of which—and here is the special sensation of the Little Theatre—we find ourselves mystically a part. We do not watch a play; but a play happens to us. We are not spectators but participants.

In the long intermission—for this is a party, remember, and we wish to see our friends—we adjourn to the tea-room downstairs, with the two hundred and fifty others who count for us. Coffee and cakes are passed around—by dark-eyed girls again, with pink flowers in their hair, and dresses [note the paradox] of grey: and we chat of this and that, with all the dear delightful people that we have been too busy to call upon through all the rush of the preceding weeks. Then the chiming again; and a new lapse into the wonder-world.

After the performance—was it really

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a performance, or have we merely looked through a window upon life?—we linger in the hall before the fireplace, hat in hand, with a vague desire to tell our host and hostess that we have passed a very pleasant evening. Then we go away—and have no critical opinion whatsoever to express about the play that we have seen.

This much the tactful Mr. Ames has triumphantly accomplished: he has created a place—there is, indeed, a poetry of places—scarcely aloof from the glare and glitter of Broadway, where all things happen fitly and one may pass a comfortable evening without suffering an assault upon his taste. He has lifted, in New York, the mere experience of

THE LITTLE THEATRE—EXTERIOR

"We are reminded of elm trees and a calm New England green; for the façade is ancestrally American. . . . A simple, chaste Colonial design, lovely in unobtrusive dignity."

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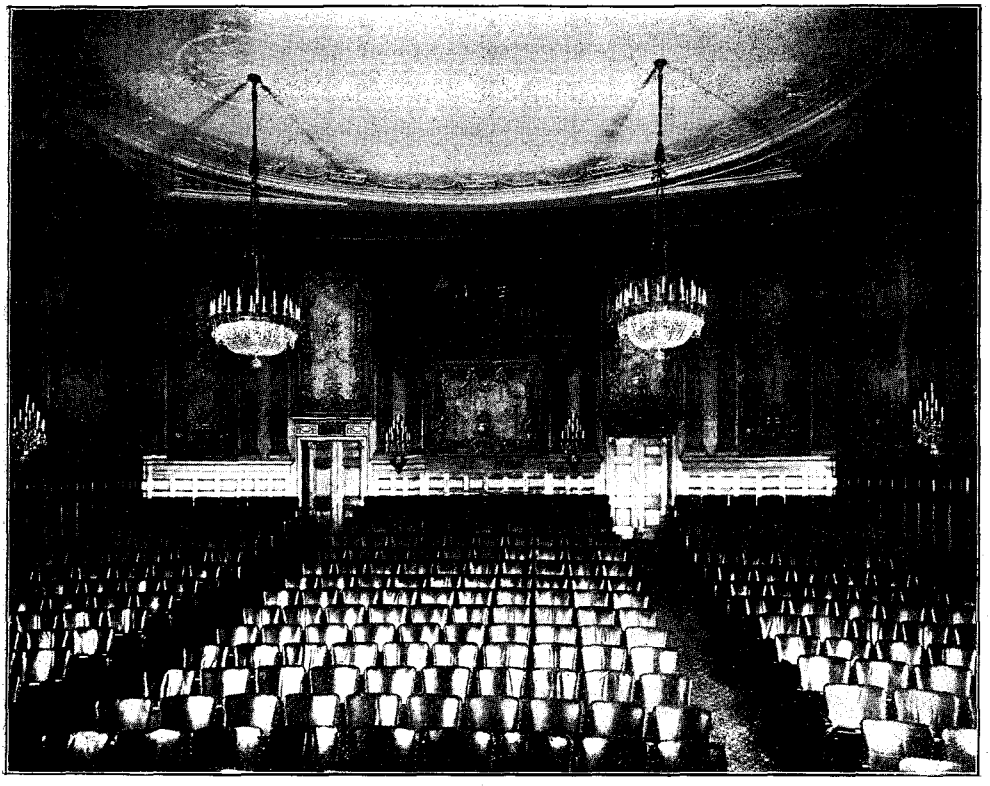

THE LITTLE THEATRE—AUDITORIUM

"A mellow drawing-room, where there are chairs for us and for our fellow-guests. Above dark wainscots the walls are hung with ancient tapestries. Over all is a white ceiling, richened and matured by a light that never was on sea or land."

theatre-going to that level of easy elegance on which it is so gracefully maintained at the Criterion in London. He has given a party, and achieved a social success.

But, after all, what is the real significance of this accomplishment, to those of us who seriously care about the noble art of drama? This somewhat discommoding and ungracious question is sure to suggest itself when we find ourselves once more in the reflective mood considering the theatre. And, in such a mood, one thought, at least, insists on utterance. The Little Theatre has been deliberately fashioned to cater to the aristocracy: and this is, in America, a danger, since our only aristocracy is an aristocracy of wealth. There are no balconies in Mr. Ames's theatre. Each of the two hundred and ninety-nine seats is—theoretically, at least—just as good as any of the others; and the price for every seat, at an evening performance, is two dollars and a half. This sum is lifted to three dollars by the aristocratic ticket agencies; and even at the box-office it is impossible to obtain admission to the theatre for less than the one fixed charge. This arrangement excludes from the house the most intelligent class of theatre-goers; for it is well known that those people who know most and care most about the drama pay only, on the average, a dollar for their seats,—that is to say, they pay sums that vary from fifty cents to one dollar and a half. It is an established fact that, in our regular theatres, the success of any play is determined not by the patronage in the orchestra [where seats may always be given away to professionals] but by the patronage in the galleries. The galleries determine whether a given play shall succeed or fail: and this condition is just, because, in the main, the people in

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the galleries are best fitted to determine whether or not the piece is a worthy work of art. But the great public of the galleries is excluded, economically, from the Little Theatre; and the playwrights whose fabrics are presented in that cosy drawing-room are thereby denied the verdict of the most intelligent section of the theatre-going public. In such a theatre—thus rendered artificial by the exclusiveness of its appeal—the tendency must ever be to set forth fabrics rare and precious, apart from the taste, and therefore (in a real sense) lower than the cognizance, of the general and all-important public.

To this objection Mr. Ames would probably reply that, in a city so vast and various as New York, there are many different publics, to any special one of which it is entirely legitimate that a manager should make, exclusively, his appeal. There are many theatres for the poor, he would probably remark,—the moving-picture shows, for instance: why not a theatre for the rich? There is no answer to this argument upon the business basis—his theatre will probably make money: but those who seriously care about the art of drama may find much to say upon the other side. Any movement which tends to break up the general theatre-going public into special *cliques* and *clièntеles* is dangerous to the great and democratic cause of the dramatic art. The best dramatists, in all ages of the theatre, have always appealed, in a single play, to all classes of society: they have made plays, like *Hamlet,* that are interesting simultaneously to those who pay fifty cents and those who pay two dollars. And any tendency that fosters a division of the public, by providing fifty-cent plays for fifty-cent people and two-dollar plays for two-dollar people, must, in the long run, be detrimental to the dramatist and exert a narrowing influence upon his art.

From a more technical standpoint, the existence of the Little Theatre is a fact that strikes the intellect with a hardly answerable sensation of surprise. Mr. Ames's playhouse has been obviously modelled after Miss Kingston's Little Theatre in London and Professor Reinhardt's Chamber-Theatre in Berlin. These pre-existent institutions have succeeded, to be sure; but they represent, in reality, only an unwarranted exaggeration of a tendency that is historically sound. During the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century the art of theatre-building underwent a revolution which was thoroughly in keeping with the contemporary revolution in the art of dramaturgy. Throughout this period the tendency was toward greater naturalness, intimacy, and subtlety in the drama itself and in the physical aids to its presentment. As a result of this epoch-making revolution, it has become necessary, in order to secure the best effects of contemporary dramatic art, not only that every change of facial expression, every minute gesture, every delicate vocal modulation, should be clearly visible and audible from all parts of the house, but also that the spectators should be gathered sufficiently near the stage to feel themselves intimately "among those present" in the scene depicted. As a consequence of this evolutionary tendency, the prevailing and accepted type of theatre at the present day is a house, approximately, of the size of the Court Theatre in London or the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York. But it is a peculiarity of every important movement in the arts that it tends ultimately to exaggerate itself beyond the bounds of logic. The Maxine Elliott Theatre is surely intimate enough to allow the farthest spectator in the last row of the topmost gallery to perceive the most minute gradation in the expression of the actors. What, then, can be the reason for the advent of the little theatre—in Berlin and London and New York—which merely renders more intimate what was already intimate enough? Any good play that is capable of interesting two hundred and ninety-nine people should, logically, be capable of interesting a thousand people, in an intimate theatre made graciously available to patrons who can pay but fifty cents. Where, then, lies the intellectual excuse for such an institution as the Little Theatre?

From the economic standpoint, it is evident that Mr. Ames has carefully counted the cost. By restricting his seat-

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ing capacity to two hundred and ninety-nine, he has avoided the requirement of the Fire Department of New York to leave an alley on either side of his edifice, and thus—in the expensive theatre district—has saved a large amount on his initial investment in real estate. His rent

vent of the Little Theatre. They are questions which can be answered only by time—and by the general theatre-going public. Having asked them, the critic may devote his attention more particularly to the present offerings of Mr. Ames.

"THE TYPHOON"—ACT III

"The hero is a Japanese who is writing a great book. . . . He accomplishes his mission, and then dies."

—to use the word in its technical and economic sense—is much less than that of the usual owner of a theatre; and by putting up twelve performances a week instead of the usual eight, he can increase the economic capacity of his house very nearly to the standard of the ordinary theatre. So far he is defended on the business side; but what is gained, artistically, by presenting to the very few, at an advanced price, plays which either appeal only to the aristocracy, or else would make more money and be more successful if presented to the larger public, at the usual prices, in a theatre of the ordinary size?

All these questions must be asked by the dramatic critic after he has retired from the spell cast over him by the ad-

"The Pigeon"

The first production at the Little Theatre was an exquisite rendering of a fantasy in three acts, by Mr. John Galsworthy, entitled *The Pigeon*.* It should be stated at once that no play that has been presented in New York within the memory of the present writer has ever been more perfectly acted or more delicately produced. The work of that noble artist in stage-direction, Mr. George Foster Platt, and of the associated actors, made it absolutely necessary for the conscientious critic to read the text of the play in order to determine the precise extent of

*The Pigeon. A Fantasy in Three Acts. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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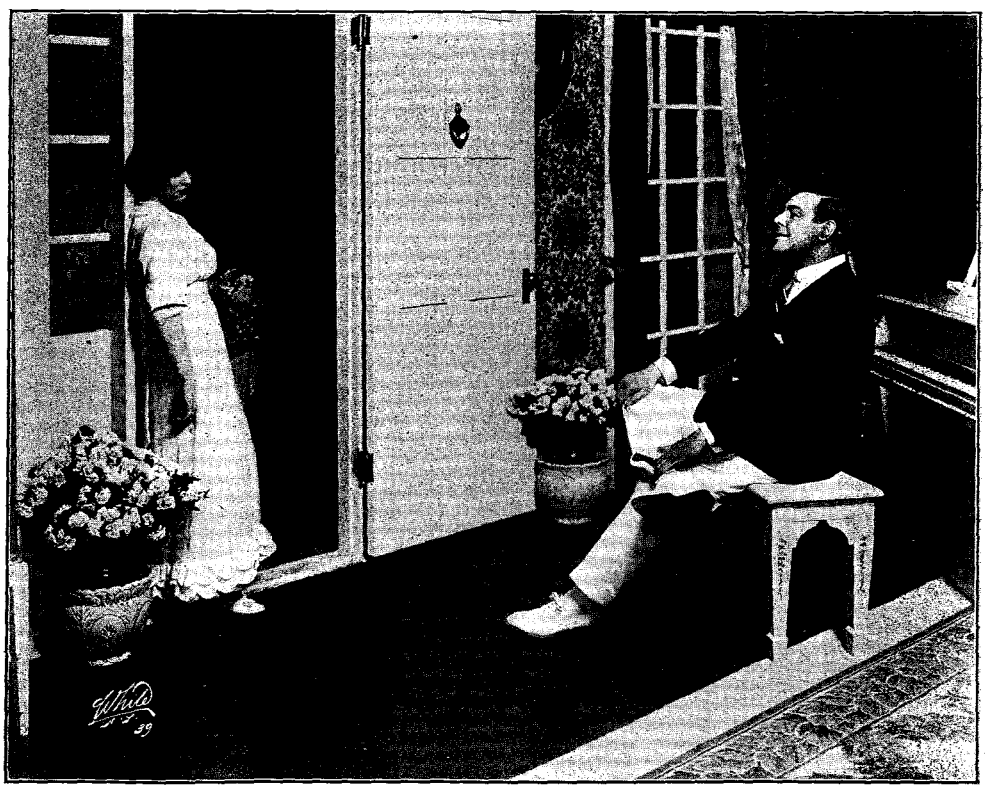
"THE PIGEON"—ACT III

"Wellwyn has given to the derelicts that gift of human sympathy that is synonymous with love; but as a result of his charity, the painter merely has the helpless on his hands, and is himself impotent to help them."



"THE RAINBOW"—ACT II

"The father and daughter fall in love with each other at sight, and their hearts leap up as people's hearts are wont to do when they behold a rainbow in the sky."

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Mr. Galsworthy's literary and dramaturgical achievement. Thus examined, the piece ultimately showed itself to be an imaginative creation of a very high order, but, in the tradition and formal sense, scarcely a play at all.

The habitual mood of Mr. Galsworthy's mind is a lofty and Olympian impartiality. He likes to exhibit both sides of an important social struggle with such utter lack of bias that the balance quivers in inconclusive equilibrium. He never answers questions: he merely asks them. His vocation as an artist sets him in the position of a judge of human life; but he is a judge who is forever suspending judgment. "I have heard both sides," he seems to say, "and both are right and both are wrong: it would not be reasonable for me to render any verdict:—call the next case."

This attitude is, intellectually, very fine; but it is not the attitude of the born dramatist. The great dramatists—in fact, all the really great workers of the world, the men who get things done—always *do* take sides, and fight for their chosen side against the other. And in the theatre, the audience wants to take sides also: it wants to feel that some of the characters are right and some are wrong, and eagerly longs to see the right triumphant. It wants a struggle to be won, and lost: it humanly desires a conclusion. For this reason Mr. Galsworthy's plays will never be widely popular in the theatre. He is never a fighter. His temper of mind sets him evermore aloof from life, looking at it wistfully from some safe perch of the non-combatant. He seems, a little, not to dare to fight for what might seem to him the right, for fear that it might turn out to be wrong.

The theme of *The Pigeon* is the familiar and important parable that one-half of the world can never know how the other half lives. There are two irreconcilable types of human beings,—the tame birds and the wild birds; and they can never understand each other. The tame birds make the laws and regulate the conditions of life not only for themselves but for the others; and against these laws, which hold them caged, the wild birds of the world forever beat their ineffectual wings in vain. Hence, in our tamed and temperate society, the misery of those human souls that cannot be made tame. What can be done to help them? . . . This is the question that Mr. Galsworthy asks; and, as usual, he declines to answer it.

A Professor of Sociology argues that "we're to give the State all we can spare, to make the undeserving deserving." A Justice of the Peace supports the opposite view that "we ought to support private organisations for helping the deserving, and damn the undeserving." A Canon of the Church wavers inclusively between these two beliefs and loses all conviction in a maze of theory. Meanwhile, a painter named Christopher Wellwyn, who is a charitable sentimentalist, finds himself, on Christmas eve, housing in his studio, against the protests of his practical-minded daughter, three human derelicts who happen to have interested him in the course of his rambles, and does not know what to do with them. One is an old cab-man, driven out of business by the advent of the taxi-cab, who has taken to unintermitted drinking; another is a flower-girl who, seeking the joy of life, seems doomed to accept, as a substitute, the life of joy; and the third is an imaginative vagabond, a Frenchman named Ferrand, who drifts about the world, enjoying all things and profiting by none. These three accept the painter's charity, and go their ways. They pluck the tame pigeon, and flutter forth again, wildly, ineffectually, into the alien world. The cab-man dedicates himself more deliberately to drink; the flower-girl loses all her loveliness by yielding more and more easily to her desire to be loved; and the rolling stone, Ferrand, keeps rolling (as such loosed trajectiles will) down hill. All three attempt suicide, but are saved against their wills. What is to be done with them? . . . The Professor, the Justice, and the Canon explode in futile disagreement. Wellwyn, at least, has given to the derelicts that gift of understanding which is synonymous with love; but as a result of his charity, the painter merely has the helpless on his hands, and is himself impotent to help them. What is the moral of this insoluble dilemma? . . . Pos-

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sibly, that we should love our miserable neighbors, because that is the only thing that we can do for them. For, as Ferrand explains, the keenest desire of the wild birds of the world is that the tame birds should somehow grow to understand them.

This inconclusive tract is written with a richness of imaginative sympathy which makes one wonder a little that the author should be able to maintain that Olympian aloofness which forbids him to suggest a remedy. There is character in the piece, and humour, and wistfulness, and poignancy. Though Mr. Galsworthy is not a born dramatist, he seems to be a great man. This feeling somehow disarms criticism of the technical fabric of his work. There are not so many great men in the world that it can ever cease to be a privilege to listen to them.

"The Flower of the Palace of Han"

The second offering of the Little Theatre was set forth frankly as a curiosity. It was a Chinese drama, entitled *The Flower of the Palace of Han,* written between 1260 and 1368 A. D. by Ma Tcheu-Yuen, freely adapted into French not many years ago by M. Louis Laloy, and now transferred from French to English by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy.

This far-wandering little play tells—rather tenuously, to be sure—a lyrical and lovely story. The most beautiful of maidens, Tchao-Kiun, who is destined to be the bride of the Emperor, Yuen-Ti, is kept waiting ungreeted in his garden by the machinations of Mao, his minister of state. The Emperor comes upon her in a bower in his garden, dismisses his minister, and makes the maid his queen. The minister escapes to the camp of a savage Tartar tribe, and so inflames the barbarians with his tales of the beauty of Tchao-Kiun that they make war upon the Emperor and demand his queen as the price of peace. To save the nigh defenceless realm from depredation, Tchao-Kiun offers herself as a sacrifice to the Tartars. She sets out for the camp of the barbarians, accompanied only by her two hand-maidens; but when she comes to the banks of the river Armoor, she climbs a craggy cliff and hurls herself to death. The Emperor, irretrievably bereaved, retires to the hall of his ancestors, and seeks, by the consolations of philosophy, to reattain that irrefragable serenity of soul which the Buddhist religion marks as the loftiest of moods.

This story is quaintly but directly told, and at times removes the contemplating mind from the mood of interested curiosity to the deeper mood of sympathy. The piece is very simply played. The action, in all of the five scenes, is conducted within a heart-shaped lattice, which remains immovable upon the stage; and the variations in place and time, from scene to scene, are suggested merely by hanging different cloths behind the lattice. These back-drops are designed in the manner of ancient Chinese paintings. The creation of the scenery and costumes was intrusted to Mr. Hamilton Bell; and once again this admirable decorative artist completely satisfied the needs of the occasion.

"The Terrible Meek"

It is somewhat difficult to criticise *The Terrible Meek,** a one-act play by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, which was also presented at the Little Theatre; because the effect that it makes depends, to a great extent, upon the predisposition of the individual auditor. Mr. Kennedy has announced himself, somewhat noisily, as a Prophet of God, and demands that his piece shall be considered as a religious revelation; but it may be more decorous for the literary and dramatic critic, less habituated to daily conferences with the Deity, to consider it solely as a work of art.

So considered, *The Terrible Meek* is, in two ways, an interesting experiment. In the first place, Mr. Kennedy has set himself the task of retelling the story of the Crucifixion by passing it to the auditor through the diverse minds of three people intimately concerned in the event, —namely, the mother of the Crucified, the Centurion who gave the order for

*The Terrible Meek. A One-Act Stage Play for Three Voices: to be Played in Darkness. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

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His execution, and a Roman legionary who had a hand in the actual hanging. These three are heard speaking in utter darkness, for what seems, to most of the auditors, a protracted length of time,—until, at the last, the darkness lifts, and discloses three gaunt figures crucified upon a hill-top, with the Mother, the Centurion, and the common soldier grouped beneath them reverently. The artistic expedient of casting a new light upon an ancient story by telling it through an intermediary mind has long been recognised as interesting. A classic example of this device is Robert Browning's *Epistle of Karshish,* wherein the story of the raising of Lazarus is revealed anew through the medium of the scientific mind of a sceptical Arabian physician. Another modern instance is that suave and seemingly casual story, *The Procurator of Judæa,* by M. Anatole France, in which the aged Pontius Pilate strives with difficulty to recall the circumstances of a certain execution which, at the time, he had washed his hands of. There are many precedents in art for Mr. Kennedy's attempt; and this fact should, on the one hand, discount the surprise of certain of his auditors, and, on the other hand, subtract a little from his own elation over the uniqueness of his fancied innovation.

The second point that interests the critic in *The Terrible Meek* is this. It has always been a convention of Christian painting, that, in rendering the stories of the New Testament, the artist should depict the leading characters in the guise and in the garb of his own place and time. The great Florentines painted Christ and His followers as contemporary Florentines; the great Venetians rendered them as people of contemporary Venice; the painters of the Netherlands reset the Scriptural stories in their very world of every day; and, in our own times, the leading Russian painters have depicted the Disciples as Russian peasants of to-day. This long-established convention of Christian painting, Mr. Kennedy, in *The Terrible Meek,* has transferred to literature. His Roman legionary speaks in the Cockney dialect of the Tommy Atkins of to-day; his Centurion talks like a cultivated captain in the British army; and his Mother of the Son of Man speaks in the faltering and ungrammatical dialect of an untutored British peasant-woman of the twentieth century. To the rigidly critical mind, it should not be difficult to accept in literature a convention that has long been honoured in the art of painting: yet the fact must be recorded that the average auditor of Mr. Kennedy's play seems liable to be annoyed by the slang and blasphemy of the common soldier, and to be a little discommoded when the Mother refers to the Three Wise Men from the East as "them three gentlemen," and goes on to say, "They was not common folk. They was like lords, they spoke so fine." The effect is somewhat as if Sophocles or Dante, let us say, were translated into slang.

The piece is much too long, and should be cut. The auditor grows uneasy in the garrulous darkness, and begins to fear that the lengthy lamentation of the Mother will never end. This much may be asserted by the critic, without questioning the authenticity of Mr. Kennedy's message. The importance of that message each auditor must be required to determine for himself. To the present writer it seems that there is more in the story of the Crucifixion than the author has succeeded in getting out of it. He has not succeeded in casting any new light upon that narrative which —whether we look upon it as history or as legend—remains the greatest story of the world. Why, then, should an artist—for even a prophet of God must be an artist—wrestle with a supreme story that already, more than once, has been adequately told? . . . One is reminded of Emerson's remark to the young gentleman who wrote an essay in which he criticised adversely the philosophy of Plato,—"When you strike at a king, you must kill him."

"The Rainbow"

It is rather fortunate for Mr. A. E. Thomas that his sentimental comedy called *The Rainbow* was not produced at the Little Theatre; for it has been crowding to capacity a theatre of the standard size. It is not difficult to account for the success of this ingratiating play. The

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very story of the piece appeals at once to the heart of the average theatre-goer and calls into his eyes the wished and sympathetic tears.

A husband has been estranged from his wife for ten years, because of an unfortunate misunderstanding. At the time of their separation, the wife went to live in Europe, taking with her their only child, a little girl of eight. When the play begins, this little girl, now grown to be eighteen, is moved by a desire to meet and know her father; and her mother brings her back to America to allow her to visit him. The father and daughter fall in love with each other at sight, and their hearts leap up as people's hearts are wont to do when they behold a rainbow in the sky. But it happens that, during the long years of his loneliness, the father has taken up with several questionable companions,—men who gamble on the races and women who are scarcely domestic in their tastes; and though he tries to lock the door upon them, they continue to break in upon the sanctuary that he means to keep sacred to his little maid. The mother therefore insists on taking the child away, to shield her from contamination; and the father is obliged to yield to this insistence. There is a scene of parting between the daughter and the father, in which the little girl thinks that she is going away for only a day or two, but the broken-hearted man knows that she is leaving him for good and all; and this tenderly pathetic scene carries the play to a triumphant success. The last act happens a year later, in Europe, and exhibits, of course, a reconciliation between the husband and the wife, which insures the future happiness of the winsome little girl.

This story is so humanly appealing that it seems a little ungracious to call attention to one or two defects in the structure of the piece. The most obvious defect is that the character of the father remains unaltered and uninfluenced throughout the play. In the first act, before the coming of the little girl, he exhibits the same kindly and generous nature that he is to show in the later passages of the play. But if he has lived for ten years in intimate companionship with a crew of vulgar men and flashy women, it is logical to infer that his character must have become to some extent contaminated; and if his nature, in accordance with this logical inference, had been exhibited as tarnished at the outset, a greater strength might have been imparted to the dramatic struggle by exhibiting subsequently a regeneration of his better nature under the influence of his little maid.—Again, the last act seems a little artificial; and the summary of events supposed to have occurred during the year-long lapse of time between the last two acts sounds somewhat fabricated and mechanical.

The method of the whole piece is more narrative than dramatic. Time and again two characters, in dialogue, tell each other what has happened, what is happening, and what is going to happen. Yet the story is so good that this method serves to hold the interest. Furthermore, the dialogue is admirably written, with that delicate commingling of sentiment and humour that hits, at the same time, the hearer's head and heart. There is a passage in the second act, between the hero and a flashy lady whose friendship he is finally discarding because of the advent of his little girl, which is a veritable triumph of literary tact. A really human story, written with delicate taste, can always succeed in the theatre, even though it may lack, a little, the sterner stuff of drama.

"The Typhoon"

The Typhoon is an interesting example of that type of melodrama that is likely to deceive the uninitiated spectator into thinking that it is somewhat more important than it actually is. This piece was originally written in Hungarian by Menyhert Lengyel. It has been acted successfully in German in Berlin, in French in Paris; and now an English version, by Emil Nyitray and Byron Ongley, has been presented in New York. This English version omits the third, or climateric, act of the original, and garbles the last act; but it presents with adequate fidelity the material of the first act and the second.

The Typhoon is essentially the sort of melodrama that Sardou, with his more

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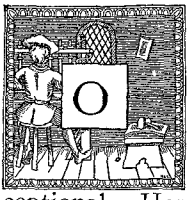
ingenious mastery, used to launch before the footlights. The hero has an important national mission to fulfil. He becomes entangled in an intrigue with a woman. When she gets between him and his work, he casts her from him for the sake of his mission. She is fired by the fury of a woman scorned. In a reversion of passion, he flings himself abjectly at her feet. Now, in her moment of recurrent triumph, she discards him in her turn. In an outburst of infuriate rage, he kills her. But his life is very precious to his nation. His followers agree that his mission cannot possibly be sacrificed, and therefore plot to shield him from the consequences of his crime. They draw lots among themselves, and choose some other man, of less importance to the national cause, to take upon himself the guilt of murder. At this point in the story, the American adaptation ceases to follow the original; and all that is clearly disclosed is that the hero accomplishes his mission, and then dies.

Sardou would have set this story in mediæval Spain or Italy, or modern Russia. The sole touch of originality that the Hungarian playwright reveals is in placing his plot among the Japanese students in Berlin at the present day. The hero is a Japanese who is writing a great book, the precise importance of which to his nation is never explained or suggested by the author. His friends are also Japanese; the woman is a German: and a contrast is drawn, throughout the play, between the inscrutability of the Oriental temperament and the more easy affability of the Occidental. By this expedient the melodrama is made to seem a study of that world-concerning struggle that now seems imminent between East and West; but this apparently epic aspect of the play is merely artificial. The Hungarian author is not really familiar with the temperament of the Japanese. They do not write great books, for instance, with a dozen people hanging over their shoulders, while three or four others squat upon the floor and sing songs accompanied by the strumming of stringed instruments. Neither, when they find themselves alone together in such a city as Berlin, do they transform an Occidental apartment into the semblance of a temple in Japan and go through Oriental ceremonies to remind themselves of home. Or so at least the critic must suppose; for these touches in the play seem fabricated. To sum the matter up, *The Typhoon* appears to be a fairly interesting play of plot that ineffectually tries to seem a world-historic epic.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH STORY TELLERS

William Frend De Morgan

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



OF the various English novelists who have come into prominence since the opening of the twentieth century, the case of Mr. De Morgan is in a number of ways exceptional. Here we have a man in advanced middle age suddenly and successfully invading a new field of art, breaking all records for belated achievement in fiction, venturing with the courage of inexperience to give us stories running close upon a quarter-million of words and written in the manner of half a century ago,—and nevertheless receiving an immediate, enthusiastic and widespread acclaim almost without precedent. It is probably for these reasons that practically all the critics who have devoted any extended space to an analysis of Mr. De Morgan's writings have bestowed a quite disproportionate attention upon genealogical and biographical details,—

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much as though the author in question were a newly discovered zoölogical species, and it behooved them to trace carefully his line of evolution.

I. HIS METHODS

For practical purposes of criticism, however, all that we need to remember about Mr. De Morgan's personal history is that he began life as an artist, abandoned painting five years later in favour of making designs for stained glass, entered shortly afterward upon the manufacture of pottery, and in spite of small pecuniary returns, continued to devote himself to ceramics until the age of sixty-four, when his first novel, *Joseph Vance,* was published. These few brief details picture a man who, in spite of versatility, has always consistently adhered to one or another form of creative art; yet, quite early in life rejected that form which, even more than literature, demands an inborn gift for grouping and composition, a fine instinct for proportion and symmetry. Mr. De Morgan's chief preoccupation, throughout half a normal lifetime, was the beauty of minute detail, the quality of glaze upon a teacup, the excellence of colour or design in a tile. His is the type of mind which gradually, through the passage of years, might be expected to gather up a treasure-house of fine, delicate, unique ideas about life in general, much as a connoisseur gathers together rare gems of porcelain, quite indifferent as to whether they group themselves harmoniously upon their respective shelves.

In view of these facts, Mr. De Morgan's first novel proved to be precisely what might have been expected: a novel almost destitute of plot construction, and with as many loose ends of narrative, as many interruptions and asides of author to gentle reader as may be found in Dickens and Thackeray in their most unrestrained mood. The author of *Joseph Vance* may or may not be a reader of modern fiction; but so far as the internal evidence of his own volumes goes, his reading may well have stopped with the decease of the great Early Victorians. One looks in vain for any trace of his having profited from Hardy or Meredith, from Henry James or Rudyard Kipling or Joseph Conrad, or from any one of that splendid band of Frenchmen who in recent years have raised the technique of plot to the level of a fine art. There is something about the term "Early-Victorian" which Mr. De Morgan seems vaguely to resent. He protests that there is no good reason for affixing this label to him permanently, merely because the scenes of his earlier books were laid some fifty years ago, and that the public is unjust in finding fault with him for choosing in his later volumes either to go back a couple of centuries earlier or to come down a generation or so nearer to our own time. Apparently Mr. De Morgan has misunderstood the spirit of a good deal of the adverse criticism that followed *An Affair of Dishonour.* The trouble was not with the supposed date of the story, but with the quality of the achievement as a whole. It makes no difference in what century or country the author of *A Likely Story* may choose to lay his scenes: he himself remains consistently Early-Victorian in spirit. For, be it said without offence, Mr. De Morgan is, in a mild sense, a literary anachronism,—as, in a slighter degree, Du Maurier was before him,—and his best work, the work by which he is most likely to be remembered, is that which in time and atmosphere best harmonises with the spirit in which it is conceived.

No discerning critic could read *Joseph Vance* without saying: "Here we have the work of an author who drives his pen ahead largely at haphazard, with only a minimum of preconception to help him out, and largely deriving his pleasure and inspiration from the surprises which his characters every little while persist in forcing upon him. This is precisely the method of the authors of *Vanity Fair* and the *Pickwick Papers;* it is a method rendered well nigh obsolete by the requirements of modern craftsmanship: yet it is still the method of Mr. De Morgan."

I asked him (records Mr. E. V. Lucas, one of his most indulgent critics) what were his methods of work, and he replied that his only method was to sit before a piece of paper with his pen in his hand—in summer in Chelsea, and in winter in Florence—and wait for the words to come. It sounds very simple; about

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two thousand words a day is his average, and he rejects about as much as he keeps. He has a very definite general idea before him, but many of the details surprise him as much as they surprise the reader. In other words, his novels, like Topsy, are not born but grow.

And here is an even franker confession, recorded *verbatim* by Mr. Bram Stoker:

I make no scenario. I just go on finding, as one often does, such inspiration as is necessary from my pen. I find that the mere holding of a pen makes me think. The pen even seems to have some consciousness of its own. It can certainly begin the work. Then I forget all about it, and go whithersoever thought or the characters lead me.

It is due, no doubt, to this distinctly amorphous quality of his writings that Lady Cecil remarked in what another critic has termed her "somewhat supercilious manner," that "Agreed as we are that Mr. De Morgan's success is deserved, we are yet more agreed that his deserved success has had very little to do with art." Without attempting to minimise Mr. De Morgan's deficiencies, one must concede that so sweeping a judgment is unfair. Construction of plot is not the only element in fiction writing that requires art. There is the equally important art of portrait painting, and in this respect Mr. De Morgan has achieved an enviable fame. He is one of the few writers since Trollope who has been conspicuously successful in portraying convincingly the slow growth and development of character through a long succession of years.

On the other hand, it does not do to overlook entirely Mr. De Morgan's weakness in technique, on the ground advanced by one of his enthusiastic champions, that he is "one of those authors who are big enough to break all the rules." The authors who are big enough to break all the rules content themselves with breaking one or two or perhaps half a dozen, and adhere all the more scrupulously to the others, to atone for the liberties they have taken. A departure from rule is vindicated only when the author guilty of such boldness succeeds in obtaining bigger, better results than he could have obtained in the accepted, conventional way. Otherwise, the most that may be said is that his book is good, not because of his disregard of rules, but in spite of it. And this judgment applies in large measure to Mr. De Morgan.

II. HIS NOVELS

Let us consider briefly what this middle-aged gentleman with the Early-Victorian mind has actually achieved in the seven years since he launched upon a tardy literary career. There are, up to date, six uniform volumes, of portly and imposing appearance. No greater mistake can be made than to attempt to read them hastily; they are essentially designed for the leisurely minded reader, who can wait without impatience until day after to-morrow or week after next before learning whom Lossie married, or whether Joseph proposed a second time to Janey, or what old Vance had saved so carefully in the rescued package. The interest is not in the suspense of expectation, but in the pervading sense of kindly optimism, the whimsical humour, the author's own obvious share in our enjoyment of each and all of his characters. Some of these volumes almost defy an attempt to condense their substance into a brief paragraph. *Joseph Vance,* for instance, may be baldly described as the life history of a boy, rescued almost from the gutter and educated by a kind-hearted and cultured gentleman, for whose younger daughter, five years older than himself, the boy conceives a romantic attachment that never dies out, and that much later in the story prompts him to take upon his own shoulders the guilt of the girl's brother, in order to spare her pain. But this gives literally no idea of the inimitable quality of this rare and tender story, that has made the names of Christopher Vance and Dr. Thorpe, Violet and Lossie, Jeanie and Janey, household words among untold scores of readers. Or we might try a second method and tell how this story would never had a start had not Christopher Vance tried to drown his sorrow at losing his job, and after absorbing more half-pints of beer than was discreet, quarrelled with a "sweep" for having "crocked a hinsect," lurking in the

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bottom of the glass, and in the fight that ensued, seriously injured his spine by falling backward upon an upstanding brick. The sobriety resulting from some weeks in the hospital; an illogical purchase from a pedlar of a second-hand sign-board, by which, thanks to some alteration in the name, he proclaimed himself a builder and drain-man; sudden trouble with the flues and the drains at the neighbouring house of Dr. Thorpe, and an emergency call upon Vance who, despite the sign, had never dug a drain nor built a flue in his life:—these are just a few of the initial details that lead to an acquaintance between two families apparently hopelessly separated in the social scale, and open brilliant prospects for the future of Vance's six-year-old son Joe. Yet this method is even less satisfactory than the other; because, at this rate the epitome would run to several thousand words; and even then it would fail to give any idea why the heroine, Lossie, remains in our thoughts as the embodiment of all that is essentially feminine and good and lovable. The secret of her charm eludes us: there is no single verbal description that sets her plainly before us with the blunt frankness of detail such as one finds in a passport. We see her through the eyes of the men who love her; we see her through the gentle witchery of her spoken words, and through the influence she diffuses around her. And perhaps the secret lies in this: that because she is surrounded by this sort of halo of vagueness, each one of us is free to picture her after the fancy of his own heart.

Alice-for-Short is in one sense a companion piece to *Joseph Vance.* This time, instead of a boy, it is a little girl who is rescued from the gutter and adopted by well-to-do people; instead of owing her good luck to a drunken father, half killed in a fair fight, she receives her blessing in disguise through the murder of her drunken mother, whose husband completes his task by committing suicide. Alice, both as a child and later, as she approaches maturity, is another of Mr. De Morgan's triumphs in feminine portraiture, a worthy companion piece to Lossie, yet not likely to usurp the latter's rightful priority in the affections of the majority of readers. One feels that in creating his first heroine, Mr. De Morgan gave us the best that there was in him, the favourite and most perfect of his dream-women; and in subsequent books he had to content himself with stars of lesser magnitude,—much as Joseph Vance, when he found that Lossie was unattainable, must needs content himself with Janey. But the real reason why *Alice-for-Short* does not wear quite as well as *Joseph Vance,* does not tempt us back to it for a second and third reading, is because, while still unmistakably Early-Victorian, it is not of the same sustained quality. Those who love their Thackeray may be fearlessly referred to Mr. De Morgan's earliest book; but *Alice-for-Short* is largely diluted with Wilkie Collins,—and Mr. De Morgan has not assimilated Collins so successfully as he has Thackeray. A suggestion of ghostly visitors, the skeleton of a young woman discovered in an ancient cellar, a whole history of a forgotten crime glimpsed tantalisingly through fragmentary evidence,—all this in itself is good material for a mystery tale, in which character counts for little and the mystery counts for everything. It is curious that an author to whom his personages are all so supremely alive, so personal, so closely interwoven into his affections, should not realise that the public finds his interest in them contagious, and needs no melodramatic happenings to hold its attention. Nevertheless, the author of *Alice-for-Short* deserves credit for a most effective method of finally unravelling the mystery: there is just one person living who holds the key to the vanished past, and she is a frail old woman of four score and upwards, who for sixty years has lived in body only, her mind being a blank. A daring surgical operation lifts the cloud from her brain, and makes it possible to fill in the gaps of the ancient story, and connect past causes with present consequences. The idea, of course, is not new,—for that matter, when do we ever run across any plot in fiction that has not been used before? There is, for instance, a close parallel in that now almost classic juvenile story, *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates;* and doubtless a little think-

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ing would bring to mind a number of others. But one thing may be said with confidence: that no one has ever surpassed Mr. De Morgan in driving home a sense of the infinite tragedy of a woman, awakening from a sleep of sixty years, taking up life at the identical point at which her injured brain had ceased to record; taking for granted that a lifetime of youth and gladness and love still lies before her, and then little by little grasping the incredible, inexorable fact that all these treasures have slipped away from her, that she is old and wrinkled and hideous, a poor wreck of humanity, standing on the threshold of death before she has really begun to live. It is one of those rare episodes that refuse to be forgotten; and no critic does full justice to Mr. De Morgan who fails to give it full and heartfelt recognition.

Having made one story hinge upon the suspended consciousness of an old woman, Mr. De Morgan apparently told himself that it would not be a bad idea to repeat the experiment by substituting for the old woman a young man, or at least a man still on the sunny side of middle age. Some critics have pronounced *Somehow Good* to be its author's crowning achievement: the present writer has seen this claim advanced a number of times, and every time has wondered vainly on what basis it was made. To be sure, *Somehow Good* is, of all six of his novels, the one which most nearly approaches a good piece of construction; it sticks most closely to its central theme, it has the smallest number of superfluous characters. It is a book which can really be summed up adequately in a couple of hundred words. Some twenty years before the story opens, a certain young woman, good enough at heart but vain and rather headstrong, went out alone to India, where her future husband awaited her coming. Through a series of mishaps, he failed to meet her on her first arrival, and she stayed for a time with a married friend, whose husband's marriage vows lay all too lightly on his conscience. Just what happened during the days spent under his roof we are never explicitly told. —Mr. De Morgan has reduced reticence to a fine art. But what happened afterward was soon public property. Like *Tess of the D'Urbervilles,* the girl lacked the courage to tell the truth before her marriage; her husband, learning it later, promptly repudiated her and sued for a divorce, but lost his suit upon a technicality; she returned to England, where her child was born, and where she continued to live quietly, under an assumed name. Twenty years later, a series of coincidences brings the husband to her door. An electric shock, received in the London "Tuppenny Tube," has left no visible physical injury, but has robbed him of his memory. The wife, whom he once discarded and now does not recognise, takes him in, he soon falls in love with her, and they are remarried, and the problem of the story simplifies itself to this one issue: How soon will the husband recover his memory, and when he does, what will be his attitude toward the woman whom he once cast off? It is a theme full of big possibilities, and on the whole Mr. De Morgan takes advantage of them. But it rests on a basis of coincidence, and bristles throughout with glaring improbabilities. If the hero had not chanced to meet in the "Tuppenny Tube" the girl who was his wife's daughter, though not his own; if she had not happened to tread on his foot, and thus been led into a most unlikely conversation with a stranger; if he had not dropped a coin and fished for it under the seat, in spite of the conductor's repeated warning; and finally, if the young girl had not obeyed a quixotic impulse and insisted upon taking this utter stranger to her home, the story would never have happened. And as for the second marriage, there are two obstinate little facts that insist on being remembered; first that although the woman knows that she has a right to marry, knows, indeed, that no marriage ceremony is needed, other people do not share her knowledge; they simply know that she was once married and has never been legally divorced. And secondly, the husband, to whom the past is a blank, admits that he may have been married before, and is haunted with a vague fear that, somewhere in the world a wife and half a dozen children may be in sore want because of his disappearance. In real life

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a man, under such conditions, would shrink from a marriage which, so far as he knows, may mean bigamy. The people of the story are real enough; some of the minor characters are strokes of genius; the scandal-loving "Other Major," for instance, with his interminable "I don't mind tellin' *you!* Only, look here, my dear boy, don't you go puttin' it about that *I* told you anythin'. You know I make it a rule—a guidin' rule—*never to say anythin';*" and again, that delightfully literal minded German, Baron Kreutzkammer, who, when a lady remarks "How sweet the singing sounds under the starlight," corrects her by observing, "It would sount the same in the taydime. The fibrations are the same." Yes, the characters are real, delightfully so; it is what they do at certain crucial moments that fails to carry conviction.

The next volume, in point of time, *It Never Can Happen Again,* is in point of form a reversion to Mr. De Morgan's early manner in its prolixity of style and multiplicity of themes. It has one central issue clearly emphasised in the title, but requiring in the narrative itself some little conscious effort to disinter it from beneath numerous other overlappings. The significance of the title is to be found in the well-known peculiarity of the English marriage law regarding a deceased wife's sister. Alfred Challis, a successful young novelist, has defied public opinion by actually going through the marriage ceremony with Marianne, who, although only a half sister of his deceased wife, comes so nearly within the letter of the prohibited degree, that it is tacitly conceded in social circles that she is an "impossible person," whom it will not do to receive. Consequently, Challis, whose profession as a writer of novels of high life requires that he shall mingle freely with the upper circles, finds himself obliged not only to accept invitations which ignore his wife, but to overlook the slight thus put upon her and to manufacture a fund of conventional and formulaic excuses for her non-appearance, which deceive neither himself nor society at large. Now it happens through a curious series of accidents, which no amount of structural cleverness can quite make plausible, that Marianne's deceased sister was, after all, not Challis's legal wife. The disclosure of this little fact immediately makes Marianne's social position beyond reproach, even in the eyes of the strictest, most conservative adherents to the Church of England. The fact that recent acts of Parliament have changed the marriage law regarding a deceased wife's sister, furnishes the justification for Mr. De Morgan's title. But one wonders whether there is not a certain intentional and underlying irony in Mr. De Morgan's use of the phrase; because it is impossible for any thoughtful person to read this book without realising that while the story may not again be duplicated in the letter, the tendency of real life is to duplicate it continuously in spirit. Whenever circumstances make it possible for a brilliant, attractive, and rather famous man to be lionised by fashionable society, invited to an unceasing round of dinners, receptions, and week end parties, while his wife is systematically ignored by a well-organised social boycott, the seeds of family discord are inevitably sown; and when,—as is almost sure to happen sooner or later,—such a man encounters some young woman who chooses to pity him and give him her sympathy, the seeds of discord take root and sprout with amazing fertility. One cannot read this book without being once again impressed with Mr. De Morgan's ability to demonstrate the importance of little things, to show us how the first vague doubts and discords germinate and grow; and how, not only for the people in this story, but for every one of us there is at each hour of the day a choice of actions that apparently matters little, and that actually may make a vital and life-long difference. *It Never Can Happen Again* is essentially a wise book, and its chief wisdom lies in proving that while we may learn to be independent of fate in large matters and rise superior to the big fluctuations of success and failure, we can never escape from the tyranny of the gnat-like swarms of trivial circumstances. The hackneyed phrase, "crowded canvas," is one that seems curiously inadequate to describe the almost unwieldy mass of social portraiture in this

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volume, its spacious and kaleidoscopic pictures of English life that constantly fade into a blur of dim vistas, along thronging thoroughfares and down crowded and ofttimes unsavoury alleys. Whatever underlying purpose Nature may have in her working out of life, the pattern is too vast for human comprehension to grasp. In our actual, daily experience, much that vitally concerns us seems hopelessly haphazard. In Mr. De Morgan's lack of art, or perhaps it is fairer to say, his deliberate intent to ignore art, there is at times a certain resultant realism that by its very disorder and lack of plotting approximates more closely to the truth of actuality than any amount of minute and purposed planning ever can come. It is a dangerous method; carried too far and too boldly, it leads to artistic anarchy. Yet sometimes, as in this particular book of Mr. De Morgan's, it achieves results that could hardly be gained in any other way.

There remain two recent volumes, *An Affair of Dishonour* and *A Likely Story,* both of which may be dismissed quite briefly, as not belonging in the same class with Mr. De Morgan's earlier work. The fault with *An Affair of Dishonour* is, as already suggested, not because it is an historical novel, but that, as such, it lacks distinction. In volumes like *Joseph Vance* and *Alice-for-Short* and *It Never Can Happen Again* he produced work of a unique quality; whether we like them or not, we cannot fail to recognise that they are *sui generis,* that they cannot even have successful imitators. To have been equally successful in the vein of historical romance, Mr. De Morgan would have had to produce a volume similar in magnitude to Maurice Hewlett's *Richard-Yea-and-Nay,* or Alfred Ollivant's *The Gentleman.* Instead, he was content to write a book which, in manner and in substance, is easily outrivalled by the work of a dozen present-day writers, ranging from Conan Doyle to Max Pemberton. *An Affair of Dishonour* puts the heaviest tax upon our credulity of any of Mr. Morgan's novels. It asks us to believe that after a young man has so far violated the laws of hospitality as to abduct his host's daughter, and is challenged by the outraged father, furiously determined upon avenging her lost honour, he adds the father's death to his earlier crime, and so skilfully keeps the truth from the girl that for long months she continues to live with him, wondering, though not too curiously, why her father does not write that he forgives her, and why no news of any kind comes from him. Of course, in the days before the advent of railways and telegrams, news travelled slowly; in those days also human life was comparatively cheap, and a man's disappearance did not provoke the hue and cry, was not proclaimed in flaunting headlines, as would happen to-day. None the less, even in what Mr. De Morgan has defined as "Pre-Cromwellian" times, it required an extraordinary amount of chance coincidences and interventions of fate to keep the heroine unenlightened; and after all, the whole theme was so unsavoury and so artificial, that the reader is well justified in asking: Was it worth while?

Mr. De Morgan takes much credit to himself that *A Likely Story* has been boiled down to the conventional length of the average English novel. Frankly, however, he is not entitled to credit, because the theme is so slight that it scarcely merits ampler treatment than that of a short story. A sixteenth century Italian portrait is in an artist's studio, for the purpose of repairs, and happens to witness,—if one may use the phrase regarding an inanimate object,—a certain scene between the artist and a servant-girl, Sairah, and also the quarrel between the artist and his wife about this same servant, which leads to a separation and a hint at divorce. Now this picture is quite a remarkable one, and one evening when a certain imaginative little old gentleman was facing it, and dreaming over the fitful blaze of a wood fire, he finds himself listening to an astonishing story which the lips of this portrait tell him, a story of jealousy and cruelty and revenge centuries earlier in Italy. Incidentally, the portrait tells of the foolish quarrel between the artist and his wife, and expresses a wish to reconcile them. So the little old gentleman, not quite knowing whether the portrait's story is a dream or an actuality, is instrumental in having a photograph of the picture sent to the

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wife; and she, in turn, holding the photograph between herself and the fire-light, hears the self-same story from the lips of the photograph, and knows that her husband was wrongly blamed. It is an amusing story, but one impossible to take seriously. It would almost seem as though its author were deliberately perpetrating a joke upon the public.

III. HIS VALUE IN LETTERS

In conclusion, it remains only to be said that, if we regard these six books without bias, refusing to be influenced either by prejudice or partisanship, they show, with the one exception of *It Never Can Happen Again,* a steady deterioration. Each of his volumes has its own champions, and naturally the critic who cares for good technique will feel more kindly toward the later volumes, which show a gain in that direction. But Mr. De Morgan should be taken not for what he might have been but for what he is. As Mr. Boynton has aptly phrased it, he has "more in common with Dr. Holmes than with Mr. Pinero." For more than half a century he has been studying people, absorbing life, formulating his own philosophy; through all these years, his thoughts have been slowly ripening, like a rare old wine. And when he first brought them forth, in *Joseph Vance,* he served them, like a rare old wine, in the old bottle,—his manner harmonised with his matter. *Alice-for-Short* was still from the same old vintage, but blended with another, less full-bodied stock. And after that, one feels with each successive volume, that the supply in the bin is running low; it has to be diluted with a younger wine that has not had time to mature. For there is always one saddening little fact about those rare old vintages,—there is so very, very little of them to be had. But let no one assume that this is said in a spirit of ingratitude. Had Mr. De Morgan never written another line after *Joseph Vance,* his fame would still rest on an assured foundation. No future success or failure can amplify or diminish its fair fame. And even though it be an anachronism, we of the twentieth century should be the more grateful, since it enables us to claim for ourselves the honour which, in point of form and substance, would otherwise have belonged to the nineteenth.

THE PAINTERS OF THE PALISADES

BY BAILEY MILLARD

A CALIFORNIAN and a Coloradan were walking along a wild, woodsy trail near the skyland edge of the Palisades on a bright spring day when the tonic air lifted the spirits like a draught of the gods' red wine. Soon they stood upon the edge of the cliff and looked down five hundred feet upon the broad Hudson, a sea of swirling liquid light, stretching between them and the western shore of Manhattan, while away in the southern murk the huge sky-scrapers, converged by the distance, huddled like gaunt demons conspiring with each other.

"I've bragged a lot about the scenery of my State," remarked the Californian, "but I want to confess to you right now, as one Westerner to another, that we haven't anything to beat this out our way."

"And I want to confess to you," said the Coloradan, "though I wouldn't admit it to these Easterners, that there's nothing in our State that's ahead of this. We have higher cliffs, but not any that look down upon such a length and breadth of water. I wonder they're not painted more. There are few if any truly representative pictures of them to be seen in the public galleries of New York, but there are lots of Western and European scenes. And yet scenery isn't generally without honour save in its own country. What can the New York artists find better to paint than the Palisades?"

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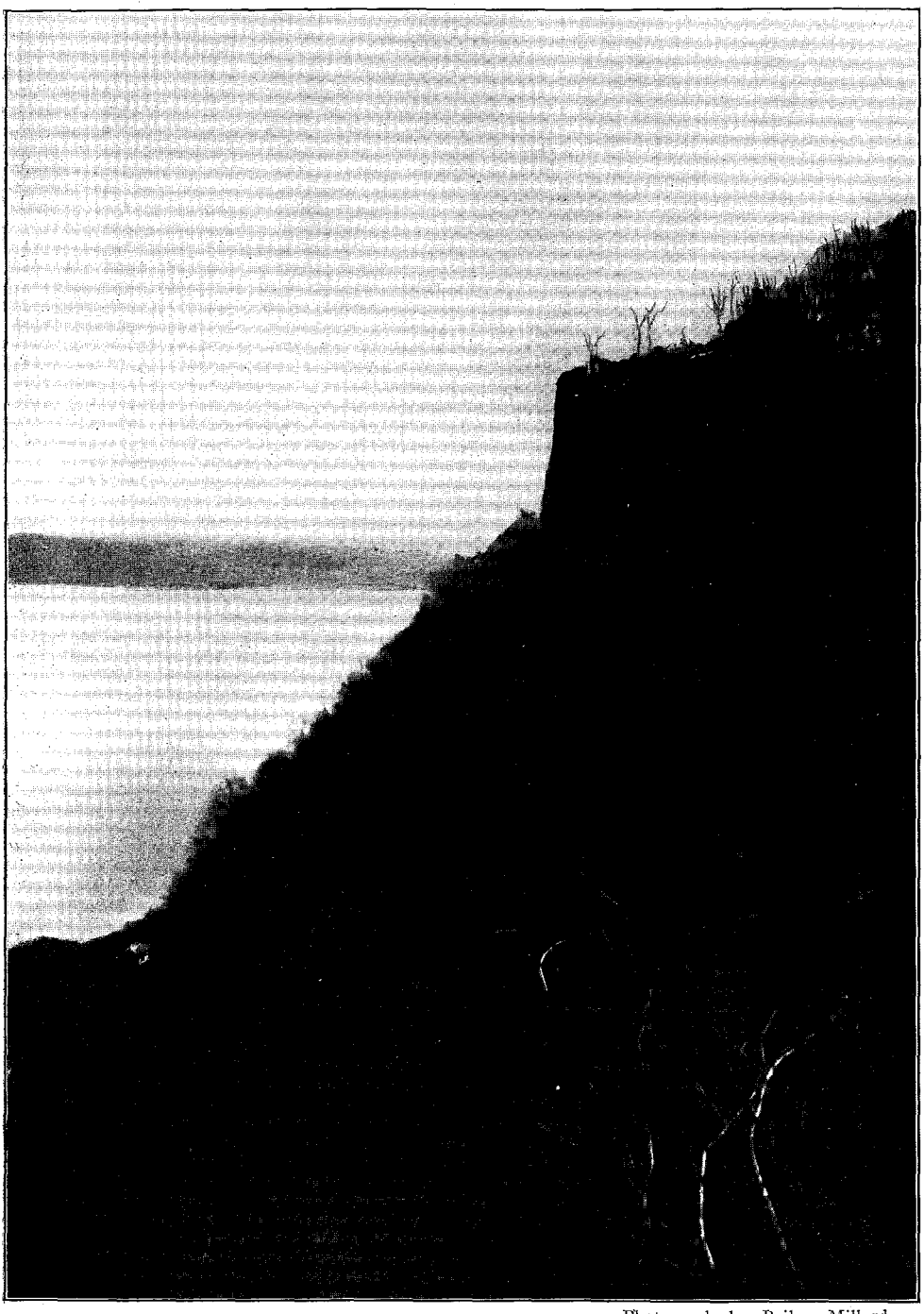

Photograph by Bailey Millard

A MUCH-PAINTED PALISADE SCENE (NEAR COYTESVILLE, SHOWING THE RUINS OF THE OLD ALLISON HOUSE)

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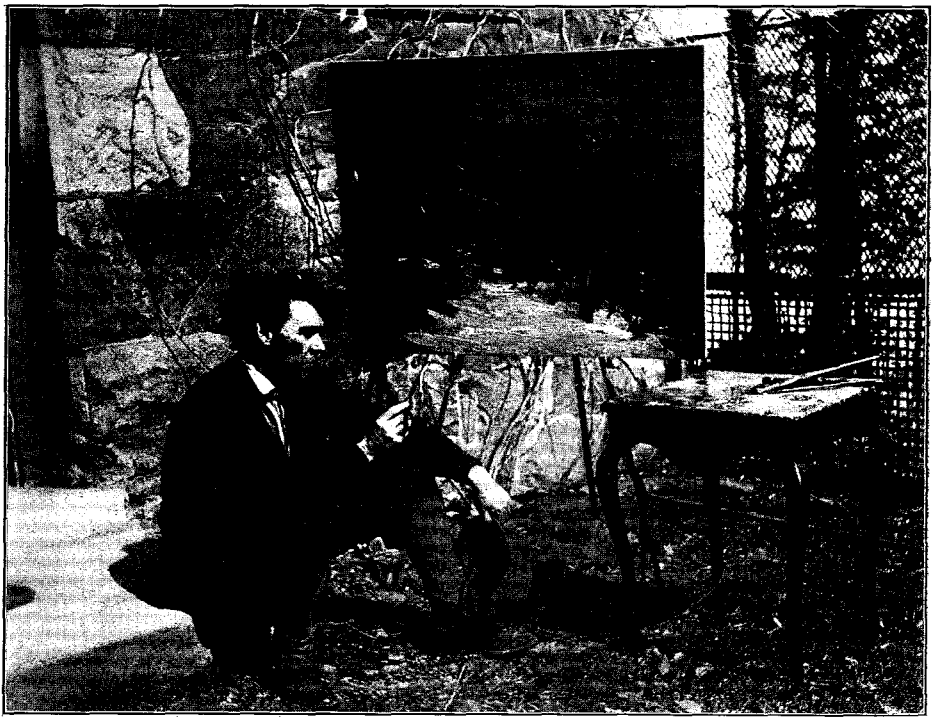
Now, while it is true that there are not many pictures of the Hudson cliffs to be seen in our galleries, and that New York painters seem to prefer to sketch along the Sound shore and particularly in such places as Old Lyme, Connecticut, where they say there is at least one woman artist for every cow, and half a dozen men artists for every marshy inlet, the Palisades are being painted and painted tolerably well. To be sure there are good artists who will tell you that they are unpaintable, and that only the mediocre have set up their easels and spread their colours in these holy places where angels fear to spread; and that even if the grand old cliffs were well represented upon canvas New Yorkers would not buy the pictures, as they can look up the river on any clear day and see the Palisades with their own eyes.



VAN DEARING PERRINE. HIS PAINT TABLE AND AN UNFINISHED PICTURE

This latter talk may sound large and lofty or cheap and sordid, according to what one knows or does not know about art or about the Palisades. But meantime a group of artists who live on that high historic ground and know and love it are working there and to a purpose. It is to be taken for granted that the high cliffs of the Hudson always have been viewed by the laymen as obvious art subjects, and few of them are likely to credit the statement that not until recent years have those bold rocky ramparts inspired American artists to serious protracted effort, but such is the fact. For it was in the late 'nineties that a little colony of New York landscape painters foregathered at Ridgefield, New Jersey, on the high land opposite One Hundred and Thirtieth Street, and formed the Country Sketch Club, out of which was to come all the really representative paintings of the Palisades.

Robert Sprunk, an Academy and Carnegie Institute exhibitor, whose work breathes the spirit of this region, was the first to build his studio in the woods at Ridgefield. Then came Van Dearing Perrine, at that time one of the most promising students of the Cooper Institute. Perrine was a slim youth with long black hair, in whose brown eye was a fine sense of colour. He had been a Texas

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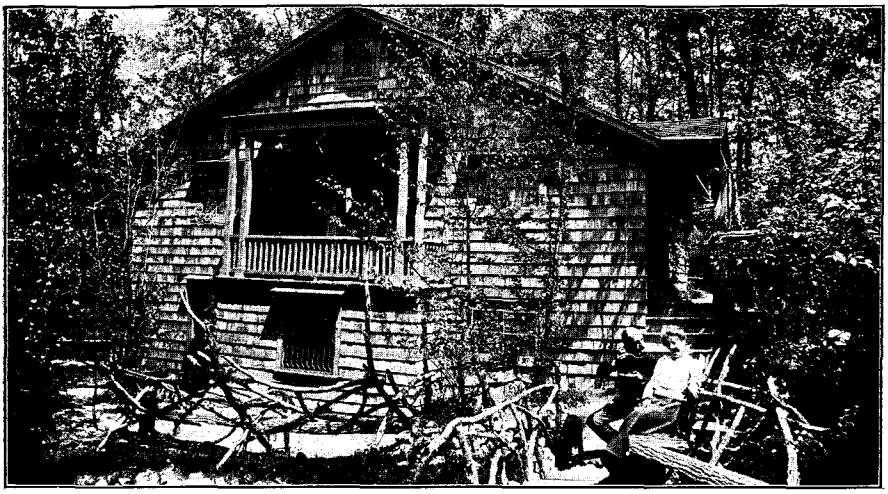
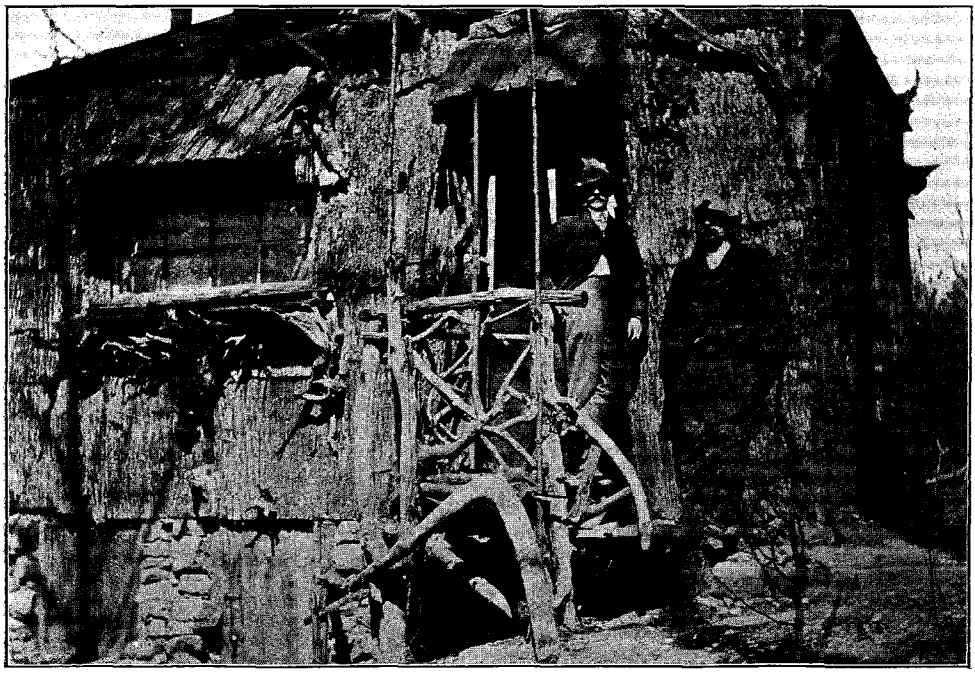


WILLIAM SARTAIN'S COTTAGE AT RIDGEFIELD

cowboy and doer of odd jobs such as carpenter work and plastering. He built a little house for William Maxfield, also an artist, at Ridgefield, and the two men set up a studio in it, pioneering and painting there with Sprunk in sight of New York.

Other artists came, most of them fellow-students of Perrine. And there came also Albert L. Groll, William Sartain, Stephen W. Van Schaick, Alfred H. Maurer, Jonas Lie, G. Glenn Newell, R. A. Carter and Maurice Stein. These artists, nearly all young and all subject to the shifts and restraints of what is known in student parlance as "the strug," lived in little shingled cottages and at first sketched chiefly in the woods along the great ridge that lies between the Hudson and the Hackensack. Most of



BARK STUDIO IN RIDGEFIELD, THE BARBIZON OF THE PALISADES

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them were content to paint pleasant little pools, clumps of trees and rocks and the barnyards and haystacks of the neighbouring farms. At the first few of them attempted to paint the bold cliffs near the top of which they dwelt, and those that did were not satisfied with their work. When one of them would bring in a sketch of Clinton Point or Indian Head the others would smile and say:

"Oh, he's getting ambitious—he's painting the Palisades."

Among the first really noteworthy pieces of work done by one of their number were some studies of the cliffs by Perrine and Lie. Lie loved the wind-bent trees leaning out over the rocky heights and made some fine sketches of them. There is a Doré-like poetry and mystery in some of these studies of Lie's, and particularly that called "Autumn Winds," in which two dark oaks lean in despair away from the blast, while overhead is a rushing sky in which great cloud-puffs are massed in an effective manner. In this work is seen that breadth of treatment to be noted in the Norwegian sketches by the same artist and in his "Brooklyn Bridge," hung in the spring exhibition of the Academy of Design.

It was at the end of his student days in Munich that Alfred Groll, returning to America, went directly to the Palisades, regarding that region as the best convenient field for his work.

"I wanted to be in the wilds," he says, "and so I settled down in that beautiful place. I worked hard there for three years, as a member of the Ridgefield colony, and though I don't regard my work there as altogether successful it afforded me a good start. The foliage, especially in autumn, is wonderful and the high rocky cliffs are full of poetry. As for the colony itself, I spent some of the best days of my life there among thoroughly congenial fellow-workers. I owe a great deal to Ridgefield." And it is true that this Barbizon of the Palisades was a place of true fraternal and helpful comradeship. The woods rang with joyful bursts of song when the artists gathered together of an evening, with the stein on the table.

Mr. Groll's "Pool on the Palisades," also called "Harmony in Gold," painted at that time, still stands in the better class of the work of an artist who has won four medals in as many exhibitions, among them the Innes gold medal awarded this spring for his "Lake Louise" at the Academy of Design. To see this latter picture the Duchess and Princess of Connaught visited Groll's studio while they were in New York last January—the only studio thus honoured during their stay in America.

PAINTING A SNOW SCENE IN THE FORT LEE WOODS

Between Groll and Perrine there came to be a close comradeship. Both had come to feel the poetry of the Palisades as probably no other artists have felt it, and this formed a strong bond of union between the two men, both then at the beginning of their careers. Perrine, who when he had landed at the Mallory Line dock in New York a few years before with one dollar and forty cents and a big six-shooter in his pocket and had pawned the pistol for a decent suit of clothes after having been buncoed out of his Texas suit by a fellow-traveller, was still a poor

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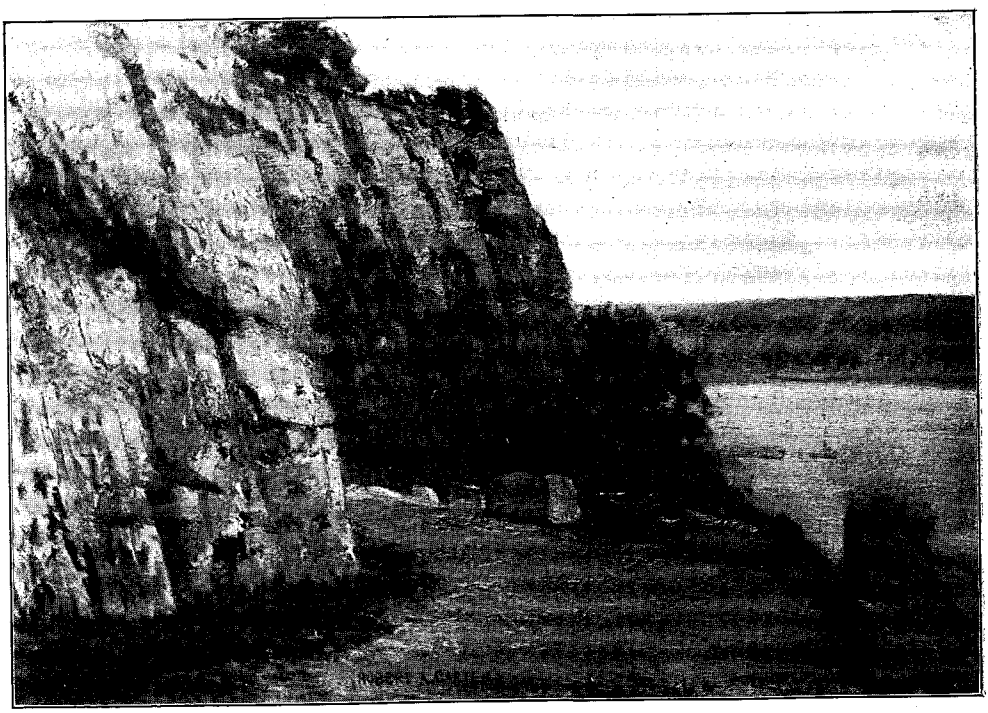
GROLL'S POOL ON THE PALISADES



PALISADES NEAR ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS. R. A. CARTER

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CHARACTERISTIC CLIFF SCENE BY PERRINE. THIS PICTURE HANGS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

man, but he had sworn an oath "to paint or starve," and it was this grim vow that won him such a high place in Groll's respect. Where Perrine went Groll went, too. They walked in the woods, they boated and camped together.

Groll left Ridgefield after three years of work there and went to Arizona. He is now in New York, but is planning to build a studio on the Palisades; for once the artist feels the witchery of that region he will not care to stay long away. Perrine remained upon the cliffs, to live with them and to study as no other man has studied them, in all their moods, the stormiest and wildest of these being meat and drink to him. For the savage which lurks in the breast of every man is strongly marked in the nature of this most representative painter of the Palisades. He lives a lonely life in a little châlet half-way down the steep and rugged old ferry road that runs from Englewood Cliffs to the river margin opposite Spuyten Duyvil. There are two large rooms in the house—one on the first floor and the other on the slope-ceiled upper story. In the wide-windowed upper room Perrine works. It was here that he painted that striking Palisades Cliff scene which hangs in the White House, the notable rock piece "Getting Firewood" owned by the New Gallery, together with many other pictures, among them "The Robbers," owned by the Carnegie Institute. It was here that the late Richard Watson Gilder and other writers have come to visit him and hear him talk in his ecstatic way about the Palisades.

When the cold winds have stripped bare the trees and the faces of the crags peer out in the thin winter sunlight, that is when Perrine does most of his work. He loves to paint the black clouds that lower above the cliffs, and nothing suits him better than a great storm, when the pines and cedars are bending like tortured wraiths before the wind. With Perrine, as with all true artists, painting is worship. He speaks with the reverence of the ascetic of the wonderful work of Nature in and about his airy demesne.

"The Palisades have a character all their own," he said to me in his studio. "It is a character that must be studied. It is far too subtle to be grasped by the idle visitor. Their beauty must be lived with before one may respond to their deepest spell. And then what a play-

THE PRINCESS. PORTRAIT BY VAN SCHAICK

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ground they become for the imagination and with what solemn fitness they frame the stars! One may sit here at night and watch the city lights come out on the eastern shore, a long thread of gems. But a leaf held at arm's length would blot from the eye a point where exists a greater human activity than anywhere else upon our planet to-day.

"They told me I should never be able to paint the Palisades—that because of their sheer rise and the narrow shore margin at their base they could not be correctly represented upon an ordinary canvas. Well, they did puzzle me at first, but I began to work out a theory of projection of my own and then the work was easier."

In his lonely studio are to be seen some striking sunset studies in pastel. They are five-minute sketches which, when placed side by side, make up a colour sequence that is truly remarkable. They represent the western sky over the Hackensack hills from a half-hour before sunset to a half-hour after, and they run the whole gamut of colour tones from opalescent yellows and greens to deep purples and browns.

JONAS LIE AND HIS WIFE

LIE OUT SKETCHING

He asked me to come outside and see the rocks. Leaning against a frost-scarred scarp, he pointed to the delicate greens, the bronze yellows, the rich browns and the dull blues of the igneous basalt.

"If you live here long and study closely," said he, with his characteristic seriousness, "you come to feel that the smallest of these rocks, the humblest violet, the single dewdrop, the tinest grain of sand by the river down there are as wonderful as the highest cliff, which is no truer symbol than they are of the great Universal Power which makes and shapes tree, river, rock and whole planetary systems."

It is with this reverent appreciation of Nature that Perrine works, and the same feeling has dominated Lie, Groll and other representative painters of the Palisades. Among these others, though he has not yet exhibited, is young Jaimé Carret, whose studio is at Coytesville and in whose work there is a breadth and

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AUTUMN WINDS ON THE PALISADES. JONAS LIE

mystery comparable in a sense with that seen in Perrine's and Lie's. All the Palisades artists will tell you that Carret is the coming man, and certainly his studies of the forests and rocks of that region are of a kind to lure the imagination.

Ernest Roth, who lives at Fort Lee, has made some fine studies of scenes in that neighbourhood. Mr. Roth, however, is best known by his Venetian and Florentine etchings. He spends much of his time sketching in Italy. Another Fort Lee artist of whom the Palisades painters speak highly is Walt Kuhn, whose work is certainly deserving of mention here, and if the writer forgot Samuel Weiss the list of promising landscape men would not be complete.

Among those still remaining at Ridgefield are Robert Sprunk, represented in this year's Academy, Nie Andress, the sculptor, whose bust of the Madonna and Child was bought by the Kaiser, Stephen Van Schaick, the portrait painter and illustrator, and R. A. Carter, whose landscapes evidence skilful handling. In fact Mr. Carter is deserving of more than passing mention. He has caught the spirit of the high Palisades though in a different way from Perrine. He loves the luminous and the obvious, and has an eye for high colour. During winter walks in the woods the writer has found him sitting patiently on his stool in the snow, sketching some old pile of rocks, with cold fingers, but as he says, not with cold feet. Truly a painstaking and deserving member of the airy Barbizon of the Palisades.

At Leonia, a few miles above Ridge-

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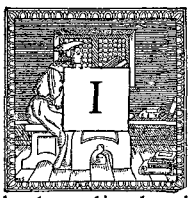
field, is a group of illustrators probably best represented by the quaint Peter Newell. The brag of the Leonia art colony is that in a recent month five New York magazines came forth with cover designs by as many Leonia artists, which point was seized upon by a real estate boomer of that section as evidencing the culture of the residents there and was declared as "going some." And it was. Living on the cliffs at Grantwood, opposite One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, New York, are George W. Plummer and George H. Shorey, both well-known illustrators. Shorey has made excellent wash drawings of the Palisades for Harper's and other magazines.

Were it not for the fact that the writer has been asked by the powers that be, not to make this paper a roll-call of artists who have sketched the Palisades, mention might be made of other wielders of the brush in the neighbourhood; but the list is already unconscionably long. Perhaps it is enough to say in conclusion that those who live upon the Palisades and feel their magic spell-work are all artists of one sort or another, chiefly another.

NOCTURNE

A fragment supposed by some critics to have formed part of the papers of the Serapion Club, and to be from the pen of E. T. A. Hoffman himself (or if not, from that of Adalbert von Chamisso) Englished and contributed by Egerton Castle.



IT was not before I had left the vessel's side to be set on land that this deadly cloud of anguish, amounting (as, more than once during the hours of the passage I had realised with inner shuddering) to a horrible yearning for self-destruction, began to fade from my soul.

Matthias had remained on board . . . ! As I was rowed on the waters of the harbour which, deep-locked and secluded as it was, still testified by their fretting to the recent raging of the squall, I could mark, silhouetted in black against the red of the sunset, his tall figure in the close-wrapped cloak which even now in the subsiding winds seemed to signal fantastic and menacing signals. Still, heaven be praised! I thought I had parted company without catastrophe.

Strange that such a terror of life, such a disgust with the world, should invariably assail me in the presence of Matthias and recurrently ever at the same time of year. The day of the Spring Equinox is one, indeed, when the *Fiend* seems ever to hold in reserve for me some more than usually infamous trick. This time of the true death of the old, and the birth of the new, year in the heavenly period, is one which always finds me abnormally sensitive to the more hidden sights and sounds of the world. Just now, in the throes of the tempest, I of a certainty heard Old Time touch the wheelworks of his awesome horologe and saw, in my mind's eye (as Shakespeare has it), the old year break up, like to some immense building, and roll down to the sound of fearful discords into the black abyss of the Past . . .

Be it as it may, I have of late years learned in loathing and secret dread to expect some dismal experience—and always connected with a meeting of Matthias—at the close of the fateful day.

Last spring, for instance, it was toward the end of that glorious, long-drawn symposium, where you and I and Melchior, and those other choice friends of our hearts, foregathered in the Wine-Hall of Bremen; when the noble Rüdesheimer had coursed so generously through our veins, perfuming our thoughts; when the fumes of Kanaster, curling from our happy lips, had grown so thick that, through its gracefully writhing volutes, our dreamy eyes scarce could discern the dance of blue flames round the rim of the last bowl of rack-

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punch. All was fantasy round our brains, or soaring philosophy. Vague, ravishing music floated upon my every thought. All at once, I remembered the date, and creeping anxiety assailed me, to grow quickly into that soul-sinking nausea which I never can dissociate from the proximity of Matthias. The elusive melody I had, a moment before, thought to fix upon memory's tablets, waxed into harshness hissing within my temples, into sinister boomings that filled my ears with terror. And, of a sooth, I found that, apparently unnoticed by any one, Matthias had entered the Hall. Bending over the table, he was ladling out the last glassful from the bottom of the punch-bowl. He fixed me mockingly with his grey eye, and in dumb-show, drank my health. A health, to me, from Matthias!—At that my gorge rose. And, dashing through a chorus of laughter, I fled the room.

Blindly groping amid my thoughts for some speedy mode of exit from a horrible world, I wandered the black streets, until a sudden collapse of all my being, as though Death indeed was coming herself to my deliverance, made me cease in my searching.

Now, this year, as the time drew near, I had resolved secretly to fly the town, nay the very territory of Lübeck. Not even to you, Melchior, did I confide my purpose. In vain, thought I, will this Matthias seek me in my usual haunts. Far away, by that time, with leagues of salty waves between us, I shall be safe through the perilous period. I could not face the prospect of meeting the dread person again, in those hours of his power—for life had grown trebly dear to me. Had I not reason to believe in my soul that Cecilia returned my passion? I took ship for the Island.—So may be gauged the depth of my dejection when, at the height of the tempest which overtook the vessel outside Fermen, I actually descried Matthias, Matthias in person, walking the unsteady deck with sinister calmness! Yet he never seemed aware of my presence on board. Never did the grey eyes encounter my haggard gaze. But whevener the detested creature's pacing brought him closer, the awful temptation would steal over me to have done with all, and bury myself safely below the waves.

It seemed, however, as though indeed I was now to escape. In a sort while, for the squall showed signs of abatement, the vessel would proceed with him on its voyage, and meanwhile I had eluded his hateful notice.

To mere relief succeeded a sense of joy. Forgetting the terrors of the passage, my thoughts turned, with the insistence of the mariner's needle, to the prospect of the Inn that was indicated to me as the most famous for comfort in all the island of Fermen.

It was at the sign of *The Ship-at-Sea*. Following my porter, I was not long in reaching it, although it stood at the landward extremity of the Town, on the verge of the open country. No one could mistake the notable signboard suspended astride the high road. I paused a moment to admire the spirited painting of a full-rigged bark, fighting its way, under reefed sails, through some such tempest as I had lately gone through. Scenes of that kind are attractive—watched from the shore! As the signboard swung, creaking, to and fro, the ship itself appeared to rise and plunge within the frame. "A wondrous fine signboard, mine host!" cried I, as I stepped into the warmth of the house.

"Aye, sir traveller," answered the man knowingly, "our sign proclaims the weather!" And, putting my own feelings into his words, added: "This weather demands—say I not well?—a comforting jug, by the side of a coal fire, in a private room. The all of which await your honour's command within."

During the hour or so which, after the ceremony of supper, I spent in the deep armchair by the hearth, before (as I thought) retiring to rest, the last dismal impression of Matthias and of the day's horror were drowned in a state of blandness replete with dreamy charm. The fair steaming jug at my elbow seemed to fill the whole quietude of the room with the fragrance of our northern juniper, blended with that of citron ripened in sunny climes. The mysterious murmur of the kettle simmering on the hob rose and died down caressingly. In

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its running, vaguely winding song, I would at times fitfully, as from the softening of distance, recognise the music born under Cecilia's slender fingers. Or, again, it would fade, to my ear, into the barely heard whisperings of lovers on some stilly night. It was divinely restful.

All of a sudden I awoke to a luminously clear thought—no, I would not wait for the morrow! To the day's tempest had succeeded a noble, placid night. Yes, I would go seek her—this very hour! On this I rose, full of the resolve. I drew back the curtains: the light of a resplendent full moon poured through the window. All was silent in the house; and, without, reigned an extraordinary stillness. The only sound heard was the faint creaking of the Inn sign in an occasional pulse of wind. Under the bright moonbeams the bark could be descried, with sails set now to the gentle breeze, riding a once more placid sea!

As I sallied from the house into the night, I marked mine host of *The Ship-at-Sea*—apparently the only other man awake in this moonlit world—propped against his door post, puffing complacently at his pipe and gazing up with affection at his signboard. He doffed his cap as I passed: "A fair night for a walk as far as the Park, worshipful sir! —Yes," as I glanced back with wonder: "our sign proclaims the weather!"

I had no time to try and understand. Wildly striding upon the white glistening road, I took a full half-hour to reach the park-gates of K——. Even as I knocked at the silent door of the Mansion, a distant strain of music filtered to my senses through the many inner walls: with entrancing delight I found in it the same heart-entwining melody I had discerned in the whispers of my simmering kettle—Cecilia was there!

The stout majordomo, barely freed from the deep slumber he had been enjoying upon the settle, recognised me, with astonishment and, I thought, disfavour. But, without a word, he conducted me past sundry deserted rooms into the mistress's boudoir—discreetly closing the door behind me.

Cecilia rose from the clavier with a cry of joyful tenderness. "Theodore! . . . my Theodore!" she murmured, smiling down at me with ineffable love, as I threw myself on my knees before her and covered the fair music-moulded hands with kisses. I was losing myself amid heights of joy unspeakable, when there came a knock at the door, sharp and sudden as the crack of a knot in burning firewood. I fell back to earth. And, even at the same moment, her voice became hard, her face was distorted by a rictus of cold disdain:

"Of a truth, sir," she was saying loudly, "this is an intrusion almost inconceivable!"

A stream of icy needles ran through my veins. She stood with her back to a tall mirror in which I could see that the door behind me had suddenly opened, though no one could be seen on the threshold. Her eyes, wide with fear, were looking past me, over my head. I turned round. In the doorway, scowling, with arms folded over his cloak, stood Matthias! Sharply, once more, I turned back to the mirror. There, in truth, I could see the reflection of my own distracted face; could see the graceful outline of Cecilia's back, the black-gaping open door; but of Matthias, not a trace.—Yet he was still there as I faced round again, and speaking, now, in grating tones:

"With my wife! So. I suspected aright. Admirable! On the verge of the equinox!—Follow me, sir!"

With a swift movement, before turning, he threw down his cloak; and from under his arm darted the blue glint of a pair of rapiers.

Cecilia, Matthias's wife. . . . A very nausea of fury seized me by the throat. I plunged after him into the darkness, pursued by hysterical peals of laughter from the lips of the woman I loved! He was walking swiftly, almost running. It was only in the dark avenue of the park that I came up level with him.

"I leave you not," I called, panting. "Whither?"

"To the hill top. By the mill," he hissed. "Moonlight enough there!"

Under the splendour of the midnight orb, close by a gaunt mill-tower whose wings were still as sleep, in the great silence of the hill-top our swords met,

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rasping out red sparks. Reckless with loathing and desperation, I lunged blindly at my enemy—and my blade instantly ran him, breast to back, with a sickening swish, up to the hilt. He threw up his head, extended his arms and fell back . . . slowly, without a word. As I stooped over him, contemplating with tremulous triumph the odious dead face which turned its wide fixed eyes to the moon, a bitter fleering voice came from my right:

"A goodly piece of work, my excellent Theodore!—which, erelong, must bring you to a gibbet."

My hair rose on end. There, on a slight mound, stood Matthias, gazing exultantly upon the scene—so that by a mere shifting of the head I could behold him at once alive, and dead!

Then he jumped down, and deliberately picked up the corpse and flung it on his shoulder.

"With this to the magistrates!" he said, as if to himself; and, with rapid strides, took the road back toward the Town. A few moments later, just as he was turning round the corner to disappear into the blackness, I heard his words again, hurled back at me, faint but curiously clear: "Homicides, in Denmark, are broken on the wheel, Theodore! The wheel, and the shameful, rotting chain-gibbet, to a certainty, Theodore! . . . unless now you choose an easier way out!" On this he was gone.

The cold sweat was running down my temples. It had come at last! The deed must be done!—In a sudden raging against fate, I picked up a sword. "The sooner the wiser," cried I, with a leap of my thoughts back to perjured Cecilia; and, placing the hilt upon the ground, fitted the point against my heart.

I was about to let myself fall upon it, when a placid voice, close by, caused me to bound back. I found myself facing a tall old man in a bob-wig and flat William Penn hat, clad from head to foot in a furred gown. He was peering at me over a wide pair of horn-rimmed spectacles:

"What may you be doing, my dear young man," he was saying, "in that singular attitude?"

His tone was kind; yet it was all in bitterness that I replied:

"Can you not see?—I am killing myself."

"Oh, pray," he returned in old world courtesy, "let me not intrude! Suicide is perhaps the most private business in the world. And who am I, indeed, to give moral advice!"

Even amid the turmoil of my thought, curiosity was suddenly piqued.

"Who are you, then, worthy sir," I asked with more respect, "who would not give advice?"

"My name is Sumichrast, Amelius Sumichrast——"

"In verity!" I cried, bowing bareheaded. "The learned Dr. Sumichrastius of Kopenhagen! The revered professor, the universal——"

He bower benevolently in return, deprecating my eulogies with a gesture:

"I hardly looked to find my name known to so young a man—From the window of this mill (where I had established my abode, to be away from all noises on this important night, and to observe after my own method the equinoctial heaven) I witnessed what happened just now . . . Interesting phenomenon. Somewhat rare: dimidiation of the apparent earthly envelope in incubi. Demonology is not one of my studies; but I believe the case is not unknown to the best demonologists."

A new light shot through my brain. The ever tempting horror of Matthias, the image lacking in the mirror, why——

"Incubus!" I cried, with almost a sob of joy. "Then, no homicide! . . . Then the wheel, the gibbet——"

"A very old type of demoniac temptation," said the learned Doctor. "Fear and disgust, giving no scope for thought. —Theology is not one of my studies; but I have heard that the best theologians hold self-murder to be the darling bait of the Evil One. The one *irremediable* sin (you will observe), since, once committed it cannot be repented . . . on this side of human life. But, young sir, I am prosing. Worse, I am wasting time. I must complete my preparations which your skirmish, by bringing me out, interrupted just now."

He bowed, and turned to ascend the

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mill ladder once more; but, after stepping up a rung or two, stopped to add:

"Yet, it seems a pity you should not put off your business at least until after the setting of the moon. There will, in a short while, begin a singularly interesting eclipse—an equinoctial eclipse. Such a sight will not recur for nearly another generation. And you could have helped me——"

I picked up the swords by the blades, sent them swirling into the night, and in three steps found myself at the foot of the ladder behind the slow moving Dr. Sumichrast.

"Help you, most respected sir?—In what manner could a poor musician, a mere halting poet, assist a man of your learning?"

The old gentleman paused in his wheezing ascent.

"Poet are you, then, my young friend? and musician?—I have always set great store by the companionship of poets. Your poet is a special observer of Nature, apt to note many recondite relations, internal interdependencies of things, which will often escape the mere savant. As for musicians, I have marked that they are able to interpret unheard voices, making them tangible; to affix symbolical forms to many truths that we know yet cannot make patent . . . Hark! . . . I am sure *you* can hear, though I cannot myself, that immense strident voice, crying out endlessly round and round the horizon, so continuous, so level and monotonous, that men mistake it for dead silence! But of this, more anon. In a minute our eclipse: let us haste and . . .

Cætera desunt.

THE SONG TO HELEN OF FRANCE

BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

BY

BARON BERNARDO QUARANTA DI SAN SEVERINO

AND PUT INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

EDWIN MARKHAM

(The following is a part of a new poem called out by the fact that Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Aosta, Helen of Orleans, cousin to the King of Italy, has gone to Africa with a group of ladies of the Italian aristocracy to care for the Italian soldiers wounded in battle with the Turks. She is here described as bringing home a shipload of dead and wounded men.)

With almost the soft pallor of a dove
The moon silvers the deck of the homing ship
That brings the dead back to the land they love.

On the rough boards where low the corpses lie,
As on the bed where bleed the wounded men,
Burns with pale fire the same sweet sanctity.

The carven figure at the prow, moonlit,
Stands tall and white, a being not of earth,
Whose smile is equal to the Infinite.

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And he whose jaw the cruel shrapnel shell
Shattered and riddled in the final charge,
Lies bleeding softly after the battle-hell.

Stretched taciturn, he munches the black clots,
And also has a strange, mysterious smile
Above the linen of the bandage-knots.

When she bends o'er him, like a saintly nun,
Her face all shining with a golden light,
As shines the lily in the morning sun.

Blessed be thou, O woman, Helen of France.
Under the shadow of your snow-white veil
Your azure eyes gleam like a dauntless lance.

Even when you bind the wound or broken bone,
Or bathe the thirsty lips of him who raves:
There is no tear, no murmuring, no groan.

He who was victor when the cheers were loud
Wants by his silence to surpass his mates:
He who is dying feels the flag for shroud.

* * * * *

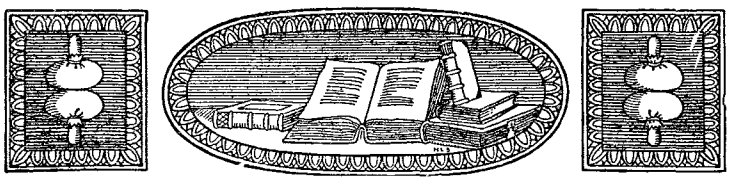
What morning shines upon the crowded pier?
'Tis Italy. August, she looks afar,
Pressing to her heart the names of dead and dear.

Do our dead return over the salt sea-miles?
What mystic ship is homing to the shore?
The pier is solemn as cathedral aisles.

Woman of France, you know the gift you bring;
For with the heap of sorrows and of souls
You bring the song, the dream, the April wing.

O Helen, who see Rome's sacrament of grace,
Laid on the whitening foreheads of our dead,
You bring a flower to bind the Latin race,

The augural verbena on your head!



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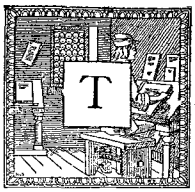
THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book I

Chapter IV



THERE were three long weeks in that large bed for Dicky before he might see the fields again or feel the touch of the grass beneath his feet. From his bedroom window only the sky was visible with just one break—the plume of a high poplar, which nearly reached the window catch. So then, whenever he was alone, he watched the sky—the sky sometimes at early morning growing into the brilliance of day—the sky in all its fulness of light fading through a thousand colours into evening.

Always his mother sat with him in the afternoon, till the light was feeble and the high tea at six o'clock was served downstairs. Sometimes she would read to him, more often sew, while he lay there in silence, and, though he never expressed it in words, when at the finish of her work she collected all her coloured silks and laid them in her basket, he thought how like the coming of the evening that was—a tired woman laying aside her coloured silks until the daylight came again. There was one large ball of orange at which, once, when she was putting it away in her basket, he had said aloud—

"There goes the sun."

Mrs. Furlong had looked up.

"The sun, Dicky? It set long ago."

"The ball of silk," said he.

She took it out and smiled.

"It is like the sun, isn't it?" and then she laid it back again. She had never known all he meant by that. Had he even known himself? In those years Dicky's mind was being fed with food he never tasted. The clouds—a legion—which passed across the heavens every day before his eyes made but little conscious impression upon his mind. He merely lay and watched them. Sometimes they took shapes which filled his head with stories. He saw wild beasts with jaws wide open which crawled the sky at evening. He saw Spain's great Armada, with sails full-bellied, come riding up the azure of the Spanish Main. He saw volcanoes on a far horizon, belching forth their mountain columns of smoke, which, when once lifted, hung in suspense like the vast canvas of some monstrous tent. He saw those fleets of little ships which face alone the length and breadth of all the endless blue. And there were days when not a ship was on the sea, and often then, with eyes that closed to the intensity of light, Dicky would fall asleep.

There was other food for Dicky's mind as well as this. For the first time in his life he became the possessor of a real secret. There had always closed for him a mystery around his father and mother. It was not often that he was worried by it, but there were times when he wondered about his father's childhood, how his father had treated him, whether he had done the things that Dicky wanted to do, and if he had done them, then what had happened. But of all his life before he had taken the mill, that is, of all his life one year before Dicky had been born, Mr. Furlong was discreetly silent. Dicky was not so curious about his mother's youth, but even she never alluded to it, and though he was not so old as that he might find it strange, yet questions had often risen to his thoughts, but he had never asked them.

One day when there were no ships on the sea, and the sky had no tales to tell him, he found himself looking long at his mother, who sat sewing in the window. He wondered how she could ever have been young; he wondered, too, if she would ever be old. And then he wondered if any of the boys in Mr. Leggatt's school at Eckington had mothers as beautiful as she. He went through them

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all, one after another. There were none. Not one of them could touch her.

"Mother," he said presently, not taking his eyes from her face—"how old are you?"

For a moment she went on in silence with her sewing, and a smile twitched the corner of her lips. At last she looked up.

"Why, Dicky? Why do you ask?"

"Because," said he, "if I'm ten, mustn't you be very old? I mean, you must be thirty, mustn't you?"

"Yes—and more," said she.

"And how old's father?"

"I don't think your father would like me to tell you his age, Dicky."

"Why not?"

"Well—I don't really know why. Anne asked him once and he said she must not be curious. Do you remember asking him how much money he made out of the mill?"

Dicky remembered well. He had been comparing the penny-a-week which he received as pocket money with the twopence-a-week which one of the boys received at Leggatt's school. It was a matter seeming to him to depend entirely upon how much his father made out of the mill.

"That's just what he said to me," said Dicky—"he told me not to be curious."

With a wonderful discretion Mrs. Furlong went on with her sewing. Dicky knew he was not to be answered, yet no information had emphatically been denied him. Nevertheless, he was disappointed and turned his face to the other wall. There he lay for some minutes counting the roses on the wallpaper, plucking them and tying them into bunches to give to his mother.

Presently he turned again.

"Where did you live before you came to the mill?" he asked.

"At a place called Wittingham, in Buckinghamshire."

"Was it as big as Eckington?"

"Oh—it wasn't a village," said she; "that was the name of the house."

"Did it belong to you?"

"No."

"Who did it belong to?"

"It belonged to Lord Wittingham."

"Was he your father?"

She laughed.

"No, my father was only a barrister, Dicky—just plain Mr. Tennant—that's all."

"Then why did you live in Lord Wittingham's house?"

She did not reply at once, and her needle made the stitches just a little quicker.

"Dicky," she said suddenly, "if I tell you something, will you promise never to say a word about it—to Anne or anybody?"

Dicky made his promise, emphatically and at once; then waited with almost breathless interest.

"I was the governess at Wittingham," she said at last; "they had two daughters—Lady Mary and Lady Jane—I taught them. They didn't like me and I didn't like them."

"Why didn't you like them?"

"They weren't very kind—no one was very kind."

"Beasts!" said Dicky.

She smiled again, remembering how many times she had said it.

"No one was kind except your father. If it hadn't been for all the little things he did for me, I should never have stayed there."

"Did he live at Wittingham, too, then?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

For a moment Mrs. Furlong stopped her work. She laid it down in her lap and turned to look out of the window. The sun was on the water where it rushed over the weir. It lit the flecks of foam as they whirled in a race down the river. All the willow trees were golden now. They dropped their gold in brilliant reflections into the water. Beyond it all, beyond the gold and the reflected blue of sky, the beech woods toward Little Cumberton were warm with orange and brown. But she saw none of these glories. There was rising in her mind only the picture of the big room at Wittingham where, when no visitors were present, she was permitted to lunch with the family. Vividly she saw them all, those dread people for whom she had had so little respect, yet of whom she had stood in such awe.

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But more distinctly than any one of them she could see that figure of her husband as he was then, moving silently, attentively, attendant on their wants. In time she had become conscious of his personality in the household; a personality which was higher, it seemed to her more human, than those with which she was surrounded. Furlong, the butler, was a better type of man than his master. She had said that to herself many times before she had dreamed what that personality might mean to her. He made things easier for her at Wittingham; paid her those numberless attentions with which a man in his position can make the life of a girl in hers more bearable than it might otherwise have been. He treated her as he would have treated a guest in the house. He even treated her better, and that when there was nothing she could do to repay him. When she retired in the evenings to the privacy of her little sitting-room, glad at last to be alone, he saw that there was nothing she could want. Flowers were always on her tables—they were in her bedroom, too. It was some time before she discovered that he quietly, unobtrusively, was responsible for this. She had found him putting a bowl of roses on her dressing table.

"Is it always you who send the flowers up to my room, Furlong?" she had asked.

"Yes, miss, I guessed you liked them."

"It's very kind of you, Furlong."

"Not at all, miss."

She had thought of him then all the time as she dressed for dinner, wondering why men in better walks of life were not so considerate as he, and then, with hot cheeks, accused herself of snobbery.

"Surely, I don't think it's because a man's a butler—" she began aloud, but did not finish her sentence.

And so in time she seemed to forget his position. One day, when he had brought her some books from the library, she had picked up one and asked him whether he knew if it were good.

"I don't read novels, miss," said he.

"Do you read at all, Furlong?" she had asked.

"Oh, yes, miss—a great deal."

"What?"

What had she imagined? Perhaps poetry of a jingling order—books of travel, even religious works.

"Carlyle is my favourite author, miss," he had replied with no trace of boastfulness in his voice. "I'm fond of science, too. But for real enjoyment of reading, I can't do better than *Sartor Resartus*. That's the best book ever was written."

"I've never read it," said she.

"Never read it, miss—let me get it up from the library for you. Or, I'll lend you my own copy, if you've no objection."

"That's very good of you," said she. "I think I should prefer your copy."

He had brought it then and there, and that night she tried to read the first few pages. In half an hour she had laid the book aside and never thought of Furlong as a butler again.

It had been a week after this, when, out in the country, walking some miles from Wittingham Hall, she had come across Furlong in pursuit of botanical specimens.

To have spoken but a few words and passed on, would have been churlish in the extreme. In their different ways, they were both alone in that household at Wittingham.

He gave up his search for the *White Helleborine,* and they walked together through the Buckinghamshire lanes while he talked to her of pistils and stamens, of stipules and corollas, explaining to her all the wonders of the sex of plants and how they reproduced their species.

By reason of the silent attention with which she listened, he thought she had been interested in what he was telling her. She had scarcely understood a word of it. Her interest had been in him. More than ever she was realising his superiority to his surroundings, and one day, on another such occasion as this, she had frankly asked him.

"Why are you here at Wittingham?" said she.

"Well, miss—I have my duty to do. It's my duty to support myself—it's my duty to do what I can for my father. He's an old man, fallen on bad times. He had a mill once. I should have been a miller too, but when I was eleven or twelve the mill failed. He had to give it up. A gentleman who knew us well took

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me into service. I've been in service ever since. There's nothing to complain about."

"But don't you ever want to do better? Don't you ever want to get back?"

"Oh yes, I want to do better. I shall do better. I don't know how yet, and in the meantime it's my duty to do my best for his Lordship."

Here he proved himself. He was one of those men in this world who, by making a fetish of duty, succeed against all odds, only to find when they have reached the end of their days that they have missed the fruit of life because an inordinate sense of duty has bidden them not waste the core. They discover then that the core alone has been their portion, whereby their only consolation is the martyrdom they have borne.

In the support of his old father at considerable difficulty to himself, Furlong felt warm the sense of the sacrifice he was making. But how was Christina to know that of him then? A breath of romance had stirred in the lonely passages of her mind. She was a young girl, alone in the distressing solitude of a great household. This man had not been born to his position. A sense of duty—a high and noble sense of it—had brought him there. From the moment her mind had conceived of this, she let her heart go to the whisperings of romance. He came to know in time she loved him and fought with himself against his love for her, because he owed the filial duty to his father. If they married, he would be compelled to give up his well-paid situation at Wittingham. It was doubtful whether he would get another with a wife. But in this case Nature was stronger than his duty.

One sunny morning when the sheep bells were tinkling on the high land above Wittingham, he asked her to marry him. It was then Christina had told him how she had inherited a small legacy, sufficient for him to purchase a mill and the tears had rushed into Furlong's eyes.

Strictly speaking then, the romance was hers, not his. When a woman marries, however slightly beneath her, you may, with justice, assume that while the man is firmly mounting by the steady rungs of a glorious ladder, she is borne upward on the golden wings of Romance. As the wings of Icarus too, they mount higher than any ladder can reach; but often they rise into the melting rays of the sun, only to fall to the solid resistance of the earth once more. It had been this way with Christina Tennant. After four years of married life, when both Anne and Dicky had been born to her, she came to realise that without imagination, without a sense of humour, no man can make Romance. The wings of that which she had made had melted in the sun. She had come back to earth. The man who has no bad in him has very little good. The man who knows the intimate anatomy of all the flowers of the field, more often than not forgets to find them beautiful. When first Christina saw Joseph Furlong dissecting a flower he had brought back with him from the meadows, she knew what her mistake had been.

And all these things, long though they may take to tell, moved in a swift review before her mind as she gazed out of the window in silence to Dicky's question.

Should she tell Dicky what his father had been? There was a great longing in her heart to do so; a longing to tell some one and perhaps Dicky most of all. For young as he was, she had found already in this son of hers a quality of understanding. There were times when he had anticipated her wants, proving even then an imagination which his father had never possessed.

And yet in those days at Wittingham, he had brought flowers to her room, had attended to all her little comforts. But it was possible that she would never be able to understand that; would never be able to so make simple her mind that she could see him as he was—the perfect servant doing his duty.

This longing therefore to tell Dicky everything was just the craving of her heart to be understood and, for some reason which she could not explain, she would sooner in that household have been understood by Dicky than by Anne. Anne was gentle, loving and thoughtful of her every wish; but there were moments when, thwarted in what she desired, Christina saw her husband in Anne's eyes. This had never been so with

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Dicky. Dicky opposed, was swept by all that storm of anger which she had heard her father sometimes showed in his practice at the bar. Dicky was a Tennant, though she was too wise ever to say so. And also because she knew this, she longed to tell him all.

When then she heard his question again—"Why did he live at Wittingham?" she turned from the window on a sudden impulse which broke and fell as she heard her husband's voice in the garden below her. Was it fair? Had she not said enough?

"He just lived there, Dicky." said she.

"But why did you take all that time before you said it?"

"Did I take a long time?" she inquired.

"Rather! Ages!"

"Well, perhaps because I oughtn't to be speaking about these things. I don't think your father likes it. So you'll remember your promise, won't you?"

"What promise?"

"That you'd never say anything about it. I'd rather people didn't know that your mother was only a governess. They might not think so well of your father."

In this one sentence she cleared herself of all blame. Dicky turned over on his side and began to pluck more roses from the wall-paper. He filled his arms with them and then looked back.

"I wish I could give you all the roses on the wall," said he, and, for just his thought of it, she laid aside her work and kissed his eyes.

Chapter V

It was in those three weeks while Dicky lay, a usurper, in the big bed, that his spirit first bowed to the influence of a woman. Dicky fell in love.

There are many things a man must learn which a woman knows from the beginning. To love it seems is one of them. He does not learn it easily moreover; makes many an essay, loses himself in many a pitfall before his knowledge be complete. And it is these trials, these efforts which contribute in so great a measure to the development of his soul. Maybe a woman is what man makes her; but that is a social tag, having reference only to her place in life. He cannot touch her soul. But the soul of a man passes from the hollow of one woman's hand to the hollow of another's. And each one as it goes, with cruel fingers or with kind, leaves deep the impress of her hold upon its pliant shape.

Here then was the first to mould the life of Dicky and turn it toward that setting of purpose which makes the soul of man.

Dicky fell in love with his mother.

Now the first instinct of a man when he falls in love is to make something that will outlive his passion; to place it on record that the world may see how he has loved. A thousand times afterwards he may wish that thing destroyed, may loathe the staring remembrance of it which forever meets not only his eyes, but the eyes of that new woman into the hollows of whose hands he has newly placed his soul. But the thing has been done, the poem has been made, the song been written. He has created something—imperishable perhaps—which may live to mock him all his life through.

But if the thing be good that he has made, then love or no love and whether a thousand new women taunt him with it to his face, he cares more for that thing than all the love and all the treasures in the earth. It typifies in one upraised memorial all love that he has felt. Indeed to work at making is the only way some men can love. Yet if it be the love is for themselves, for fame and all the riches that it brings, then they have built their house upon the sand and it is only worth that which the first rising tide will make of it. But if the love is for a woman, it can contain those qualities which are everlasting.

It was when Dicky first made something for his mother, that Christina knew he loved. Of all the fulness of that sense of loving she did not understand. But it was a thing Dicky had never done before and, in the doing of it, she had just realised his passing from the wild savagery of boyhood to that first gentleness which shows the turning on a tortuous road.

For some days, whenever she came into the room, there was a scuffle from the bed in some effort to conceal. On

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the first occasion she had asked him what it was.

"Something I'm doing," said he, and a colour rushed to his cheeks in a flood of self-consciousness.

It would not be true to say she was not curious. When a mother finds herself loving her son with all the beating of heart which his father might have taken for himself, she is driven in curiosity by everything he does. But with an effort Christina kept it to herself.

"Shall I know soon?" was all her curiosity asked.

"To-morrow," said he, and then when he had added—"P'raps," she smiled at her own pang of disappointment.

But the next day she was told. When she came up to the bedroom after the midday meal, bringing her work-basket under her arm, Dicky was sitting up in bed holding at arm's length a piece of paper from him and surveying it first this way, then that, at the greatest distance his arm could reach.

She stood at the foot of the big bed and waited, thinking in one swift moment of regret how soon he would be gone from those pillows—how soon she must return. This was the first time there had been no attempt at secrecy. She knew she was to be shown it then.

"Well, Dicky," she said, "it's to-morrow."

Then, with a sudden gesture, the hand thrust quickly out, colour again to the roots of his hair, he held the paper toward her.

"I've picked the roses for you," he said shortly and the next instant in a confusion of shame was hidden beneath the bedclothes.

She looked at the paper he had given her. It was covered in drawings of roses from the wall—roses in bud, roses in full bloom. He certainly had picked them all. They were drawn in pencil, with faint shadings where the blush of the petals showed. It was the drawing of a child, with lines that trembled where they should be firm; but there was something in it all, a quality perhaps of infinite taking pains, which made Christina know there was no idleness.

Now just as a woman inspires, so swiftly does she know when her inspiration has been true. Something in Christina's heart at the sight of that paper leaped up and swelled within her throat.

"I know they're rottenly done," said a tearful voice from beneath the bedclothes, and at that Christina came to her senses.

There is always the moment when a woman forgets the workman for the joy of the work. It is in a sense her own. But it is always followed by another moment still, that moment in which the work is nothing and the workman all. At the sound of that tearful voice under the bedclothes she had taken Dicky swiftly in her arms.

"Did you do it for me, Dicky?" she whispered.

He nodded his head.

"And did it take you all these last three days?"

He nodded his head again.

"But where did you learn?"

"We have drawing lessons at Leggatt's. Old Leggatt takes us himself."

She put the paper away in a book and that evening showed it to her husband.

"Don't you think it's very good, Joseph?" she said.

He adjusted his spectacles and looked at it. After a close examination he raised his head.

"I hope he won't want to be an artist," he said, and was about to tear the paper up. She caught it quickly in her hand.

"You wouldn't tear it up!" she exclaimed.

"Why not, Christina? I don't want him to be encouraged."

"But why?"

"Well—I expect him to take on the mill after me. It's paying well now. Other mills are shutting up. In a few years it'll be a good property. It isn't every boy gets an open chance like this. Surely you must wish it too. It was your money that bought the mill. He couldn't possibly do better—besides it's his duty to me."

She put the paper away as she looked out through the window into a black, cheerless night. At that moment things were as black and cheerless in her heart. She felt that there would be no hope for

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Dicky if this was all that lay before him. And yet, until that instant she had never really supposed anything else.

"He must have something to amuse himself with while he's lying alone up there," she said presently. "He bears it very patiently, but he's not a boy who can do nothing. He must occupy his mind. I was going to give him some of my silks so that he could do these things with colour. I'm sure that would amuse him."

"Oh—I don't mind his sewing," said Mr. Furlong. "He'll never make that the business of a lifetime. But I hope he'll never be an artist. I should hate to think any son of mine was wasting his time like that."

"He might be a great artist," said Christina.

"Great artists are born," replied Mr. Furlong—"not made."

"Well—Dicky was born," said she—"I bore him."

"Yes—but you know what I mean," he replied.

However, no objection had been raised to the coloured silks, and the next morning Dicky found himself with a needle, a piece of canvas and the ball of orange silk making roses as he meant roses should be made. He worked as though his life depended on it, struggling in difficulty with his injured hand.

Anne came upstairs to watch him. She felt all the envy that a woman does who sees a man at work.

"Red roses are much nicer," she said after a long silence—"and you don't hold your needle right."

"Everybody has red roses," said he.

She watched him a while longer, and then envy could bear it no more. She sat down on the side of his bed.

"I tell you what we'll do, Dicky," she said, and there was excitement in her voice with the new idea—"when you're all right we'll have drawing lessons."

"Only on wet days," said Dicky.

"All right. I'll have the school. And you can bring your things and learn."

"What—you teach me?"

"Yes—we can take it in turns. I won't always have the school."

Dicky agreed and stipulated again that it should only be on wet days.

"I couldn't keep still in the house when it was fine," said he. "Look here—can you help me out of bed—I must get out!"

"Why?"

"There's a heron there. I saw it go past the poplar—come on, Anne—I must get out. It's gone down by the river—I bet it has. Help me out."

She helped him, but it was a tricky matter. The injured hand for the last two weeks had lain on the bed on a level with his body. It was now the colour of milk and not a drop of blood was there. Whenever he got out of his bed that arm had carefully to be supported. But in his eagerness and hers, they both forgot this. The hand fell powerless to his side, and as the blood rushed through the unaccustomed veins, the agony was more than Dicky could endure. With a loud cry he fell back again upon the bed and shouted with the pain of it.

In a moment Christina was in the room and Dicky was lifted back onto his pillows.

It was later in the day that Dicky heard how at that moment Wilfrid and his sister Dorothy had called to ask when he would be well.

"Dorothy heard you shrieking," said Anne, "and she began to cry."

"What a silly little ass she is," said Dicky.

Chapter VI

At the end of those three weeks Dicky was up once more. It was a fine day, the morning that he dressed and, on Christina's arm, walked slowly down the stairs. This was not one of the days he would have taken lessons in painting at the hands of Anne. He begged to be allowed out in the garden.

Christina shook her head.

"I can go to the door, can't I?" said he.

She led him through the old square hall to the stout oak door—that same door at which, three weeks ago, she had taken him so fearfully in her arms. As she thought of it she shuddered, and yet in those three weeks, indeed because of them, she knew that Dicky had become more to her, that she had become more to Dicky. In so contrary a world as this

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there is always something to be thankful for.

The Michaelmas daisies were still in bloom. Here and there amongst the dying leaves of the summer's flowers, left negligently to care for itself, the bright yellow of an autumn crocus cried out the everlasting fecundity of the earth. As you stood at the door, the dense laurel hedge shut out the view, but over the gap where hung the white wicket gate, Dicky could see the glimpse of open country which he knew so well. The joy he felt as he stood there came to him in one sweep of delight. He did not realise that it was good to hear the rumbling sound of the old mill's wheel, to hear it untrammelled by four walls. He did not truly understand that the sound of birds in the open meant so much more than the muffled noises he had heard for the last three weeks. He only felt an overwhelming joy when the air of the country side blew gently on his face and slipping his hand into Christina's said—

"By Jove—won't it be ripping next spring!"

"Do you mean the daffodils?" she asked.

"Everything," said he. "I'm going to find that hawk's nest next spring."

"But no more snakes, Dicky."

Suddenly that brought it all back to his mind. He looked up at her quickly with a nervous smile and the faint colour became fainter in his cheeks. Christina took him inside and closed the door.

She knew then how much a change there was in Dicky. In those three weeks, perhaps on that very morning so little a while ago, there had been aroused in him the nervous quality of imagination. He could see things now he had never seen before. He could see the things which do not exist almost as plainly as those which do. Christina put her arm round his neck as she brought him into the sitting-room.

"What is it, Dicky?" she asked gently.

"Felt just a little cold," said he.

But Christina knew the coldness he had felt. It clings about the heart and makes the spirit shudder. She had often felt it at night as she listened to the water falling over the weir. She had felt it only that morning as she opened the hall door. When then he tried to make casual his voice for the answer, she tightened her fingers lovingly on his shoulder, knowing how efficacious a touch like that can be to drive such cold away.

All that day he sat in his father's arm-chair by the fire in the sitting-room where in the morning Anne did her lessons. It was a great sense of importance he felt to be occupying that exalted position, and yet every now and again his eyes turned longingly to the window. Every fresh gust of wind was carrying down great flights of leaves from the elm trees. They tapped against the window as they flew by and then sped on, away into the garden, leaping and twirling as though they laughed at his imprisonment.

Anne sat silently and conscientiously before her books. He could see her lips moving as she committed the words to memory and wondered how she could stay at it so long. There came a moment when he could bear the inaction of it no longer. He begged her to play a game. Where he, had he been Anne, would have leaped to the suggestion, she only shook her head. Still he persisted. Anne drove her fingers into her ears and her lips moved faster than ever.

"Oh—come on," said Dicky. "You aren't learning a beastly thing."

But Anne was faithful to her duty. She certainly was learning nothing. As fast as she repeated the words, they went straight out of her head. But there she was to learn her lessons, and there it was her duty to stay. Yet Dicky prevailed.

"You teach me painting," he cried, and to that she succumbed. Against all commands that he should remain quietly in his chair, Dicky went out of the room. To make reality more real, he was supposed to be passing a window in the street and, seeing there a notice to the effect that painting was to be learned within, should stop, enter and take up his course. With many gigglings, Anne wrote the notice on a sheet of exercise paper and rested it on the table against a book. Then Dicky entered.

Solemnly he walked round the table oblivious of the existence of Anne. If

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the second party in the game were enclosed within four walls, nothing on earth could make Dicky see them. At last the notice attracted his attention. Solemnly he stopped and read.

"Oh—Anne—what rot!" he said. "You might play properly." For on the paper was written: "Lessons in panting." And Anne shook with laughter at her little jest. "Do it properly now," he begged, for he longed to be at the painting he was supposed to learn. "I'll go out of the room again," he said. "Only do it right this time."

For the second time he left the room and would not feel the shaking weakness through all his body. When he returned the paper was in the same place; the same detour was solemnly made around the table. He stopped again and read.

"Anne! You are a beastly rotter. Lessons in putting on pants! I don't call that funny a bit. I wanted to paint."

Suddenly then the strain he had put upon himself gave way. He stumbled.

"What's the matter, Dicky?" cried Anne.

"I don't know," said Dicky in a whisper, "I think I'm going," and he crumpled up like a tired old man and tumbled to the floor.

With half a sense of joy in her heart, Christina laid him back once more in the big bed and, when he came to, did her best to be cross with him.

"I told you not to move, Dicky," she said sternly.

"I was so sick of it," said he, "and it made me mad to see Anne learning her lessons. She wouldn't stop till I made her."

Christina smiled, but hid it from him.

"What shall I do to you?" she asked, and, believing that there was nothing in the world she could do but what was kind, he answered—

"Play the piano downstairs this evening, before tea-time."

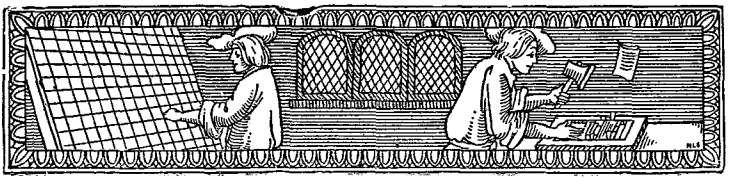
At that she broke into laughter, as suddenly becoming serious again when she thought what Dicky would be to women if he said things like that when he was a man.

She played that evening nevertheless. When the firelight was dancing on the ceiling and before they brought the lighted candles to his room, Dicky heard the notes of the piano come creeping up the stairs and through his open door.

At first they crept on tip-toe, like children stealing away from the house below to come up there and talk to him. Christina played the Moonlight Sonata, and to the first movement of the notes Dicky lay back on his pillow and thought of that bend of the river Avon where it gurgles and whispers under the willow trees and the water rats swim silently in and out the weeds.

Suddenly the music changed; the notes came tumbling up the stairs, bounding in through the open doorway, romping around his bed. Then Dicky sat up and thought of the water racing over the weir. He imagined himself in a boat that floated nearer and ever nearer to the fall. At last, with a crash of chords, it came. And then the house was silent. He turned his head and listened. Surely she would not stop then. But for a long while there was silence. And then the notes began once more. Christina played the Sonata Pathetique. Dicky lay back again upon his pillows; upon the ceiling the firelight danced with silent feet, and round his bed the whispering children clustered once more, singing their songs to him until he fell asleep.

(*To be continued*)



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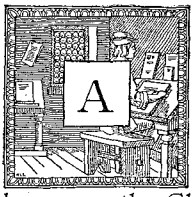
ALUMNI PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

BY EDWIN M. NORRIS



AT one of the oldest American universities there is a handsome gothic building named for a much-beloved former president of the institution, but informally known as the Globe-Wernicke dormitory, because it was presented to the university piece by piece. Ten of the younger graduate classes gave the money to build it, each of the ten classes contributing a section of the building. As the classes average something over two hundred members each, and as the contributions were extended over a period of years, it required less than an average of a dollar a year from each member to pay for the building. Since this building was given, the first financed on this plan, other classes have contributed several "entries" or sections of new dormitories, and two classes have given entire dormitories. Still another building on the piece-by-piece plan is now being started, and the scheme has become a recognised system toward the development of the university plant, by coöperative contributions from the graduates.

This is but one instance of substantial alumni support of our American universities and colleges. Most of the older universities, with their thousands of well-organised graduates, receive from these graduates a large part of the donations which make possible their steady growth, —in buildings, in endowment for teachers' salaries, in books, in scientific apparatus, in fellowships, scholarships and funds for the assistance of students, and in the other things which enable the American college to give its undergraduates two or three times as much in value as their tuition fees.

And because there should always be representation where there is taxation (though in this instance the taxation is entirely voluntary) the alumni and alumnæ of our colleges and universities are receiving more recognition and taking a more important part in the government of the institutions for the higher education. And for the same reason, in recent years there has developed a special type of journalism, the alumni publications.

THE PUBLICATION AND THE "SPIRIT"

In matters of sentiment it is dangerous to dogmatise, but if the college graduate were to analyse his interests he would be pretty apt to place his alma mater next to his religion, his country and his family (if he is old enough and courageous enough to have acquired the latter), and at that he might find it difficult to draw any sharp line of demarcation in these primal interests. The idealism of his zeal for his college is certainly very much akin to religion. It is only the most superficial view that limits the college man's loyalty to a desire to see his representatives win on the athletic field. To be sure, he takes great joy in seeing his team beat the other fellows, but to him every little contest has a meaning of its own which may not always be apparent to the general public, —in its reflection of the spirit, the manhood, the sportsmanship, the basic character of the type of which he is a part.

To take another example, many a college man will miss almost anything except his own wedding (and instances are not wanting when he has postponed that) to go to his annual alumni dinner,—and the dinner itself is the smallest part of the inducement. The fellowship is more, but what he is there for, principally, is to hear from the old college home. He wants to know what is going on at his college, and he also wants to have his say about the goings-on. This is what the alumni publication supplies: Both the information and the medium for the expression of his views. Being devoted exclusively to its separate field, the alumni publication keeps its readers in

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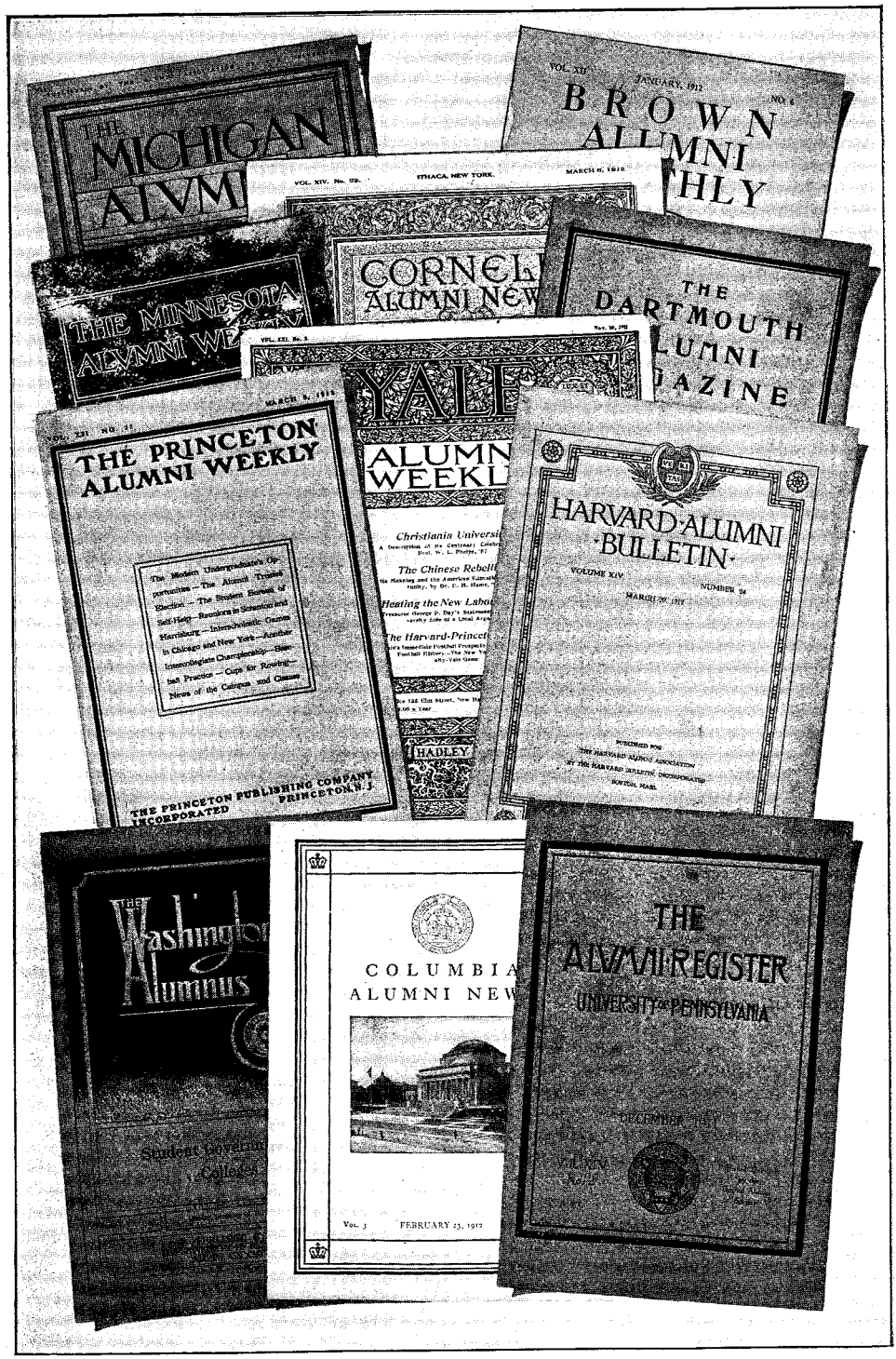

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touch with the university and with each other, as no general publication can do. The graduate seeing a "story" about his college in the daily or periodical press, has learned to take it with, not a grain, but a whole bag of salt until he sees it confirmed in his alumni publication. For every graduate knows that much of the stuff that is printed about the colleges is inaccurate and exaggerated, if not entirely false. Even so reputable a maga-

EDGAR HUIDEKOPER WELLS, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE HARVARD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

zine as *Current Literature* recently made the stupid blunder of stating that Princeton "has no provision for dormitories," whereas the original college building was a dormitory (Nassau Hall, built in 1756), and Princeton has never since then been without dormitories, of which there are now sixteen.

SOME OF THE EDITORS

This illustrates the need of the alumni publications, which are edited by experts in their several fields, whose aim is solely to serve their universities. The editors are usually graduates who combine with their editorial duties some other literary, journalistic or university work. A brief summary of some of the names connected with the publications will indicate the substantial character of their work. William Roscoe Thayer, the historian and poet, has been the editor of *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine,* the pioneer of the alumni publications, since its establishment in 1892. For a score of years this magazine has held a place all its own, chiefly because of the able editorial management of Mr. Thayer and his colleagues. Among his published works *The Life and Times of Cavour,* the second edition of which was lately issued, is a volume of recognised authority on modern Italy and Cavour. Mr. Thayer was graduated from Harvard in 1881 and received his early editorial experience on the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin.* His eminence in Italian studies was recognised by his appointment as the delegate of Harvard College and the American Historical Association to the International Historical Congress at Rome in 1903, and the Italian Historical Congress at Milan in 1906. He was also made a Knight of the Order of the Crown in 1902. Associated with Mr. Thayer as University Editors have been Frank Bolles and Professors A. B. Hart, George P. Baker, R. B. Merriman, and W. B. Munro of the Harvard Faculty.

Entirely separate from *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine,* which is a quarterly combining the functions of a magazine with summaries of current events, is the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin,* published weekly and edited by E. H. Wells, the General Secretary of the Harvard Alumni Association, of which the *Bulletin* is the official organ. Mr. Wells has served as Acting Dean of Harvard College, and is now the Acting Secretary of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences and Vice-Chairman of the Athletic Committee. Other editorial writers of the *Bulletin* are John D. Merrill, the financial editor of the Boston *Globe;* J. Hays Gardiner, for the past ten years Assistant Professor of English at Harvard, author of *Forms of Prose Literature, The Bible as English Literature,* and other well-

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known books. The founder of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* and its first editor was Jerome D. Greene, for nine years secretary to President Eliot and later secretary to the Harvard Corporation, now business manager of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and the Rockefeller Hospital in New York City.

The *Yale Alumni Weekly,* the most elaborate of the weekly publications, was started in 1892 as an alumni edition of the *Yale News,* the undergraduate daily. In 1895 it came under graduate management, and was ably edited for eleven years by Lewis S. Welch, who is now with a large insurance company at Hartford, Connecticut. Associated with Mr. Welch, writing more particularly on athletic subjects, was Walter Camp, the football authority, and Everard Thompson of the administrative department of Yale athletics. In 1906 the *Yale Alumni Weekly* was purchased by Clarence S. Day, Jr., of New York, Secretary of the class of '96, for the purpose of developing it and eventually turning it over to the alumni. This was done in 1910, when the Yale Publishing Association was incorporated, to which Mr. Day gave the *Weekly.* Forty widely distributed alumni are the governors of this Association, who are represented in the actual operation of the business by five directors, E. J. Phelps of Chicago, Secretary of the Yale Alumni Advisory Board; F. L. Bigelow of New Haven, a member of the executive committeee of that board; S. H. Fisher of the New Haven bar; Frederick Dwight of New York, Secretary of the class of '94, and Edwin Oviatt, president and treasurer of the Association. When Mr. Day acquired the *Weekly* in 1906 he invited his classmate, Mr. Oviatt, to become the editor, and in addition to serving as executive head of the Association, Mr. Oviatt has progressively carried on the work of editor-in-chief. G. E. Thompson is business manager, and the assistant editor is Minott A. Osborn. An unusual instance of university amenities is exhibited in the fact that a Princeton graduate is the literary editor of the *Yale Alumni Weekly,*—Jack Randall Crawford of the English Faculty of the Sheffield Scientific School, whose translation of Gorky's play, *The Bezsemenovs,* was produced by the Mermaid Society of London, at Terry's Theatre in 1906, when Mr. Crawford was living in England.

The Princeton Alumni Weekly, established in 1900 as the successor of the old *Alumni Princetonian* (which had been edited by undergraduates and had been little more than a weekly reprint of parts of *The Daily Princetonian*), had the benefit of the literary skill of Jesse Lynch Williams, author of *The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls,* a monograph on President Cleveland, *The Stolen Story and Other Newspaper Stories, Princeton Stories,* and numerous other

EDWIN OVIATT, "YALE ALUMNI WEEKLY"

books and articles. Under Mr. Williams's brilliant and vigorous editorship the newly founded *Weekly* immediately took an important and influential place in Princeton affairs, the establishment the following year of direct alumni representation in the Board of Trustees, giving to Princeton graduates a much wider recognition than ever before in the government of the university, being largely due to its advocacy. On account of his literary engagements Mr. Williams felt constrained to relinquish the editorship in 1904, but he has continued a valuable

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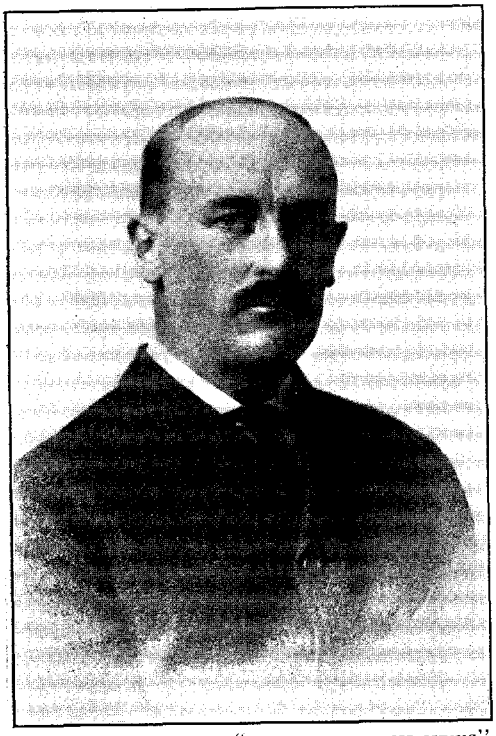

WOODFORD PATTERSON, "CORNELL ALUMNI NEWS"

member of the executive committee of the paper, and is now the chairman of that committee.

The *Brown Alumni Monthly* since its establishment in 1900, has been edited by Henry R. Palmer, of the editorial staff of the *Providence Daily Journal.* Associate editors of the *Brown Monthly* have been Professor Joseph N. Ashton, of the music department of Brown University, and Professor Allan H. Willett, formerly of the Brown faculty, now at the Carnegie Technical Schools of Pittsburgh. At present the associate editor is Professor Harry Lyman Koopman, Professor of Bibliography and Librarian of Brown University. Woodford Patterson, editor of the *Cornell Alumni News,* was for ten years a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Sun.* Robert Arrowsmith, managing editor of the *Columbia Alumni News,* established three years ago, was formerly a member of the Faculty of Columbia University. This publication is also fortunate in having as literary editor Charles Buxton Going, the editor of the *Engineering Magazine.* The *Columbia Alumni News* is published by the Alumni's Council, and has an advisory board composed of John B. Pine, chairman; Charles P. Sawyer, Frederick P. Keppel, Rudolf Tombo, Jr., Foster Ware, and J. Gardner Hopkins.

Wilfred B. Shaw, editor of *The Michigan Alumnus,* is also Secretary of the Alumni Association of the University of Michigan, of which *The Alumnus* is the official organ. A former editor, James H. Prentiss, is now vice-president of an insurance company of Chicago, and another, Shirley W. Smith, is Secretary of the University of Michigan. E. B. Johnson, editor of *The Minnesota Alumni Weekly,* was formerly registrar of the University of Minnesota, and is now the secretary of the General Alumni Association of that institution.

THE MATTER OF ORGANISATION

Back of nearly all the alumni publications there is a graduate organisation of some kind,—either the general alumni

E. B. JOHNSON, "MINNESOTA ALUMNI WEEKLY"

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association, as in the case of *The Minnesota Alumni Weekly, The Michigan Alumnus,* the *Harvard Bulletin, The Alumni Register* of the University of Pennsylvania, the *Bryn Mawr Alumnæ Quarterly, The Washington Alumnus, The Colgate Alumni Quarterly,* and several others; or the association of class secretaries, as in the case of *The Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* and the *Brown Alumni Monthly;* or merely a group of graduates organised as a publishing company, as in the case of the *Yale Alumni Weekly, The Princeton Alumni Weekly,* and the *Cornell Alumni News.* The Princeton Publishing Company, publishers of *The Princeton Alumni Weekly,* may be taken as an example of the substantial character of these organisations. The president of this company is Charles Scribner, the head of the publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons; the vice-president is Robert Bridges of

ROBERT ARROWSMITH, "COLUMBIA ALUMNI NEWS"

WILFRED B. SHAW, "MICHIGAN ALUMNUS"

Scribner's Magazine; the secretary and treasurer, Harold G. Murray, who is also secretary of the Graduate Council of Princeton. In addition to these the board of directors of the company includes such prominent Princeton men as John D. Davis of St. Louis, vice-president of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company; M. Taylor Pyne of New York and Princeton; Francis Speir and George William Burleigh of the New York bar; Jesse Lynch Williams, the author, and J. Lionberger Davis of the St. Louis bar. Messrs. Williams, Scribner, Speir, Bridges and Burleigh form the executive committee, which keeps in touch with the editor, and C. Whitney Darrow is the business manager. This makes an effective working organisation, the editor being responsible for the general policy of the paper, for putting it together and getting it out, and the business manager taking care of the advertising, the subscription department, and the mailing.

At Princeton, out of the establishment of *The Alumni Weekly* a dozen years ago has grown the Princeton University Press, with its large collegiate gothic

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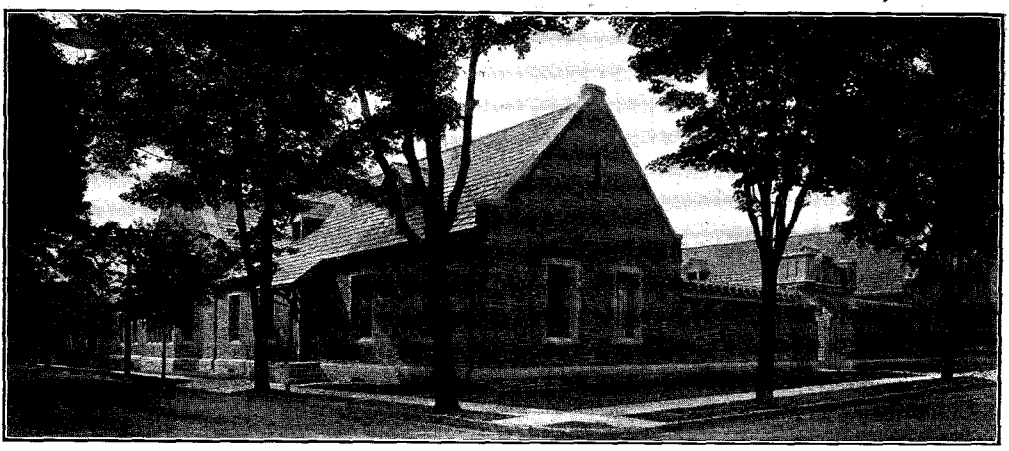

THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, THE GIFT OF MR. CHARLES SCRIBNER. THIS PLANT ISSUES EIGHTEEN PUBLICATIONS, IN ADDITION TO DOING THE UNIVERSITY PRINTING AND PUBLISHING MANY BOOKS OF AN EDUCATIONAL CHARACTER

building and fully equipped plant, the generous gift of Charles Scribner. This press is organised and operated for the benefit of the university, *The Alumni Weekly* being only one of eighteen publications it now handles, in addition to doing the university printing and publishing many books of an educational character. *The Alumni Weekly* has its editorial and business offices conveniently in the Princeton University Press building.

THE QUESTION OF QUALITY

As most of the alumni editors have had experience in newspaper or magazine work, and are usually graduates of several years' standing, the amateurish character of the undergraduate publications is naturally absent in the alumni publications. In artistic appearance, in typography and illustrations, and in general make-up, some of them compare very favourably with the best magazines, and in clear and effective expression and accuracy of contents they are unsurpassed. None of them being published oftener than once a week, ordinarily they cannot, of course, compete with the daily press in freshness of news, but must be content to give a review of current university information. However, the alumni publications get much "inside information" which the metropolitan dailies miss entirely, and they also print much news of interest to their readers only, which the dailies do not touch. Their aim is accuracy and comprehensiveness, rather than priority of publication. But even so, an alumni publication will now and then get a "scoop," by reason of its special advantage for learning of the happenings in its own institution. A recent instance of this was on the occasion of the election of Dr. John Grier Hibben to the presidency of Princeton, the news of which *The Princeton Alumni Weekly* was the first to print and have on sale,—together with a full-page portrait of the new president, on the cover.

THE MAKE UP OF THE PERIODICALS

With the exception of *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine* and *The Pennsylvania Alumni Register*, which are really quarterly magazines with incidental news departments, the alumni publications, whether weekly or monthly, are devoted to a resumé of current university news, with magazine features incidental. Ordinarily the weeklies run from sixteen to thirty-two pages, the monthlies from thirty-two to eighty pages. In size the page varies from that of THE BOOKMAN to that of *The Nation*. A copy of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* may be taken at random as an example of contents. It will start with Mr. Oviatt's entertaining editorial comment on the week, which may be confined to Yale affairs or may touch on university matters in general; then there will be a column or two of news of the corporation or the faculty;

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an illustrated article on some department of the university, strictly a magazine feature, and probably contributed by a member of the faculty; then perhaps a page report of a scientific expedition conducted by a Yale man, illustrated, and two or three pages of letters from alumni on all sorts of topics relating to university life; next you will probably find a number of excerpts from the undergraduate press,—just to let the alumni know what their younger brothers are thinking about, when they think, or how well or ill they express their thoughts when they write; these may be followed by quotations concerning Yale from the public press, and then comes a batch of reviews of Yale books, compact reports of athletics and other news of the campus, accounts of alumni meetings in various parts of the country, and finally several columns of personal notes of the graduates,—a very popular department of the alumni publications. This brief outline may be taken as a more or less typical make-up, but it will vary with the seasons and changing conditions, the magazine features ranging widely in subjects, but always being connected in some way with university men or affairs. In the spring and autumn much space is devoted to athletics, the younger graduates especially relying on their alumni publications for full and accurate accounts of the games and pictures of the teams.

THE SUPPLY OF COPY

The fact is that these publications are never at a loss for "copy," the constant problem of the editors being to find space for the things they want to print and illustrate and for the numerous university, undergraduate and alumni interests that are demanding recognition. For this reason it often happens, indeed it is almost a chronic experience with the writer, that the "copy" pigeonhole is jammed with data, or special articles already written and awaiting their turn for publication. And they may have to wait for weeks or perhaps months, because fresh news "stories" are constantly coming up, whose publication cannot be postponed; and because it is necessary to keep a tight rein on expenses, precluding the adding of too many extra pages.

A fruitful source of "copy" demanding immediate publications are the communications written by alumni. College men are notoriously critical concerning their own institution,—which is far from a bad sign, as it indicates their jealous interest. One of the most experienced of the alumni editors says that he always expects to hear from everybody who has a grievance. That is pretty apt to be the case, as those who are satisfied do not usually take the trouble to express their satisfaction in writing. One critical alumnus took exception to the architectural development of his university by writing to suggest that "the next building be made a sky-blue pink with purple dots." Those who read the alumni publications were entertained by a recent discussion in the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, in which Mr. "Dutch" Carter, the old Yale pitcher, objected in his characteristically vigorous language to an editorial in the undergraduate *Yale News*, in which the football season of 1911 was pronounced "satisfactory." Mr. Carter, who had pitched and batted Yale nines to victory on many a hard-fought field, was unable to derive much "satisfaction" from the fact that his college eleven had been defeated by Princeton and tied by Harvard. Thereupon ensued a protracted discussion as to the exact connotation of "satisfactory," from which is developed that the Yale undergraduates, at any rate, were satisfied with the leadership of Captain Howe of the Yale eleven.

THE OPEN FORUM

To the right kind of boys, who never grow old, these indeed are serious matters, but not so serious as many of the discussions by eminent graduates, involving large questions of university policy. It is the practice of the publications to permit full and free discussion of all university questions by representatives of all sides, and in fact there is usually no restriction on the expression of opinion except that the writers shall keep within the bounds of courtesy and that the discussion shall not be carried on to the detriment of the university. This latter restriction naturally excludes such general discussions as those of a political nature, which obviously have no place in a pub-

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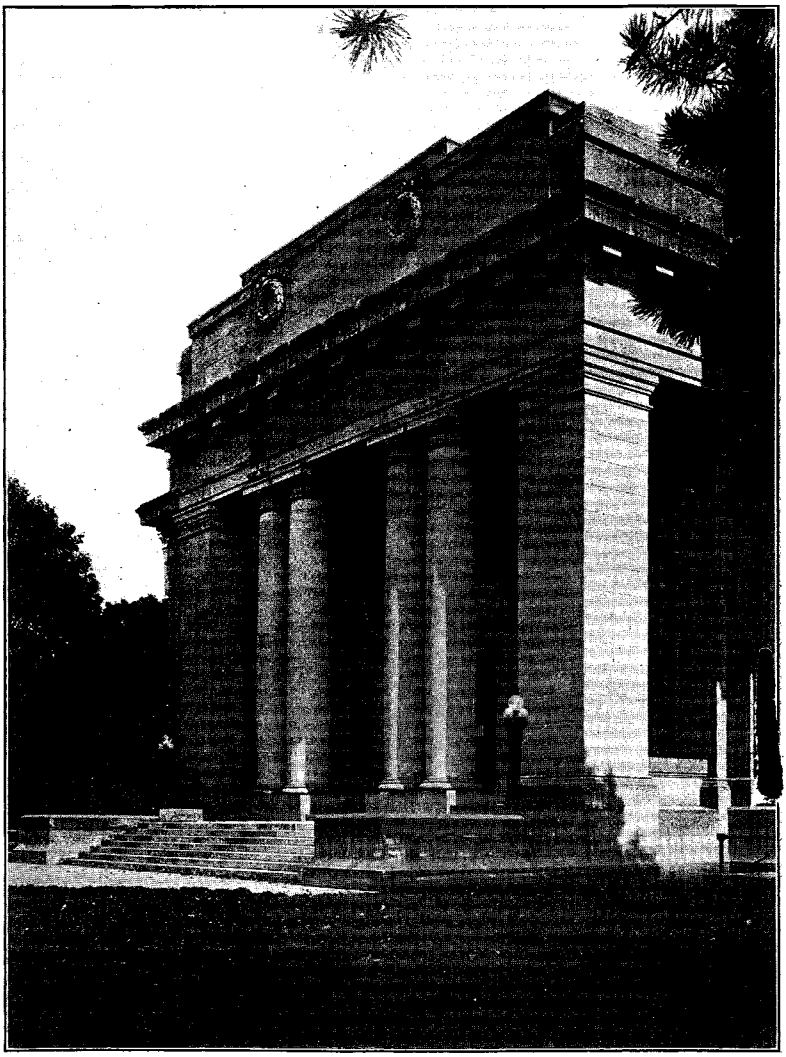
lication whose readers represent all shades of political affiliations.

It is in a large measure through the communications in the alumni publications that the wishes of graduates are made known to the university authorities,—the influence of the communications being pretty generally commensurate with the influence of the alumni in a given institution. The freedom with which some correspondents express their opinions may not always be welcome to some of the members of the governing bodies, as was shown when a certain straight-laced trustee indignantly discontinued his subscription because a correspondent, in giving vent to his feelings with regard to the loss of the big football game of the season, used the word "damn,"—and the editor printed it, of course. Unknown to the trustee, the correspondent was a clergyman. But this is an instance of narrowmindedness which is not at all typical.



Photograph by Randall and Park

THE ALUMNI MEMORIAL HALL ON THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, RECENTLY ERECTED THROUGH FUNDS SUBSCRIBED BY THE ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY. IT CONTAINS THE TABLET OF DR. ANGELL BY CARL RITTER

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SOME DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTORS

Most of the alumni publications are as yet too young to have much history, or big names in affairs to boast of, such as former editors becoming Daniel Websters or Henry Clays. Give them time. But there is plenty to be proud of concerning the long list of distinguished contributors. For example, in *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine* have appeared the notable autobiography of Francis Parkman, "Recollections," by S. F. Smith, Miss Marie Corelli's account of the rescue of "Harvard House," and other sources relating to John Harvard; *Phi Beta Kappa* Orations by President Tucker, General F. A. Walker, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, G. S. Morrison, Seth Low, Ex-Secretary Charles J. Bonaparte, William Everett, Wayne MacVeagh, Professor G. H. Palmer, C. D. Wright, Congressman S. W. McCall, President Angell, Professor E. C. Pickering, Ambassador Bryce, and Dr. H. H. Furness; addresses by H. L. Higginson. Sir Frederick Pollock, Justice Holmes, Joseph H. Choate, Professor C. E. Norton, Booker T. Washington, and Professor William James; special articles by President Eliot, President Roosevelt, Charles Francis Adams, President C. F. Thwing, Colonel T. W. Higginson, and Dr. E. E. Hale; poems by Mrs. Edith Wharton, T. W. Higginson, N. S. Shaler, L. B. R. Briggs, William Everett, J. T. Wheelwright, E. S. Martin, W. P. Garrison, and Robert Grant.

To take another example, *The Princeton Alumni Weekly* has printed addresses or articles by President Cleveland, Bishop Satterlee, Baron Takahira, Ambassador Bryce, Governor Woodrow Wilson, Justice Mahlon Pitney, President Francis Landey Patton, President John Grier Hibben, President H. A. Garfield, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Laurence Hutton, Robert Bridges, Professor Charles A. Young, the astronomer; President John Huston Finley, Andrew Carnegie, Professor Arthur E. Shipley of Cambridge University, England; Dean Andrew F. West, President Henry Fairfield Osborn, Robert E. Speer, James W. Alexander, George McLean Harper, President Lowell, Edwin Asa Dix, Ralph Adams Cram, Job E. Hedges, Professor Howard Crosby Butler, McCready Sykes, Ernest T. Carter, Parke H. Davis and William T. Reid, the football authorities; William J. Henderson, the music critic; Commissioner William H. Edwards, the Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Hall, Professor William Milligan Sloane, Dr. E. C. Richardson, Colonel George B. McClellan, and many others.

And the list might be indefinitely extended, if one were to attempt to mention all the distinguished contributors to the alumni publications. But before leaving this phase of the subject, it is timely to refer to the charming sketches "From the Hillside" contributed to the *Yale Alumni Weekly* by Brian Hooker, joint author with Professor Horatio Parker, of the ten thousand dollar prize opera *Mona,* produced for the first time this spring at the Metropolitan Opera House.

THE EDITORIAL POLICY

The editorial "policy" of all the alumni publications is practically the same. Being the representatives not of any board of trustees or faculty or other academic governing authority, but of the alumni, and the alumni as a whole, the publications are necessarily "independent," leaving the way open to take either side of any question that may arise, or neither side, but always standing for fair play.

It is vital to the strength and influence of the alumni publications that they have no organic connection with or official relation to the university. For only by maintaining their independence of the constituted authorities can they truly and freely voice the sentiments of their constituency, the graduate body. The publications, however, are nearly always in cordial coöperation with the authorities, though at times it may be necessary to be frankly critical of administration measures. In fact, these publications probably constitute as free a press as could be found anywhere. For, being neither officially controlled nor the private property of any individual, they have no private interests to serve. Unlike the daily press, also, they are not subordinate to the business office. They are not commercial enterprises, organ-

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ised for profit. No advertiser is big enough to dictate to them. There may have been a small fund subscribed by alumni to start them,—in some cases there was, in others there was not,—but this was probably made up of pass-the-hat contributions for the good of the cause, without expectation of returns. Few if any of the publications are old enough and prosperous enough to pay dividends; indeed, the stockholders of most of them consider themselves lucky to escape Irish dividends. The income from circulation and advertisements is usually just about enough to meet the bills. The advertising pages offer an especially attractive medium for schools, insurance companies, bankers, brokers and trust companies, publishers, hotels, makers of furniture, clothes, and athletic goods, and several of the publications run professional directories, with the cards of alumni classified by cities or states. There is constant evidence that these advertisements are read,—for the college man reads his alumni publication with avidity, from cover to cover.

CIRCULATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

The circulation ranges from one thousand for the publications of the smaller institutions to as many as fifteen thousand for the larger,—which does not by any means comprehend the total of readers. For many of the younger alumni especially, while attending professional schools or continuing university studies in the larger cities, and others who have not yet emerged from the hall-bedroom stage, patronise the copies always to be found in their alumni club reading rooms. Then again college men run in families, or young graduates combine on an apartment, and one copy of the alumni publication serves the whole establishment, until the members cut loose and set up their own vine and fig tree. (All alumni editors and business managers should therefore encourage marriage.) The subscription price is from one to three dollars a year, and the publications which are the official organs of general alumni associations usually have a combination rate for alumni dues and subscription to the paper. The Alumni Association of the University of Michigan, for example, has an endowment membership plan, whereby life membership and subscription to *The Michigan Alumnus* is completed after the payment of thirty-five dollars in seven instalments of five dollars each. From this source the association has nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in its endowment fund. In some instances the alumni publication is the main support of the association. On the whole, the publications are at least self-supporting. And if perchance the yearly balance sheet shows a modest profit, it is pretty apt to go into the budget of the alumni association, or into improvements for the publication.

THE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE

Enough has been said to indicate that the alumni publication is not in any ordinary sense a commercial enterprise, and that the editor is unfettered by the business office. Within reasonable limits he has a free hand in the conduct of the paper, as it is and must be assumed that his only motive is the good of the university. And the influence of the alumni publication is undoubtedly large in its field. It is not too much to say, for example, that the three things accomplished by the General Alumni Association of the University of Minnesota in the eight years of its existence could not have been brought about without the support of *The Minnesota Alumni Weekly*, namely, the release of the university from the supervision of the Board of Control, the thirty per cent. increase in the salaries of the faculty, and the doubling of the size of the original campus.

The *Brown Alumni Weekly* is at present coöperating with President Faunce in raising an addition of a million dollars to the endowment of the university. With the coöperation of *The Princeton Alumni Weekly*, a committee of graduates raised from Princeton men a fund of three hundred thousand dollars a few years ago for the great gymnasium at that university, and the Graduate Council of Princeton, which is financing the preceptorial system of instruction, depends much on *The Weekly* to stimulate the interest of the alumni.

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The first important service of the *Columbia Alumni News*, on its establishment in 1910, was the arousing of alumni sentiment against granting academic degrees to professional students who had had their collegiate training elsewhere, the alumni influence leading to the discontinuance of this practice.

THORNS ON THE CUSHION

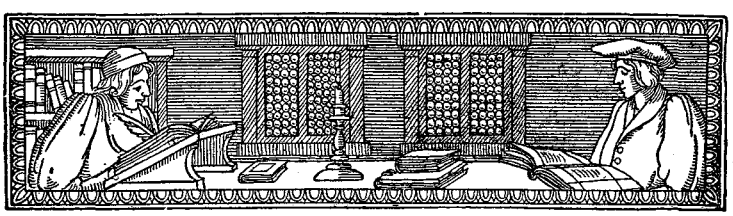
Once in a while the alumni editor will find himself in conflict with the authorities or the undergraduates or even his fellow alumni. Standing for clean sportsmanship on the athletic field, if perchance in the excitement of the season some untoward incident demands that he uphold his preachments in this regard, he is pretty likely to encounter the antagonism of those very practical and usually young persons who for the moment cannot resist the temptation of winning at any cost. These critics may then be expected to defend their standards by ridiculing the idealistic editor as a cloistered mollycoddle who does not know what he is scribbling about,—though he has probably been in the service while a dozen or more college classes have come and gone, and therefore has acquired a perspective; and his vocation has required him to keep in constant and close touch with the young life of the campus, so that he is qualified to know very well what he is talking about.

Not long ago one of the alumni editors was denounced as a tool of the administration and notified of a suit for libel because he had the courage to tell the facts with regard to the enforced resignation of a member of the faculty. The libel suit did not eventuate.

Another editor who in the day's work criticised the somewhat disproportionate place a certain undergraduate "activity" was assuming in the college life, rose to the distinction of being cartooned in a double-page centre-piece in the undergraduate comic paper. The drawing was a clever caricature of the editor and his sanctum. The editor enjoyed it hugely. From the campus point of view it was a solemn rebuke. The editor was interested to observe that when that college generation became graduates the usual number of them subscribed for his paper.

At another university the alumni publication asked why a certain eminent graduate had never received an honorary degree from his alma mater. This was criticised, and not altogether unjustly (as the editor has since realised), as an unwarranted interference in matters that did not concern the magazine. But the eminent graduate got the honorary degree. The *Brown Alumni Monthly*, about two years ago, conducted a ballot of graduates on the question of eliminating all sectarian requirements from the university charter. For its attitude in favour of this elimination the magazine was censured in some quarters. The ballot resulted in some two thousand affirmative votes to about two hundred in the negative.

By keeping before the alumni accurate information and interpretative comment on conditions at their respective universities, the alumni publications perform their most important function. By thus stimulating the interest and loyalty and consequent support of the graduates, they render an invaluable service to the cause of higher education in America. And to their files the future historian will turn as the most complete, trustworthy and unbiased records of the varied life of the American colleges and universities of our time.



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THE YOUNG CELTIC POETS

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

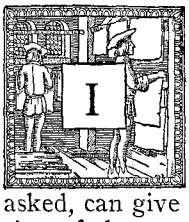
(*With thanks of G. K. Chesterton*)

Their hearts are bowed with sorrow,
  They love to wail and croon;
They shed big tears when they sigh, "Machree,"
  Floods when they sob, "Aroon!"

For the Young Gaels of Ireland
  Are the lads that drive me mad;
For half their words need footnotes,
  And half their rhymes are bad.

THE ANTI-CLIMAX AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IT is curious, when one stops to think of it, how glibly many people will stigmatise a certain piece of fiction as ending in an anti-climax, and how few of them, when asked, can give you a satisfactory definition of the term. They have a more or less vague idea that an anti-climax combines a sense of disappointment with a lack of energetic happenings, and that is about as far as their offhand explanation arrives. Now, anti-climax is one of the big stumbling blocks of latter-day fiction, and for that reason it seems worth while to try and formulate for it some sort of a practicable, working definition, even if in doing so we run counter to certain accepted ideas.

In the first place, since Anti-climax is logically the opposite of Climax, let us stop for a moment to consider what we mean by the latter term. The Greeks, of course, in their drama at least, had a preference for placing what they called the climax, the moment of greatest intensity, somewhere in the middle, with the result that the whole structure possessed a sort of rising and falling inflection, conveniently symbolised by a circumflex accent. Modern fiction is, for the most part, more simply constructed. We like to get our maximum effect in the closing paragraph. But it does not by any means follow that the inflection must be a rising one. We have quite as good a right to start at a high pitch and descend, like a grave accent, as to start at a low one and rise, like an acute. A rocket which soars with the familiar "siss, boom, a-h-h!" ending in a glorified golden shower, and the launching of a ship, which after its initial dash down the well-greased ways, glides with decreasing momentum to a majestic immobility in midstream, are equally good instances of an effective climax. And the rocket which abortively sizzles out in an adjacent pond, or a ship which in her first plunge goes to noisy destruction on a sunken rock, are likewise equally good instances of the anti-climax.

In other words, an anti-climax is a conclusion which does violence to the expectation which a reader has had the right to form, quite regardless of whether he has done so or not. Every story, if well constructed, has some prevailing mood, some high light of the

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emotions toward which it is moving. It may, at the same time, have interwoven several other subordinate moods and divergent purposes; and the final surprise which in a certain class of stories comes sharply like the snap of a whip, depends for its effect upon the success with which the reader has been thrown off his guard, and tricked into following the wrong clue. The test, in cases like this, is to ask yourself, after finishing a story, whether the author has dealt fairly with you or not. If in honesty, you are obliged to say, "By Jove, it was stupid of me not to foresee that!" then the author has been fair; but if, on the contrary, you say, "There is not a thing in the story which forecasts that ending," then the ending in question is not only unfair but an anti-climax.

The salient difference between this present definition and the accepted, conventional idea of an anti-climax is this: that a big noise and turmoil, a universal cataclysm overturning the universe in a swirl of cosmic dust, may be just as ineffective and disappointing where one has expected the story to end in a Nirvana of tranquillity, as a sudden and impotent butting-up against a barrier of nothingness would be where one expected the opposite. And since, in a material world like our own, the human mind cannot see beyond a limited horizon, any conclusion to a story which is based upon the intervention of fate,—whether you call it chance or the carefully ordered design of Omniscience,—is nothing more nor less than an anti-climax, and one of the most inexcusable types. A story may well end in wholesale slaughter, provided the whole structure of that story has prepared us for the possibility of such a conclusion. One of the biggest and most thoroughly justified climaxes in any story ever written is that of the story of *Samson,* in the book of *Judges:* "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." Samson, old and blind and fettered, nevertheless in his last hour fulfilled the prophecy of his whole lifetime. And in sharp contrast to this is another human holocaust which, contrary to the conventional view, forms a colossal anti-climax, in Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii.* Not that a volcanic eruption has no place in fiction; but simply that, in order to be justified, it must be foreshadowed. An Italian writer of to-day might get a tremendous narrative effect by imagining some new and overwhelming activity of one of their world famous volcanoes. As a matter of fact, the thing was actually done, and most effectively too, in spite of the prevailing extravagance of the tale, in Jules Verne's *Journey to the Centre of the Earth,* at the close of which the three intrepid adventurers are belched forth upon their flaming raft from the seething crater of Stromboli. But at the time of the destruction of Pompeii, Vesuvius had been, within the memory of man, a peaceful, vine-clad hill; and there was no more reason to expect it to burst forth in violence than there is to-day to have a crater suddenly yawn beneath Wall Street or Murray Hill. Writers of the historical novel are apt to forget this principle. But we of the modern age happen to know that certain tragedies, due to natural forces, took place in the past, is no reason for invoking the intervention of fate in an historical novel any more than in a novel of to-day. And this simple principle is nowhere better illustrated than by Mark Twain in *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur,* when the Yankee, taking advantage of his nineteenth-century historical knowledge, remembers that a total eclipse of the sun is due on a certain day and gets a tremendous farcical climax by predicting it.

Let us then keep this very simple principle in mind: that the ending must never be in violent contradiction to the dominant mood of a story. If the whole plan and tone of an author's work is calm, peaceful, matter-of-fact, imbued with a tranquillity akin to that of Jane Austen, and it nevertheless ends in violence and bloodshed, we have an anti-climax of the most grotesque type,—second only, indeed, to a version of Hamlet, in which he and his uncle should make mutual apologies, or a Siege of Troy interrupted by the intervention of a peace conference. For the cardinal sin of the anti-climax does not lie in quiescence and ineffectuality, but in the doing of the wrong thing.

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"Joseph in Jeopardy"

One recent novel which has been unjustly accused of ending with an anti-climax is *Joseph in Jeopardy,* by Frank Danby. The author, who, as is generally known, is in private life Mrs. Julia Frankau and signs her numerous monographs on art with her own name, has never had from the critics a fair appreciation of her novels, notwithstanding that she is one of the very few women novelists of real importance now writing in English. The reasons for a lack of cordiality on the part of reviewers and the general public alike have usually been sufficiently easy to understand. In her earlier volumes, such as *Dr. Phillips* and *Pigs in Clover,* she told unsavoury truths about life with an outspoken frankness that carried dismay to many squeamish souls who insist upon seeing the world through rose-tinted glasses. *Joseph in Jeopardy* offends in quite a different manner. It narrates, as the symbolism of the title implies, the experiences of a modern Joseph who resists temptation and flees, leaving, so to speak, his cloak behind him. Now, just because Joseph and his temptress loom up rather large in the book, most readers have made the mistake of regarding their relationship and its outcome as the crucial interest of the volume, and are disappointed by an ending which, in the eyes of the lady in question, is undeniably tame and colourless. But it happens that to Frank Danby the interest centres in a third character, namely, Joseph's wife. In this disquieting and subversive era of the suffragette, it is pleasant to find that Frank Danby retains a sane and wholesome belief in the old-fashioned domestic virtues and the courage to make a timid, unattractive little woman win a difficult victory solely by force of them. But the book well deserves to be examined somewhat more in detail. It opens with the ostentatious marriage of Dennis Passiful, the new owner of Abinger's famous art gallery in Bond Street, to Mabel, only daughter of Amos Juxton, millionaire founder of "Juxton's Limited," which, with its battle-cries of "Emancipation for Women at Last," and "Pure Food served hot and hot," contracts for a small annual subscription to serve three substantial meals a day, delivered to the home. Dennis was left an orphan in early childhood and educated,—although this he does not know until later,—on a fund raised by voluntary contributions. Among the contributors, the three who gave most generously were the good Vicar who adopted him, old Abe Abinger, expert art dealer, whose art gallery he inherited, and Juxton, whose house was a second home, and whose daughter Mabel a kindly fate seemed to have destined for his wife. As a matter of fact, Dennis married her, not for love, but out of pity, and with never one thought of the Juxton millions. He had supposed that Mabel was in love with Roddy Ainsworth; but when Roddy went off to the colonies with a musical comedy company, and Dennis found Mabel in tears, he helped to dry her eyes, and promptly stepped into the breach, reminding her that there was "another fellow besides Roddy." To the casual beholder, Mabel seemed scarcely the fitting mate for such a fine specimen of English manhood as Dennis. "Even in her wedding dress, and through the filmy lace that softened and enshrouded her, one could see that she was lean, and her back a little rounded; that her face and hair matched in a dead level of dun; that she had neither style, presence, nor beauty; that she looked every day of her six-and-twenty years, and had no grace nor compensating charm." Furthermore, she had no conversation, beyond a fund of inconsequential details about household affairs, the servants, the marketing, the weekly wash:

> Dennis, do you remember if you have had five clean shirts since Saturday? I've counted them over three times, but I can't make them any less. And did I tell you those new socks of yours are going into holes so fast? I wish I could get better darning thread here, but the shops are really very poor. They've torn quite a hole out of one of your pyjamas at the laundry. I believe it's a steam laundry, although they assured me it was all done by hand.

In fact, it is not surprising that Dennis should have soon come to feel that "his whole life was permeated with

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soiled linen," to take his wife more and more for granted and see less and less of her; so that, by the end of five years, while there had been no outward break, they were practically living separate lives. It was during the fifth year that he first beheld Lady Diana Wayne. It was at a theatre and "his eyes, before they had time to reach the stage, were arrested by the most perfect back he had ever seen; he did not know a living woman's back could be so beautiful."

The back and arm absorbed him during the first act. It was only toward the end of it that he was seized by an overmastering desire to see the face that surmounted this wonderful torso. He gratified this desire by going to the end of the stalls in the interval during the first and second act. The dark hair, parted in the middle, waved loosely into that roll of hair that left the back part of her neck visible. The profile, the short nose, the square chin, were pure Greek. She turned to speak to the man by her side. The movement of the slender neck was like music. Dennis could see the pencilled brows under her dark hair and the iridescent green of her eyes.

On the part of Lady Diana, as well as Dennis, it was a case of love at first sight. But with him, although he was slow to realise it, it was a strong man's violent passion for the first and only really beautiful woman he had ever taken in his arms. To epitomise the history of their playing with fire, the subtlety of Lady Diana's temptations, the innate decency that saves Dennis from himself, would be to no purpose. It is all done with admirable art and subtle understanding of men and women. But just a few further details must be given, in order to make the end intelligible. Mabel has a brother Ted, whose wife, Fanny, is a venomous, unprincipled little wretch, whose heartlessness is the chief factor in causing her husband's early death. Incidentally it should be said that the chapters recording Ted Juxton's last illness stand out as some of the best work Frank Danby ever did. Now Fanny, among her other misdeeds, is carrying on an intrigue with Cosmo Merritt, the brother of Lady Diana. There is no good reason why Fanny should wish to hurt Mabel, but she is the type of woman who cannot bear the thought that another woman is better than herself; so she tells Cosmo that Roddy Ainsworth, who is back in England and has seen a good deal of the Passifuls, is Mabel's lover. Lady Diana, seizing eagerly upon this news, makes her big blunder; she tells Dennis what she has heard about his wife, urges him to seek a divorce, and suggests that, even if the scandal is groundless, it is still possible to doctor up the evidence so as to win; she is sure there is enough to convince a jury!

There was a flush upon his forehead, and every thought of Diana and her loveliness left his mind. *Mabel*—that Mabel's name should be used in this way, her reputation threatened! The heat in his blood was different now and more generous. He was overwhelmed with sudden anger or shame. That he should have to defend his wife to Diana! . . . "You must understand how impossible this story is about my wife; I must make you understand. *My wife!*" he said the words again and was conscious of the tenderness in his heart: "My wife is the most loyal, gentle, faithful . . ." He could not go on.

From this hour, Lady Diana's hold upon this modern Joseph is at an end. It remains only to indicate that there is one other scene, far too intimate to be clumsily retold, but infinitely pathetic and strangely wise, in which Mabel, all unconscious of the powers that have warred against her happiness, in her utter unselfishness does the act and speaks the words that inexpressibly touch her husband and eventually bring her to her woman's kingdom, "the kingdom which Juxton's Limited and the Woman's Suffrage League are trying so hard and so successfully to demolish."

"The Squirrel Cage"

Another study of an unhappy marriage is *The Squirrel Cage*, by Dorothy Canfield. Lydia Emery, after her education has been finished by some months in Europe, is expected by her family to come back to her home in Endbury, Ohio, take her place in Endbury society, as daughter of one of the First Families, and dutifully wed the husband already picked out for her, Paul Hollister, masterful, tireless, a

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young man who as electric engineer has already pushed himself into a place of prominence. There is another man, Daniel Rankin, whom the girl has not forgotten from the earlier days; but when she inquires about him, she discovers that he has become a sort of social outcast. With every house open to him, and an excellent chance of rapid advancement in the advertising firm for which he worked, Rankin severed all connections, both business and social, and withdrew to a piece of woodland in the neighbourhood of the town, built himself a rough bungalow, and took up the trade of arts-and-crafts furniture. Lydia is interested, runs across Rankin a few times, quite by chance, and a few more times by design; Rankin imbues her with some of his doctrines, which are revolutionary, if not socialistic; and without vigorous action on the part of her family, she would undoubtedly have defied them and married him. But against the united efforts of the whole Emery clan she is helpless, and she knows it; besides, she is not quite sure that she doesn't love Paul; when he is with her, he is so masterful, so overpowering that she "just can't think of anything else!" So she follows the line of least resistance, accepts him, and proceeds to regret it through the whole duration of their married life. For its failure the author partly blames the girl's lack of freedom of choice, and the obvious incompatibility of their two natures; but she brings her chief indictment against the restless ambition of the American business man, and the purposeless and empty life of the the American wife. Paul is so ceaselessly engrossed with his growing activities that he has less and less time to give to Lydia; she, with time hanging heavily on her hands, begs him in vain to let her share in his interests, to tell her about his business affairs, to work less hard and be content with a simpler style of living. At first, her oddities amuse him; but gradually, as he realises that she is in earnest, that she does not crave wealth and power, and cannot share his insatiable ambition to be everywhere and always first, dormant resentment soon gives place to bitter recriminations and charges of ingratitude. Now, all this, while not especially new, is admirably done; this couple, and others whom the limits of a brief summary do not permit mention specifically, are made very real and human. But here, in brief, is the trouble with this book: We are interested in it mainly because it is the story of a young girl's powerlessness to resist the steady pressure of convention, and because we are curious to find out how far she will allow it to crush her, before she revolts. We are sorry for Paul, because in his way he is a good sort, faithful, indomitable, driving himself to death from a sense of duty, his duty to his family and to society. Nevertheless, the marriage has resulted in an impossible situation, and we ask ourselves: How will Lydia end it? This question the author apparently could not answer, so she shirked it, and invoked the help of an accident, during the testing of a new dynamo: and Lydia is left a widow, with one small child on her hands, and another soon to come. There is a certain tragic pathos in the anxiety of the frail, sick little mother, morbidly convinced of her own approaching death, to provide for a sane and liberal education of her children, and to place them beyond the control of her own family, whose ironclad conventionalism has brought her nothing but unhappiness:—and the way in which Rankin reappears in the story and helps her to attain her heart's desire is not ineffective. And yet, as a whole the conclusion has the effect of an anticlimax. There was a problem there to be worked out; and the dynamo accident no more solved it than a game of chess would be solved if the electric lights happened to go out.

"The Unknown Woman"

The Unknown Woman, by Anne Warwick, is one of those occasional books which, in spite of a distinctly unpleasant theme, have to be commended because so extremely well done. Maurice Maury, an American sculptor, has lived many years in Rome, partly because his work requires it, partly also because his wife, Sandra, an Italian on her mother's side, has never known any other home. But at the opening of the story they have lately arrived for the first time in New York and Maury, Sandra's brother Jim, and an old

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family friend Herndon Kent are renewing old memories. The structure of the story is somewhat complex, and it is a trifle puzzling to know just how much to tell and how much to reject. But whatever happens hinges more or less directly upon the character of Sandra. She has been married upward of twenty years; her daughter, Muffet, is verging on womanhood; yet in all these years, no one has guessed that Sandra's perfect poise, her enigmatic smile, her goading air of indifference are the outgrowth of passionate jealousy; for instance, here is what happened in the case of Muffet:

> Muffet had pneumonia when she was quite small. I was sitting up with her one night; she could hardly breathe at all, yet she managed to gasp, "Papa—I can't get my breath, I want Papa." For me, Muffet died that night. . . . One by one I parted from them—my father, my mother, my husband, my child; they all died and I buried them. And in the end I buried myself—the turbulent me that was. You see, the murder was necessary; there came a time when I simply could no longer endure. Now I find death interesting enough. I haven't known a pang of suffering for many years, at least ten. And do you know why? Because I love nobody, not one human soul!

The theme of the book, stripped of surplussage, is the manner in which Sandra is awakened from her lethargy to a capability for renewed suffering, because it is only in that way that she can also become capable of renewed happiness. The book contains a good deal of interesting psychology dealing with some unusual phases, mental and moral. But it is only fair to notify the prospective reader that he is quite likely to find certain elements in the story distinctly offensive: notably, the chapter in which Maury's lifelong friend Kent tells him, in the presence of his wife, that he, Kent, was her lover before Maury married her; and again, the chapter in which Kent has proposed to Maury's daughter and been accepted by her; and Maury, learning this, forces his wife to tell the daughter the disgraceful truth. The whole tangled situation, the extraordinary and topsy-turvy views which these astonishing people express regarding the elemental decencies of life, leave the reader with a dazed impression that the author has deliberately been playing ducks and drakes with ethics and morality. As already said, there is some extremely clever work in the book; and one only regrets that the effort had not been expended upon a worthier theme and more healthy-minded people.

It is pleasant to turn, by way of contrast, to such a blithe, wholesome, simple little volume as *Tales of a Greek Island*, by Julia D. Dragoumis. Although these tales of life on the little island of Poros form a certain sequence, the story as a whole is structurally rather slight; it simply shows us how little Metro, foster-child of old Kyra Sophoula, thirsted for an education beyond that of his class, how Kyra Sophoula sold her treasured heirlooms of copper pots and pans to pay his expenses to Athens, and how he eventually became a great student and went to Paris as assistant to a famous French archæologist. But this is one of those books in which the story element really does not count. What does count is the impression we get of simple, kindly natures, industrious and self-sacrificing in the midst of blue sky, blue waters, and fertile hills. What the author of this book has done of real value is that she has succeeded admirably in mirroring the all-pervading beauty of the Greek landscape.

"Tales of a Greek Island"

Beyond the Law, by Miriam Alexander, gets a certain gratuitous amount of advertising from the fact that it was the winning novel in a prize contest in England. Without meaning to be unkind one cannot prevent the thought arising while reading it, just how bad the competing manuscripts must have been. The scene is Ireland for the most part in the time of William of Orange; the theme is a life-long feud between Dermot Lisronan and a brutal Dutchman, Van der Wynykt, a favourite of the King, who awarded him the confiscated Lisronan estates. One brings away from the volume a confused impression of young women seized and flung headlong down stone stair-

"Beyond the Law"

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ways, venerable priests hurtling through the air from castle windows, men bound and left to drown inch by inch in flooded cellars, human heads produced suddenly and spectacularly in the midst of banquets,—in short, a mad orgy of crime and cruelty and blood, with the brutal Dutchman directly responsible for it all. Dermot, who from the opening chapter has sworn to avenge his mother's murder, is, throughout the book, living and working for this one object; yet this does not prevent him from marrying the murderer's reputed daughter, whom he does not love and who proves false to him; while, if the reader should guess for a year, he would fail to foresee the special sort of anti-climax with which the book ends: Dermot fails to kill his enemy, the Dutchman, despite his life-long planning, for the simple reason that when they come face to face the latter dies of fright. And we turn the final page just in time to save ourselves from seeing this ineffectual hero cut to pieces by the Dutchman's followers.

"Among the Idolmakers"

Among the Idolmakers, by L. P. Jacks, is a type of fiction somewhat difficult to classify. Some of the stories contained in it are, strictly speaking, not stories at all, but merely a clever juggling with words, a mass of ingenious paradoxes, a deliberate reduction to absurdity of accepted and time-honoured principles of ethics and morality. In this class, belongs "The Self-Deceivers," in which the author amuses himself to his heart's content by proving the paradox that any unanswerable argument in favour of Free-will forces those who are convinced by it, through the very fact that they are robbed of choice, into the ranks of the Determinists, "whereas if the logic of Determinism were to triumph, we should all be compelled to embrace Free-will." "Made Out of Nothing" is another refreshing bit of irony, which so far as narrative goes is merely a character sketch of a cockney Englishman who has made a fabulous fortune out of the manufacture and exportation of idols, antiques, rare coins, and every imaginable sort of fake curio, even including imitation mummies. But the material facts of the story are the least important part. It is really a parable upon the monumental credulity of human nature, and the limitations of human knowledge. In fact, the greater part of the book's contents is to be taken metaphorically and not literally. But it closes with a story built on conventional lines, "Helen Ramsden." In form, this story is somewhat clumsy, its separate parts being built up out of what A tells B, and B in turn tells C; but the underlying idea is not only strongly tragic but practically new. At the time of the Crimean War, when English girls and women were busy making bandages and knitting socks and waistcoats for the soldiers, the girls of the little circle to which Helen Ramsden belonged saw no harm in occasionally slipping love-letters into the toe of a sock, or the collar of a waistcoat, and laughed to think of the surprise of the unknown soldiers when they discovered them. In course of time, Helen became engaged to a young army officer, who subsequently was wounded, shipped for home on sick-leave, but when the ship reached Marseilles was reported missing, and was not heard from again. Many months later a Frenchman called one day to see Helen, and what news he brought she refused throughout her life to repeat; but from that day she took to her bed and remained bed-ridden through half a century. The secret is eventually related to the narrator of the story by a member of the Frenchman's family: he had formed a close friendship with the wounded English officer and had been with him on his homeward trip. One day he showed him a second-hand garment purchased from a Jew, and in the neck-band they found a fervent love-letter, signed "Helen Ramsden." This little fact, and the announcement of the Englishman's suicide, made up the message which the Frenchman, after long hesitation, finally forced himself to deliver.

"Julia France and Her Times"

Julia France and Her Times, by Gertrude Atherton, in spite of many stretches of the sustained brilliance which we have learned to expect from the talented, if erratic, author of *Patience Sparhawk* and *An-*

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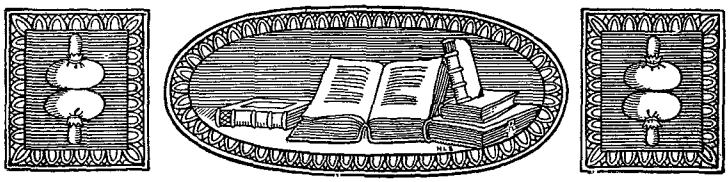
cestors, is very nearly, if not quite, the most loose-jointed piece of construction of which she has ever been guilty. The story opens at a ball given at Government House on the Island St. Kitts in the West Indies. It narrates how Julia Edis, enjoying, at the age of eighteen, her first ball, unhappily for herself attracts the attention of Lieutenant France of the English navy, middle-aged and of evil reputation, but heir presumptive to a Dukedom. Julia's mother is heartless, ambitious, and superstitious; accordingly she plays into the hands of the lieutenant and marries her ignorant, carefree daughter into a life of prolonged wretchedness. The very looseness of the story's structure makes the task of analysing it peculiarly difficult. France, having resigned from the navy, takes his wife to live with his cousin, the elderly Duke. Julia's one asset is her beauty, of the tropical, pallid, Creole type; in every other respect her husband's relatives find her wanting, and she is subjected to interminable lectures on deportment and the obligations of her new position. A specific source of trouble comes from the fact that she forms lasting friendships with two young women who have so far forgotten their social prestige and disregarded their husbands' wishes as to go into business independently for themselves. As the years pass on Julia's husband develops unmistakable symptoms of paranoia; some of the ghastly experiences through which she is forced to pass at the mercy of a half-crazed man, against whom at this stage the English law will not protect her, are certainly grim enough to entitle the author to a first medal as exhibitor of a Chamber of Horrors. But she leaves the reader groping helplessly as regards her central idea. France, sooner or later, is bound to suffer a complete mental breakdown; and this is hastened by the disappointment of his hopes of succeeding to the title when the elderly Duke unexpectedly marries and has a son and heir. France, having made a murderous attack on his cousin, is adjudged insane and incarcerated for life; the Duke settles an annuity upon Julia; and she, having nothing better to do, plunges madly into the suffragette movement, becomes an eloquent public speaker, and incidentally gets herself maltreated by the police, and has some little experience of English jails. In the early days of Julia's married life she chanced to meet a clean, wholesome American boy of the age of fifteen, who made boyish love to her, persuaded her to let her glorious hair down about her shoulders, and vowed that in ten years he would come back, help her to get a divorce and marry her. It is ten years later when Julia is at the height of her suffragette eccentricities,—one uses this word with misgivings, because the author seems to take the movement with portentous seriousness,—and we are asked to believe that one reason, and perhaps the strongest reason, for his conviction, that he still loves her after this lapse of ten years, with unabated fervour, is that he has heard her address a meeting. And so, after a few final verbal fireworks,—in the course of which the scene shifts back to the West Indies, and the man indulges in a meaningless flirtation with another woman, and Julia is on the point of suicide:—a belated cablegram brings the news that the paranoiac husband is dead, and they marry and are presumably happy ever after. At least, the reader hopes so, from a sense of pity for a heroine who has gone through an accumulation of agonies and follies sufficient for at least three ordinary novels,—and melodramatic novels, at that. Undoubtedly, however, *Julia France and Her Times* is a militant purpose novel which will vastly please the champions of the Suffrage Movement.



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NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

J. J. Chapman's "Learning and Other Essays"*

In spite of warnings from the author of this book against the danger of all æsthetic enjoyments, it is to be feared that these essays must be pronounced beautiful. By their beauty alone they may give what Mr. Chapman is pleased to call "the illusion that one is being spiritually made over and enlarged," an impression not in this case so much of an illusion after all. For Mr. Chapman, whether he will or no, has an enchanting gift of style. The arrows of his chase penetrate not only the heart of the matter, but the heart of the reader also. He writes not only like an artist, he writes like an angel; not always perhaps like a recording angel who is expecting to have his accounts audited, but an angel in the Greek sense, a bringer of tidings, an evangelist. He is a bearer of long-distance messages from the heart of the sky, messages sometimes a little hard to get, but sometimes coming from far away with wonderful clearness and precision. No one who has any literary sense at all can help enjoying such reading.

To justify praise of style by making scattered quotations from a new work is not very wise or convincing. Yet absolutely random culling of flowers from this tree cannot but show what fruits will reward patient reading. For example:

> Deprive Shakespeare of his sources and he will not be Shakespeare. Good poetry is the echoing of shadowy tongues, the recovery of forgotten talent, the garment put up with perfumes.

Or this penetrating bit of dramatic criticism:

> The present realism seen on our own stage shows deadness of wit in our life, the sad, unresponsive seriousness of persons who do not habitually live in the world of imagination.

Or this, on an exalted historic theme:

> John Brown portended bloodshed—salvation through bloodshed. It was to come. Brown hardly knew his own significance or he would have demanded personal service, not money, from his patrons. Suppose John Brown had said to Gerritt Smith and to Sanborn and to Howe and to Higginson and Stearns, "I do not want your money, but come with me, and if you will not come now, yet next year you shall come—and the year after—you and your sons by the thousand. You will follow me, and you will not return, as I shall not return." Brown did not say this, but the truth of it was in the sky already, and when the raid occurred at Harper's Ferry men shuddered not only with horror, but with awe.

These are winged words and on their plumes they carry an iridescence of celestial colour. To read them is to enjoy them, and to enjoy them doth "spiritually enlarge" the soul.

Moreover, the essays are not only an addition to the belle-letteristics of the day, but if some enthusiastic reader should say that they form the most considerable addition to the literature of educational discussion that has been made for a long time, it would be hard to dispute him. The book may not at first sight win its place in the attention of this reading public, if there is any "reading public" for such matters. Their form is against them. There is an appearance of almost annoying variety of matters treated. The subjects of the writer range apparently over art-criticism, educational method, politics, statecraft, even are mixed with religion and philosophy. Moreover, as is becoming in a book of essays, while all subjects in the universe are touched nothing is exhaustively worked out. Glancing blows are as good in essays as direct thrusts; and paradox is as precious as syllogism. So here the reader is now called to meditate with the philosophers, now to analyse with the critics, now to create with the artists, now to watch with the poets the immortal sea that has brought us hither and to listen to the roaring in the shells on its beach. Such work may be per-

*Learning and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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plexing and annoying to those who like to read something definite, obvious, and technical.

But there is not so much wandering from the theme after all. For the theme of the book, like the theme of education, is a very large one. It is the story of human life, the secret of the universe which holds human life, and the key to the mystery of the soul. That is all. And the thing Mr. Chapman has to say about these subjects in all the essays is the same. It is the same theme given out and modulated in each one in a different mode. Now it is done in a Scherzo like "Climate" or "The Jesters"; now in a large Andante religioso like "The Doctrine of Non-Resistance." But in all the message is the same; Mr. Chapman's music is the same composition to the end.

To attempt to state the message of the work, in a few cold and insufficient words, would be a mistake. The gospel should be received through Mr. Chapman's own delightful art. Any attempt to condense and cook it over would deceive and probably disgust his future readers; for, as in all works of art, this message and its vehicle are related to each other like soul and body. They require not to be put asunder. The reader must meet them in his own person. But a few words of guidance may be forgiven, in advance of the reading, which it is to be hoped will be wide and general.

The Essay on Learning, which gives its name to the book, like several, others, deals chiefly with the Arts. The relation of the Arts to tradition, the meaning of "The Classics" (described, by the way, most romantically), the defence of Culture, and the life of the Imagination, these form the general subject of this beautiful piece of work. There is also within it an ingenious warning against modern prejudices in favour of "practical" studies. This passage culminates in a gallant charge upon the windmills of science (of which attack the result seems a little uncertain).

But the most engaging portion of the whole is a sketch of the fatal sundering of American interest from Culture and the Arts, a divorce produced, without our fault, by our special American history. And this being the text, we get warnings as follows: The American desires the best in the future of his country. But he forgets that the future can only emerge from the past. As an English friend of the present writer stated, the most American thing to be seen in New York is the frequent sign-boards, "This building to be wrecked by the American Wrecking Company." So in our American spiritual life we go on wrecking our houses, and expecting, as we do not in the material world, new edifices to appear spontaneously. We are killing off culture, and working on the side of dulness. Anarchy will result, and if this happens modern educational institutions will not be without blame.

Mr. Chapman's essay on his own favourite art, "The Dramas," illustrates again the gospel of tradition and the value of culture, by reference to the history of the stage and its audiences. Here appears also a very suggestive description of the centre and core of the life of the drama. Not the surface structure, the setting, the scenery, not even the exterior acting makes a play. It is the "argument" conveyed somehow by the plot and the actors, this is the soul of the thing. Therein is Drama truly the symbol of life; it is by its very name a thing done, an act, a transaction. Even so, as Bergson tells us, the universe is a thing doing, urged forward by the vital impulse to the end of the play. All Drama is a symbol of life full of deep meaning.

So Mr. Chapman, in the same spirit, sketches in other essays the art of life and the conduct of heroes. Just as the good artist depends on good tradition to create and contain his ideal and his vehicle, so the true man finds in the story of the long past, as well as in wide human relationships in the world of the present day, his proper loyalties and his demanded duties. As the artist must avoid the petty entanglements of present art, so the statesman must avoid present and politic controversies, party hopes and party aims. These subjects are brought out again in the essays on The Æsthetic and The Unity of Human Nature. But the best of the book is found in more

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concrete shape, for most will think the flower of the book is in the essay on "Dr. Howe." Mr. Chapman has an extraordinary gift at biographical work. Whether his gift as a dramatic author gives him special power to depict the plot and passion of an actual human life; or whether his gift at seizing the salient and significant parts of that confused presentment which we call a human being helps him in creating Drama, this kind of biographical criticism work we have learned to admire from him from his early books and here again he does not disappoint us. And the picture drawn of Dr. Howe, the self-effacing labourer for the unfortunate, the good soldier, the chivalrous enemy, the heroic friend, the eager worker, the inspired artist, in life if not in marble, this not only gives us the secret of Dr. Howe's great life, but makes clear and plain the secret of all the other essays in the book. For as art is a struggle to make the world better and for beauty's sake, so, it seems, is Dr. Howe an inspired artist for humanity's sake. And as Heine, the poet, desired no laurels for his art, but the tribute of a sword on his coffin, so to the essayist all the arts are nothing but good soldiering in the warfare of the liberation of humanity. So art gives law to life and life in turn consecrates the beauty of art.

It may be wrong to esteem most highly of all these essays the essay entitled "The Influence of Schools." Such is the opinion of the present writer at any rate. There is in it a feat of biographical resuscitation of a difficult human figure which it is certainly just to call high art on the part of Mr. Chapman. Dr. Coit, the Head Master of St. Paul's School, even in life was not easy to describe. Nor is the magic and mystery of the influence of great teachers ever easy to analyse. And adolescence, with its queer sensitiveness and queerer resistance to description, is not easy to put upon paper so that the picture may be plausible at all. But one sees in this essay on Dr. Coit the very drama of education, passing from act to act, under original and unusual conditions. We see the very life of Dr. Coit, divined by a poet. We see how Dr. Coit himself saw life, in the light of his curious traditions, and how he, by the ties of his life to the long past, he saw all things not in the flaring illumination present but *sub specie æternitatis*. The light that he held to light his boys, shines back upon his own figure. In Mr. Chapman's essay we get the noble story of the life of the Founder Saint. Dr. Coit, too, like the artists and the soldiers of humanity, belongs to a greater world than the common world. He was "a personality invisible to the present, fed by the streams of past life," going forward with his boys to make the future. The difficult picture of such a man is drawn by Mr. Chapman with extraordinary vivacity and power. If Mr. Chapman shall ever make more important contributions to dramatic biography or to biographical drama, there could hardly be a more difficult or more successful performance than these papers.

J. G. Croswell.

II

Brian Hooker's "Mona"*

Mr. Brian Hooker has presented in his drama-poem *Mona* a field for varied and interesting analytical speculation. From the very nature of the causes which commanded it, it should be considered under different heads.

Let it be said at once that as a poem, it is a work of fine distinction, aristocratic in style, felicitous in its imagery and intellectual in its theme. It abounds in rich and poetic word-painting. Such lines as

> Only the hushed owl drifts by
> Silently as a winged shadow,

have in them a power to evoke a distinct physical sensation of actuality.

> Fire lit circles of astonished eyes,

has a vividness that is almost startling in the abruptness of its effect.

> The summer's huge breast, slow
> Throbbing, around us,

has this same elusive quality of suggestion.

Note.—See Chronicle, page 238.

*Mona. By Brian Hooker. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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> Leave us clean air to die in

is in the highest degree heroic, while

> A stream plunging down eternity
> To change the world.

has a grandeur in its conception as well as a tonal suggestion, that allies it with inspired literature. *Mona* as a poem reveals Mr. Hooker not simply as a poet of fine schooling, technical resource and deft intuitions; but as a poet capable of high flights of purest poetry.

This distinctive achievement apart, the interesting question arises as to whether a poet of admitted quality has been able to enter the distinct field of dramatic composition, comprehend its limitations, understand its requisites, and adapt his creative imagination to its instruments of expression.

The difference between actable drama and intellectual poetry is essentially one of temperament, of sure impulse *vs.* critical reflection, of instinct *vs.* logic. Men of small intellectual perception may still have elementally dramatic temperaments, the power to visualise the emotion that possesses them, rather than to analyse and reflect upon it. For the intellectually ordered mind to adapt itself to the dramatic expression is a travail of extraordinary difficulty, amounting, as it does, to the ability to affect an almost complete change of identity.

Invariably the initial mistake such an intellectual mind makes when it essays the dramatic expression is in the tardiness with which it arrives at the essential conflict without which no drama exists. It elaborates its exposition and overloads its causes, because it wishes to convince itself logically, not realising that it is not primarily the brain that has to be convinced but the emotions stirred. Furthermore, its exposition is addressed to the logic through the ear, and not to the dramatic centres of impulse through the eye.

With all the promise and actual accomplishment that *Mona* reveals as a poem, as a drama it has ineradicable shortcomings and temperamental limitations. The error begins at the rise of the curtain (serious in a drama, doubly so in an opera). Briefly, the theme is the conflict between love and patriotism. To prepare effectually for this conflict, it is absolutely necessary that both themes should be developed separately, before they are developed in conflict.

At the rise of the curtain Gwyn, Mona, the half-witted Nial and Enya, the foster-mother, are seen in the interior of the home, and the first moments are expository of the analytic emotions that are troubling Mona. Here is an initial problem of extreme technical difficulty, which the reviewer does not remember ever to have seen attempted, the simultaneous exposition of the two contending characters and their mutual relationship. The result is ineffective. The dramatic commonplaceness of the situation, the utterly detached character of the dialogue immediately fails to give the illusion of passion, which even such an hackneyed expedient as the hero's sudden entrance and the heroine's impulsive rush to his arms would instantly, without a spoken word, convey to the audience. Failing to feel dramatically this first quality of passion, the audience is reduced to establish it logically by the evidence of singularly dispassionate dialogue spoken in the presence of others. The impression which may quite rightfully be conveyed by a reading of the printed page does not convince here, by that sudden necessary empire over the emotions. Now to carry the conviction of ultimate tragedy, both the appeal of love and duty must be in the highest degree intensified. Here is the chief weakness of the drama, in the author's inability to comprehend dramatic passion. The elemental leap of one soul to the other, the intoxication that steals over the powers of the will, the outer force that is greater than the individual —the elemental dramatic passion, unreasoning, uncalculating, touched with the quality of divine madness that engenders its own tragedy—all this is lacking in the drama. Mr. Hooker's conception always remains the poet's reflective analysis. Gwyn and Mona discuss and argue, explain and debate, in a thoroughly sophisticated manner. Strangely enough, in Mona's expression of her feelings for Gwyn she allies it with her dream for children, and not once,

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but again and again, repeats this curious, dispassionate note, which suggests a puritanical hesitancy to approach the great crude emotions of human nature. The result of all this is that no effect of overwhelming passion is conveyed to the audience and the conflict becomes not personal, but metaphysical.

The objection to this is that the play is intended to be symbolic, that in fact it is so advertised not only by the author's announcement, but by copious parenthetical explanations throughout the text, —the one regrettable evidence of amateurishness noticeable. This is the thematic weakness of the work, it is not convincingly symbolic and it, likewise, fails of the tragic effect that a realistic treatment could have given it.

The symbolistic drama, into which younger dramatists plunge in a vague search for novelty, which only too often is a hope of covering a multitude of technical sins, is in fact the most difficult of all dramatic expression. Many have attempted it—even the greatest geniuses have failed to make it dramatically effective. *Hannele* convinces and enthralls, the *Master-Builder*—master poem though it is, is dramatically ineffective. The difference is this—a symbolistic drama is still a drama and subject to all the dramatic laws of unrelenting progress of the action toward a definite end. At best the drama is structurally simply a succession of swiftly moving platitudes, presented with accumulating intensity. To present an abstruse thought, or even a profound perception that requires reflection to perceive it, is to interrupt and destroy the sense of movement. A symbolistic drama to be effective, must produce its symbolistic suggestion by actions and not by thoughts. That is why *Hannele* is so dramatically successful, because the symbolistic suggestion *results* from the action, without recourse to critical discussion. So the *Master-Builder* fails because the symbolism constantly depends on the interpretation of the dialogue.

Mona falls into the latter error. Its symbolism is never self-evident. It depends on sophisticated analysis by the characters themselves, augmented (in the book) by explanations of the author, as to how the action should be interpreted.

The pity is that the symbolic treatment was not discarded and full advantage taken of the dramatic realities of the old British civilisation. An opera presenting those barbaric natures, allied to the wolves and the swine by their passions and their gluttony, yet always retaining alive that spark of divine ideality which was destined to shape the character and meditations of future nations, would have been fraught with intense and present interest. The barbaric picture actually presented on the stage is of sophisticated, well-washed and reasoning *fin de siècle* metaphysicians, that conveys to the audience a sense of being dramatically defrauded.

The truth of the matter is at the present date, Mr. Hooker's talent is utterly miscast in the dramatic field. He is by temperament and puritanical associations reflective, critical and highly intellectual. In fact he is that curious anomaly, an intellectual reactionary. The very statement of his theme, "that *Mona* is the tragedy of the reformer, of trying to revise the world by doing something, instead of raising its average by being something"—shows how completely he is critically hostile to the great moving principle of all art, the fine sense of impulsive rebellion, the striving toward an indefinable ideal. Nor has he yet been able to comprehend what is the dramatic purpose of failure, or the great collective inspiration of those who never arrive. There is nothing trivial or futile in the spectacle of a thousand artists toiling ceaselessly at their easels over a vain hope, or of a thousand writers striving to express thoughts too great for their little power, or of a thousand reformers bruising themselves fruitlessly against social rocks, that they have neither the genius nor the crude strength to budge. These are the martyrs of human progress and idealism, and to say to them, Cease to try—return into your little selves and be happy—is simply to be dramatically incapable of perceiving the inspiring drama of the final success of human failure.

Owen Johnson.

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III

MRS. NINA H. KENNARD'S "LAFCADIO HEARN"*

It would seem the set purpose of publishers to force the name of Lafcadio Hearn to become overnight—according to the announcement of this volume—"a household word in cultured circles." Yet it is difficult to concede that the clamour of the latter has compelled all the unnecessary books which in the last few years have been manufactured around the few remaining unpublished letters of Hearn. Of all of them, however, this of Mrs. Kennard's is the most substantial, and, although not as interesting as some, the most informing and complete.

It is also the least irritating. Fortunately the author seldom falls into the lyric strain of her baffling dedication. Although she is not guiltless of the sentimentality seemingly inseparable from the subject—constantly, for instance, she refers to him as "that odd little genius"—she has sought to avoid the more obvious pitfalls into which Miss Bisland and Mr. Noguchi stumbled. To be moderate, indeed, has been her conscious ideal. She thinks Dr. Gould excessive when he wrote of Hearn's intolerable and brutalising improvidence, and prefers to call it a most irritating incapacity for making expenditure tally with revenue. In truth she devotes her time equally to tempering the wind to the shorn lamb or to paring down an overabundant fleece which she thinks has quite distorted its original proportions.

This attitude, though possessing its humorous aspects, has to a large extent been thrust upon her. His personality and genius, as she rightly says, have been judged from an extreme point of view in either direction. Ordinary folks looked upon him in life as queer, irritable, prejudiced, distinctly irreligious and somewhat immoral: those admitted to his intimacy recognised the tender heart, luminous brain, gentlemanly breeding, and human morality of the man. Those who cherished a deep sympathy for his intellect rendered him the bad service after his death of veiling his faults behind a mist of eulogy. All this is sensible and discriminating, and one may go far with the rare Lafcadian who has this mood.

Hearn's accounts of his childhood and youth are not trustworthy, but we may believe him when he says that he was wilful beyond all reason and an incarnation of the spirit of contrariness. His concrete memories were extremely vague and romantically coloured. He often said he was without food and shelter when he had merely wandered miles afield and had spent his last penny on something that fascinated him in a shop-window. Any penury that he thought he suffered must have been due to his improvident and untractable nature. He was a child of fire and touchwood with quivering nerves and abnormal imagination. Intense near sight, with the vision of one eye entirely destroyed by accident so increased his natural shyness that it bred a cautiousness and stealthiness of movement which influenced people against him. The idea that he was repulsive, especially to women, always pursued him. Even as a lad he began his life of loneliness and withdrawal, yet the reserve of his manner had dignity also.

Once in Cincinnati at the age of nineteen, he left a place because he had been laughed at and refused to ask for his wages; living in the streets or at the best as a boarding-house drudge, he refused to accept money sent him from home through a connection whom he disliked. All his life, when people fell short of the height to which his imagination raised them, he promptly cast them from their high estate and nothing was too bitter to say or think of them. To his half-sister Hearn wrote frequently and fondly, and suddenly not only never wrote again, but sent her back her last envelope empty of its contents without a line of explanation. It was always so with him—if anything flurried him or awakened disturbing thoughts or memories, he broke off a friendship which had lasted for years. In spite of his intellectual idealism, all considerations—even those connected with the deepest emotions that stir the human heart—were secondary to the necessities of his artistic life.

*Lafcadio Hearn. By Nina H. Kennard. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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With this half-sister and her daughter, Mrs. Kennard journeyed to Japan to visit Hearn's widow. But although she confesses that no sight-seeing had any significance for her unless it was connected with memories of him, wherever she pursued these memories it was as if a drawer with a secret spring had shut. Few of his Japanese friends would speak of him. He was in every way fitted to interpret Japan in those phases he touched upon. As he always declared, his inability to see detail made a thing more mysterious and impressive—and it was the mysterious and impressive in the thought and life of Japan which he caught. He was always fascinated by strange and unorthodox methods of thought; and, the dropped threads of his barbaric ancestry being taken up again in him, all his life he preferred the outer confines of society. A born rebel, he railed against authority and civilisation. With all the Celtic longing for something beyond the elements of everyday life, says Mrs. Kennard finely, he seized at Japan as a child might catch a butterfly. In interpreting the superstitions and beliefs of a strange people, his tendency to over-emphasise an impressive moment at the expense of accuracy stood him in good stead. His mental myopia was more helpful in enabling him to catch a glimpse of Japanese thought and characteristics than would have been a piercing judgment that saw the faults and the intellectual shortcomings. But it is invariably overlooked, as Dr. Papellier pointed out, that most of what he knew about Japan must have been gained through the medium of interpreter, and that his impression of scenery and Japanese works of art were put together piece by piece through a microscope and could never have been obtained in the whole. They are the impressions of a man who never mastered the language and who could not set the country he wrote about. Through affiliations of temperament he could interpret a mood, but he swooped to deductions without having either the opportunity or the desire of informing himself of the details he discussed. When, for instance, he embraced Herbert Spencer as his high priest, it was a foregone conclusion that he should afterward endeavour to harmonise him with Buddhism and later with Shintoism.

It is by no means certain, concludes Mrs. Kennard (with a temperateness which will enrage some previous biographers) that his work will always have the appeal it has at present. He saw a phase of civilisation of absorbing interest to our generation, and recounted it in exquisite and finished prose. His literary judgments, too, were as capricious and biassed as his political ones; his personal prejudices made all his opinions untrustworthy—but none of them are to be surpassed as inspired bursts of enthusiasm. In his life he was, to all intents and purposes, at times a madman and at others he hovered on the borderland of insanity. His art was the one anchor which kept his highly wrought nerves from drifting him to mental wreckage. In spite of his satanic pride his estimate of his powers was on the whole a humble one, and this urged him to eternal labours. Out of his industry grew in time a certain healthy habit of thought and life. He pursued perfection tirelessly and over many obstacles, and this fact gives his career dignity and unity.

Graham Berry.

IV

F. A. Talbot's "Moving Pictures: How They are Made and Worked"*

Completely, though with as few technicalities as possible, is here presented in readable style the story of cinematography. The clear, well-rounded narrative is pointed with numerous helpful or effective illustrations. It is such a book as every one interested in moving pictures has been waiting for, and for the present reviewer it contains many matters of absorbing interest.

Animated photography, the author tells us, is really not animation at all. It is simply a long string of snap-shots taken at intervals of one-twenty-fourth to one-thirty-secondth of a second. When the projector of the pictures on the

*Moving Pictures. By F. A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. London: William Heinemann.

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screen gains the requisite amount of speed—the same as that at which they were taken—what is in reality a series of jerks becomes resolved by the slower eye of the beholder into steady rhythmic action. Only one-half or less of the actual movement is recorded; the interruption simply passes undetected.

In our days of the snap-shot, it seems incredible that an exposure of six hours was at first required to secure a recognisable impression of an object. The problem which confronted the pioneers of instantaneous photography was the reduction of the period of exposure from twenty thousand seconds to a thousandth part of one second. In the end it was the chemist who solved it by preparing a surface of exquisite sensitiveness to light. As long as glass plates had to be used, investigators were thwarted at every turn; but after trying many substances through fifty years of experiment, they finally discovered in celluloid a film which made animated photography a commercial practicability. When Mr. Edison invented the kinetoscope which he first exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair, both he and the public failed to grasp its possibilities. It was an Englishman who perceived in it the germ of the idea for projecting animated pictures upon a screen; and in the end it was a Frenchman who constructed the apparatus which laid the foundation of the cinematograph industry. This in twenty years' time—although the experimenters were obliged to break ground in every direction by unremitting experiment and research—now uses six million feet of film a week and has in this country alone fourteen thousand moving-picture houses.

At first the public was satisfied with the reproduction of everyday scenes and incidents, but soon it clamoured for picture plays. This demand was by no means easy to meet. With much difficulty and ingenuity a film of forty feet in length was made of a pretty little tabloid comedy. Its reception by the audience warranted greater outlay. In 1897, on the roof of the Grand Central Palace in New York City, was staged the Passion Play at an expense of sixteen thousand dollars. This was over two thousand feet in length and required fifty-five minutes to project. Then a French producer, a few years later, saw a unique opportunity to present picture plays with a skilled stage management and as elaborate mounting as in a real play. So well was this example followed up that to-day the American stage is engaged in a struggle to hold its own.

A "studio" of a picture-show company now is a huge glass building with a great water tank for aquatic spectacles and two or three acres of land for outdoor work, and with seven thousand costumes ready for instant use. The stage in this studio is more completely equipped than that of Drury Lane or the Paris Opera. The average is three films a week, and the scene-painters are busy from morning until night. The scenery they paint is in black and white and demands the most artistic care. The stage-management of a film play is more exacting than that of a footlight one, for there must be more vim and animation and there is at the same time no dialogue to point the movement or to conceal and mitigate the deficiencies of the actors. The preëminent requirement of the picture play is that the actor must look the part, for make-up must be reduced to a minimum. Nowadays the practice is to whiten the face, as the shadows thus formed by wrinkling it in emotion emphasises the expression. Every muscle of the body must be called into coherent use to an extent that the real stage does not demand. Everything, too, must be condensed to an irreducible limit—for there can be no interruption of the main thread of a play. Once the spectator's grip on the theme is loosened, his interest is lost. Consequently great waste is unavoidable in preparing a play. Vast sections of film are found to lack interest or to injure it. Every second of time is equivalent to twelve inches of film; and in cutting out superfluous seconds from a presentation, an average of two hundred out of every thousand feet are destroyed—at a cost of three cents a foot. As for plays, it has been found that very few stories can hold the attention of the audience for an hour. In the large stories it is difficult to find a sub-

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ject of world-wide appeal. Subjects of religious interest rarely fail of popular success, and thus these may be presented on the most elaborate scale. A production of Tasso's *Crusaders,* the largest yet staged, requires six hundred players and almost half as many horses. The enthusiasm for realistic detail has now become in this country almost a mania. For a fire scene, a plot of ground is now purchased, the required house knocked together—and then burned down while the camera buzzes vigorously. Lay rescuers have sprung into the water to assist a swimmer who is supporting, with difficulty, the unconscious form of a maiden—only to behold upon the bank an amused operator nonchlantly turning the handle of the camera. One firm sent its entire company to Ireland to stage some Irish plays.

Trick picture-plays are obtained by "stop-motion"—that is, a substitution while the lens is closed by the shutter—and by "double printing"—that is, the superimposing of one doctored picture upon another. It is with double printing that the effect is obtained by which some objects may move at normal speed and some at twice normal speed; and it is in his ability to arrest the action at any point that the maker of trick-films gets his magic effects. A railway collision of utmost realism can be obtained by toy trains on toy tracks laid amid suitable scenery in miniature—such an accident, seemingly caught with the utmost opportuneness, can give forty of the most thrilling seconds it is possible to conceive. The diminutiveness of a fairy is easily achieved by placing the actor a long way off or catching the reflection in a distant mirror while the human actor performs but a few feet from the lens. Some fairy plays require two stages—one for the fairies, together with the enlarged properties they come in contact with, and the other for the humans. The trick film of the highest order, however, is in danger of extinction because it costs so much in ingenuity, time, and money.

Even more popular than the film-play is the "topical picture." It was in 1896 that British audiences were first introduced to this in seeing the Derby run again on a screen. It excited more attention than the actual race, and people rubbed their eyes at its incredibility. Now a subject can be thrown on the screen within four hours after its occurrence. Thus it appears while it is still of absorbing interest. Not until the Coronation festivities of George V were put before the public did cinematography in colours become an assured branch of the art. Topical work is speculative to a degree, and furthermore, it upsets the system of any well-arranged factory; thus the largest companies do not engage in it. But a great disaster of any kind means a gold mine for the company that gets there first. At Messina, scarcely had the earth ceased shivering when a small army of operators were turning their handles amid the tottering ruins. The cinematographer of to-day has been let down by ropes to the cauldron below the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River; he has sledded with Shackleton to the Furthest South; he has climbed with the Duke of the Abruzzi to the top of the Himalayas. The cinematograph records of Colonel Roosevelt's African trip cost ten thousand dollars.

The camera is now attached to the microscope to portray the actual processes of minute and of germ life, with results so startling as to be unbelievable—in such a fascinating spectacle, for instance, as the attack of the parasites upon the red corpuscles. The limits of the development of this branch of cinematography it is impossible to foresee. Extremely rapid motion in all its details may now be studied at leisure, since it can be recorded at an exposure of one-ten millionth part of a second. It can be seen, for example, that when a bullet is fired at a soap-bubble, the bubble breaks, not when it enters, but when it emerges. As a vehicle for popularising science, the film is still in its infancy, however; for up to the present time it has been extremely difficult to humanise the lessons sufficiently. Such films as the physical energy of the house-fly or the chicken coming out of the shell have been very successful, but these are unusual. Other difficulties lie in the way of securing successful popular films,

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once, for instance, an excellent frog film was taken—only to discover that the unfeeling frog had all the while been coolly reflecting in its eye the operator turning the handle of the cinematograph.

In England the moving-picture newspaper is beginning to rival the illustrated weekly, the time may come when it will rival the daily journal—when a man will go to a picture show and see in full animation the day's doings. Already the cinematograph has shown signs of competing with the kodak for home use. Soon it will be generally brought into the school-room, and there impart more definite knowledge in one minute than book and blackboard in hours of hammering. Unfortunately, the feeling against the moving picture, despite its tremendous popularity, has not been as yet entirely eliminated. But political, charitable, municipal, and numerous other organisations are pressing into use the celluloid ribbon. It has at last been made non-inflammable, but the day is not yet in sight when it will be imperishable—when the film of a great current event may be preserved for an unborn generation.

Algernon Tassin.

V

Owen Johnson's "Stover at Yale"*

It is a very difficult matter to write a good college story; and the nature of the difficulty may be suggested by a comparison of terms. When a boy goes to school, we speak of him quite inevitably as a schoolboy; but when the same boy has gone on into college, we do not know whether to call him a college boy or a college man, a collegian or an undergraduate; and none of these words wholly satisfies. The world of school is a thing apart, as definite and characteristic as boyhood. The college world is a borderland of adolescence, curiously a part of the world at large and curiously apart from it: a microcosm whose generation is four years long, whose surface changes like the seasons, and whose informing tradition persists like the climate unchanged. So there are many good school stories, but no college story which is at once a good novel and a cross-section of college life. Mr. Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville stories gave more than hope of his success in the more difficult field; and in *Stover at Yale* that hope is more than reasonably fulfilled. That it is not wholly so must in fairness be charged rather to choice than to failure. The humour is there, the exuberant sympathy with younger days, the sense of blossoming character, the suggestive profusion of detail. But Mr. Johnson has chosen to write not a representation of college life so much as a criticism of it: he is concerned with the portrayal of Yale not as an end in itself but as the subject of his argument; whereas in the Lawrenceville stories he was concerned merely to represent school life as he saw it, leaving the criticism to others. He believes that college should be the focus and the storm centre for whatever forces are moving in the world outside, that the college boy should be a college man; and he depicts accordingly not a cross-section of college life, but only so much of it as concerns the demonstration of his theme.

Nevertheless, although such a book may not be held to account for omissions outside the scope of its argument, yet that argument depends upon the fair presentation of its subject. Much argument upon the negro question is vitiated by the representation of the negro as a Caucasian with a black face. *A Doll's House* attempts no universal vision of marriage; but its indictment of marriage is valid only just so far as Nora is typical. And *Stover at Yale* does not entirely escape this besetting danger of the novel with a purpose, the danger of begging the question by an *ex parte* statement of facts. This is most evident in the matter of proportion. The first (and by far the best) half of the book is taken up with freshman year; the story ends two years later with the election of Stover to a senior society; and the whole plot turns upon the reconstruction of the society system. Now it is true that at certain times and to certain men the secret societies are the whole religion of Yale life, with a Last Judgment on tap-day, and senior year a mere subsequent

Note.—See Chronicle, page 238.

*Stover at Yale. By Owen Johnson. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

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Hell or Heaven. But such cases are hardly typical: the limit of truth is to say that the societies are the greatest single influence at college; and the normal undergraduate is healthily concerned with many other matters than his social salvation. The extent of Mr. Johnson's obsession with this phase of his idea sufficiently appears to Yale men in that astonishing scene where Joe Hungerford leads a long cheer for Bones: to others it may be suggested that this is much as if the best man at a wedding should suddenly give three cheers for Love. It is only a detail, of course; *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus;* but Mr. Johnson must have been momentarily hypnotised.

No less remote from ordinary college life is the feminine element in the book. It is hard to see why Mr. Johnson has woven into his plot a serious love affair leading conventionally to an engagement in the last chapter. Unless he meant it to illustrate his thesis that the college boy should be a man and college life one with the world at large, it has no connection with the story; and one is reluctant to accuse him of introducing extraneous material merely to elaborate his plot, or as a concession to what is called "heart interest." In any case, it is not typical; for the minority involved in serious love affairs during college is almost as minute as the minority who get into serious trouble with women of another sort; both are negligible, a mere handful in each class. The ordinary case is a series of romantic adventures in which the undergraduate experiments, more or less dangerously, with women of the half-world, and is experimented upon, more or less painfully, by girls of his own kind. This part of the book is not only the least representative but the least convincing. Jean Story is an unimaginable prig, whose words are not the words of little girls just out of Farmington, nor her thoughts their thoughts; and the episode of Fanny Leroy and Muriel Stacey, in the concluding chapters, is wholly melodramatic and sentimental, despite its realism of detail. Surely there is plot enough in such a college career as Dink Stover's without going outside of his normal undergraduate activities. A novel of local colour should derive its plot from its locality; and a novel with a purpose must confine itself to the typical.

Yet, after all, it is easier to criticise anything than to depict it fairly. And this applies no less to the criticism of Mr. Johnson's novel than to his criticism of Yale; only in the former case, it is easy to supplement the criticism by reading the book. Its disproportions and inaccuracies lie quite obvious to attack; but the precise nature and degree of its achievement are harder to explain. Yale men will tend to pick the flaws and take for granted the merits: others will tend to swallow it whole, without appreciation of difficulties. As an argument, it may fairly be judged in its own words: "There was too much truth in the attack, violent as it was, not to have called forth serious attention." And as a work of art, it is thus far the best American college novel; but that is not saying much. It is not saying quite enough; for in spite of errors which he instinctively magnifies and a thesis with which he may probably disagree, the book is likely to make upon any Yale man an impression vividly and characteristically Yale. The atmosphere is there, the tradition of profuse endeavour toward unquestioned goals, the awful seriousness of youth shouldering the universe in the intervals of irresponsibility. The football game and the wrestling match, hold-off night and tap-day, the uproarious arguments and the solemnities of college problems are drawn truly, though the colours glare a little: not precisely as we remember them, perhaps, but very much as we felt them at the time. And except for moments when they lose themselves in expressing the opinions of the author, the characters think and talk naturally. Indeed, the less polemic portions of the book are pretty uniformly the best; and they are so good as to suggest that Mr. Johnson might have succeeded even better in the more difficult task of an impartial representation of Yale life whose truth should be its only commentary.

Thus far for criticism of the book. What follows has nothing to do with its artistic merits, but is a part of that dis-

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cussion which it was intended to evoke. Mr. Johnson contends that Yale (and, by analogy, the American college in general) accomplishes no real culture, because the stimulus in college life is not toward education: our colleges are business colleges, social clearing-houses, institutions for the prevention of learning. He contends that the secret societies exert an influence out of all proportion, whose chief evil and whose chief support is an idolatrous and charlatan mummery. He contends in general that the college wastes energy upon ends not in themselves worth while; that it should be an institution not of boys but of men, a focus of all that is going on in the world at large. Granting (as many will not) that the American college, as typified by Yale, is precisely what he represents it to be, there is still something to be said of his conclusions.

Mr. Johnson's whole case against the college is that it is insufficiently in touch with what is going on outside. The real trouble is precisely that it reflects outside life entirely too much. The undergraduate lacks culture not because he does not go to college to study, but because America is uncultivated. The colleges have made one concession after another to the absurd popular demand for efficiency, for practical courses, for the accumulation of facts. Education is not the implanting of a thirst for knowledge: the Yiddish immigrant has a thirst for knowledge already implanted; but he is not cultured nor ever will be. Neither is it an accumulation of facts; that is the trouble with Mr. Johnson's twenty questions. A man who could answer all of them and more might be wholly uncultured; and an oriental philosopher could not answer any of them. Education is exercise; and you can develop the mind by any course of study, just as you can develop the body by any form of exertion. But you cannot develop either by trifling with all exercises at once, without exerting yourself at all. Greeks have been educated upon philosophy and gymnastics, prophets upon fasting and meditation, mediævals upon logic and dead tongues. Americans remain uneducated upon an elective smattering of universal facts. Our educational system fails to educate simply because it is not a system. And the colleges in dropping requirements and extending electives have been moving steadily away from education toward popularity. If they are business colleges, it is by reflecting outside commercialism; if they are social clearing-houses, it is by reflecting outside snobbery. Thus the fall of the secret societies is the national fault of setting too much value upon immediate rewards and successes; the tendency to make men work for a decoration instead of for the work's sake; a danger which appears at its worst in their rewarding of religious activity. It is their publicity, not their privacy which may be harmful: their shining medals, not their silent mummeries. Mr. Johnson supposes that the power of the societies depends upon their secrecy; as idols are sanctified by ceremony; which indicates that Mr. Johnson does not understand idolatry. Gods are not awful because we have made them mysterious; we make them mysterious because we stand in awe of them, worship them with forms and ceremonies, and speak their names in fear; and when the worship weakens, the secrets are laughed aloud and the ritual becomes a masquerade. That is merely human nature and human history; and the proof of the present instance is that societies losing the respect of the college (as the sophomore societies did at Yale) are abolished by acclamation, in spite of their mystic terrors. You cannot blaspheme where you do not believe. This secrecy question is a small matter but it serves to illustrate the direction of Mr. Johnson's mental bias. A more suggestive illustration is his constant use of words like archaic, traditional, conservative, and mediæval as terms of reproach. He has the popular feeling that the latest thing is generally the best, that institutions are brought up to date instead of down to date, that we should shake ourselves free of traditions and conventions—in short, the modern fallacy of *post hoc, ergo melior hoc*. Of course, it is only his collective memory that raises man above the animal: the ape of each generation shakes himself free from the past, and remains an ape. And in effect, it is by no means obvious that we are any better off

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than the Greeks or the mediævals, merely because we have invented mechanical conveniences. The great virtue of our universities is that they are not up-to-date, that they do not reflect the whole confusion of the outside world, nor echo every breath of Babel. This is not a time like the Reformation when the office of culture is to stir up stagnation; it is an age like the decline of Rome, when it was good for thoughtful men to cloister themselves apart from the tumult, lest old wisdom be forgotten. And if our colleges are not to act as conservatories of tradition, it is hard to say where the racial memory is to be conserved. A university, like a cellar, is a good place to keep things in, because it is warmer in some seasons and cooler in others. Mr. Johnson complains that the Yale man especially wastes four years of endeavour toward some childish ideal not worth his trouble. But the best thing about Yale is that a man learns there to spend himself upon something without questioning whether that something is worth while or not. For we are entirely too much given here and now to asking whether things are worth while. Leonidas never wondered whether Sparta was worth saving; St. Paul was not trying to see what he could get out of Christianity; Washington did not cross the Delaware to get on the winning side. College spirit is only miniature patriotism: the essence of which is precisely to ask one's self "What can I do for Yale?" instead of "What can Yale do for me?" The object does not matter, because any human object may turn out a failure or a farce; what does matter is that a man shall stand up and fight for something, instead of making himself dizzy by trying to follow the course of evolution. The compass may as well point in any direction, so long as it points in one; but the less it is affected by surrounding influences, the better for navigation. Mr. Johnson wants the universities to be leaders of modern thought. Perhaps it would be better for them to stand firm and show us whither modern thought is leading. Certainly it is well for them to rest apart from the clamour and chaos of the market-place, cloisters of scholarship and tradition, walled gardens of idealism, lists where a boy may try himself in tournament for a blossom or a glove before he goes forth to battle among men. *Brian Hooker.*

VI

Compton Mackenzie's "Carnival"*

Carnival is bound to attract attention. The author of *The Passionate Elopement* has deserted wigs and patches for a stern, relentless study in realism. Frequently crude and over elaborated in phrasing amidst long stretches of vivid easy writing, suggestive, too, at times of other writers, it nevertheless stands as an unusual study of a ballet girl's soul. Aside from photographic reflections of certain phases of English life—middle class mediocrity, dancing schools, provincial theatres, ballet environment with all its casual accessories, and finally, the cramped oppression of a farm at Cornwall—that which gives *Carnival* a touch of the unusual is the element of fate which seems to brood over the entire story. Jenny just couldn't help being herself: a mass of strange contradiction, with moments of rebellion and long hours of acquiescence, she is a throbbing little person who seems to live her life without sustained motivation though full of tailless impulse. "Who cares," is the *leit motif* of her existence. This philosophy of indifference with which she explains all the rebuffs of her life, comes early. Compton Mackenzie cleverly paints Jenny's youth and inheritance and suggests how potent with disappointment her life is bound to be. The child of a loveless marriage, with a father who is, so far as she is concerned, merely an accessory to her existence, she finds herself oppressed and baffled in the unsympathetic atmosphere at home. Jenny's one great joy is dancing—it is an instinct—and with its expression arises the problem of her little life; for she meets opposition in the one thing which to her means freedom and joy.

> Life was a series of hopes held out and baffled desires, of unjust disappointments and aspirations unreasonably neglected. She lay there a mite in floating time, sensible only of having no free will.

*Carnival. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1912.

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Through the intervention of Mr. Vergoe, an old clown, however, Jenny is encouraged in her dancing and succeeds finally in gaining her mother's consent to obtain proper instruction at Madame Aldavini's dancing academy. But effort breeds impatience and Jenny is not happy with the routine necessary. Still, she became a professional ballet girl, resenting her enforced living at home and her mother's instinctive attempt to mould her with warnings about the world.

It would have been wiser to let her alone, but nobody with whom she was brought into contact could realise the sexlessness of the child. The truest safeguard of a girl's virtue is familiarity with the aggregated follies of man's adolescense.

Though Jenny is slowly drawn into the hectic atmosphere of her life, and partakes of the usual suppers and excursions, which seem to be the natural perquisites of a dancer at The Oriental Palace of Varieties, she, however, is never attracted by men, but rather has an instinctive antagonism to them. This protects her until a real experience comes in the person of Maurice Avery, an artist. The reactions between the two, so subtle sometimes that the reader feels they need further phrasing, is the most interesting part of the novel. It is not a sordid picture save for its inevitable futility, and it is touched with delightful episodes. But Jenny refuses to surrender herself to him and Maurice leaves her. Then in disgust at his not understanding her desire to surrender herself only "with the whole of her womanhood," Jenny breaks with all her own struggling faith, and in order to make a return to it impossible, gives herself to a casual acquaintance, whom she immediately throws aside, not even offering him the satisfaction of knowing he was not one of many. Here the author has portrayed with remarkable insight how little the actual event may be in a character's march toward completeness, how trivial and over-exaggerated its importance when it is merely a technical and not psychic surrender. Jenny's inherent bitterness against men is increased and her own sense of futility is deepened by the discovery that her mother's insanity and death is really due to what seemed sure proof of her *liason* with Maurice. The irony of all this throws her into marriage with a farmer, who seems to offer her, at least, a release from her surroundings. She has nothing in common with him, though when her child is born she begins to believe she will find some reason for her life. Maurice returns to England and secretly comes to see her; but it is too late.

You can't mess up a girl's life and then come and say you're sorry the same as if you'd trod on her toe. . . . Once *I* was mad, too. I *nearly* died. I didn't care for nothing, nor for *any*thing. You was the first man that made me feel things like love. You! And I gave you more than I'd ever given any one, even my mother. . . . But they're all animals. All men. Some are nicer sorts of animals than others, but they're all the same. . . . Now I've got a boy and he's like *me*. He's got my eyes and I'm going to teach him, so he isn't an animal, see? . . . Go away, Maurice, leave me. I don't want you. I can't forgive you. I can only just not care whether you're not there or not. But go away, because I don't want to be worried by other people.

No mere outline of the story which ends with her murder by the husband in a fit of jealousy over his discovery of this final interview with Maurice, could indicate the real value of the characterisation of Jenny. The author has followed the chronicle style and has merely torn a page out of life, leaving many ragged edges. But *Carnival* is a vivid novel, as full of promise as it is of accomplishment.

George Middleton.

VII

Meredith Nicholson's "A Hoosier Chronicle"*

With the last of the many pages in *A Hoosier Chronicle* distinct disappointment comes to the reader. So much was expected, so little is finally obtained. Instead of the broad picture of life in a typical American commonwealth which seems to have been the author's aim, we have a rather thin narrative cast in a mould that has now become conventional. Mr. Nicholson's Hoosier boss differs little from similar characters in the politi-

*A Hoosier Chronicle. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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cal novels that have been so abundant in recent years, and the clean young man with ideals who ultimately triumphs over him is an equally stock figure. The story itself is built around a mystery the solution of which is apparent almost from the first. It is not, however, any deficiency in plot that makes this Chronicle a disappointment. Had the author of *The Siege of the Seven Suitors* and *The House of a Thousand Candles* been greatly interested in this feature of his book, it is not probable that we should have to complain of any lack of originality and resource. What one really misses is the crowded canvas, the intimate knowledge of a whole community, the keen sympathy with all its members and the native humour that distinguished William Allen White's *A Certain Rich Man.* Chaotic in construction, at times as crude and rough as the persons it described, *A Certain Rich Man* yet left upon the mind a clear picture of Kansas and a Kansas millionaire. With vastly greater skill at his command, Mr. Nicholson has not achieved any such success with his Hoosiers. A few characters are elaborated with painstaking detail, significant features of the provincial setting are duly pointed out to us with the irony proper in a cosmopolitan guide, but Indiana is not revealed.

It is quite true, as Mr. Nicholson says, that "the Hoosiers with whom we have to do are not those set forth by Eggleston, but the breed visible to-day in urban marketplaces, who submit themselves meekly to tailors and schoolmasters." The influence of urban marketplaces, tailors and schoolmasters is powerful for uniformity and Hoosiers are probably much like other folk. It is from just this fact that the Chronicle suffers. Mr. Nicholson knows his own people too well to draw them in caricature and under the veil of a commonplace prosperity he has not found—or has not disclosed—their true individuality. Moreover, if his material is not so rich as Mr. White's Kansas, it is doubtful if he has the same love for it. Certainly his humour does not play about it with the same spontaneity.

In the telling of his story Mr. Nicholson is not helped by his somewhat laboured efforts to secure an abundance of local colour. The gift of narrative is his and had he been free to exercise it untrammelled he would not have devoted six hundred pages to this Chronicle. In itself it is not a story of great significance and the multiplicity of still more insignificant details prolongs its development unwarrantably. It is, moreover, not easy to believe in Morton Bassett. Again a comparison with *A Certain Rich Man* suggests itself. Before John Barclay consented to reform and abandon his life-long occupation of robbing the people, he had been beaten to his knees by a succession of private calamities; Bassett at the climax of his power yields to a somewhat melodramatic sermon from an unrecognised daughter who has just discovered her parentage. The sudden collapse of a self-control and an ambition that had enabled him to meet her for years without betraying his secret is hardly convincing.

The unfortunate fact is that *A Hoosier Chronicle* is not convincing—political and business novels rarely are. But when Mr. Nicholson escapes from his self-imposed limitations and feels free to write of individuals, he succeeds. Despite her vague and rather inane aspirations for a higher career than matrimony, Sylvia is a very lovable American girl; when he is not playing St. George to the dragon of machine politics, Harwood is a good, sturdy chap quite worthy of her love. And Aunt Sally Owen! In her, it seems, is concentrated all the Hoosier atmosphere of the Chronicle. She is a worthy companion to Mrs. Hollister of *The Seven Suitors* and even if one is farce and the other a serious essay in character drawing, they are two very charming women.

Possibly the memory of *The Seven Suitors* is in part responsible for one's disappointment in *A Hoosier Chronicle.* In the effort to write a work of serious importance, Mr. Nicholson has put his imagination in chains. It is a tribute to his power that thus handicapped, he can still interest us in the fortunes of his characters. But *A Hoosier Chronicle* would have been a different and a better novel if he had been content to tell his own story in his own way, and had left political reform and the Hoosier atmosphere to their own fate.

Edward Bedinger Mitchell.

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VIII

LEROY SCOTT'S "THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE"*

In discussing magazine tendencies the other day, a well-known editor remarked that he felt fiction rather than special articles was the best means of promulgating propaganda. It is interesting, too, to see how the novelist, ever alive to the social and economic problems about him, is turning his attention to the various phases of the woman movement, which, no doubt, is, in its manifestations, one of the most pronounced of the new tendencies. Leroy Scott's latest novel, following his commendable inclination for social problems, does not touch upon the woman suffrage question; though the book throughout, by its incidents, is a picture of woman's capacity in the field of public affairs. The author, instead, has injected into his story the economic phase of a woman's desire to support herself, and contrasted it further with the primitive reaction of her lover, who cannot grasp her desire to be an equal contributor to the home, or her unwillingness to give up her work because she happens to be approaching wifehood. It is this part of the novel which tends to make it more than a good entertaining story, for Mr. Scott has presented these states of mind with keen penetration. It would be manifestly unfair, however, to suggest that the novel is a tract or a social document: it is merely that the author has caught into his story several situations which in their working out will undoubtedly stimulate thought.

The structure of the novel is cleverly devised, and in spite of frequent crudities of style is interesting and entertaining. Katharine West returns from college to her little town in Indiana to find her father accused of accepting a bribe for lending his influence in the selection of a new site for the town water works. The case is very strong against him and all the lawyers in the town, fearing the political effect, have refused to be retained in his defence. Katharine, however, who has studied law, shocks the conventions of the community by undertaking it herself. In so doing she is brought into contact with Arnold Bruce, the editor of the paper, who is her father's bitterest enemy. A love story develops quite naturally, but Mr. Scott has kept throughout an element of suspense which is full of good melodrama. Her father's case is lost and won, though not until the whole seamy side of politics is revealed.

It is not, however, until Katharine has success to show for her efforts that Bruce finally breaks through his traditional mistrust of woman's capacity and right in the work field. He is forced to see that the woman in marriage does not desire only a paternal protection and humouring; that frequently her capacities are wasted in household drudgery which, after all, can be bought and paid for without loss of a real capacity in other spheres of self-expression; that she wishes to bring him fresh contacts by reason of her own work and that, also, even as a mother, the whole span of her years need not be given as tribute.

Griffin Mace.

*The Counsel for the Defense. By Leroy Scott. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1912.

IX

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'S "JAPONETTE"*

It is interesting to see good craftsmanship, even when it is expended on cheap or worthless material. It has at least its own excellence, deftness and grace. But though interesting, the exhibition is also irritating, for it is difficult not to feel that the worker should have employed an equal sincerity on what he has made as on how he has made it. And this is particularly true in art or literature, for the artist who uses his skill on an unworthy subject resembles a mint that knowingly stamps some baser metal as gold. It is the artist's high privilege to fashion the raw materials of life into some distinct form, by means of the medium which most appeals to him. It is life that we expect from him and that he promises us. If he gives anything less we have the right to feel deceived. And the closer his imitation to the real thing, the more dangerous his deception.

Mr. Chambers's books seem to practise this deceit. He possesses the story-teller's art; he holds your interest; he presents character and situations that appear living and natural. But it is,

*Japonette. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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after all, only appearance. His puppets are life-like, they are not alive, and the situations in which they are involved are cleverly chosen to show off Mr. Chambers's ingenuity and to attract the public, not to illustrate the development of character through force of circumstance or stress of feeling. Mr. Chambers has succeeded in becoming popular; but he has fallen farther and farther away from any actual presentment of life, any true exercise of the imagination. This is the more to be regretted since his earlier stories, such as *The King in Yellow*, bore witness to a talent far from the commonplace, while *Iole* was a masterly and amusing satire, a delightful evidence of Mr. Chambers's keen observation of, and shrewd comment upon life.

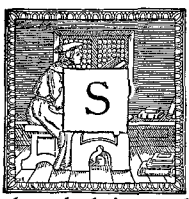
But this was long ago. Nowadays he gives us novels produced according to a formula, a formula prepared to satisfy the general demand for a kind of modern romance that mingles unconventional situations with entire respectability, involving the eternally innocent and superlatively beautiful heroine in difficulties from which she is rescued in one of several picturesque ways, and that moves amid the silken surroundings of extreme wealth, while at the same time this wealth is deprecated in an easy, thoroughbred manner that cannot possibly hurt its feelings. Naturally there is a love interest; usually, as in the present book, more than one, with various obstacles to be overcome before arriving at the happy ending. Nor is the roll-call of characters complete without some vulgar person to be properly sat upon, and one or two others who shall provide a homely, wholesome touch.

Japonette is made according to this accepted formula, only it is a little more tenuous than its predecessors, less real, weltering more deeply in adjectives. It is overcrowded with dialogue that is sometimes amusing, but at which the characters "laugh frankly" far more frequently than the reader. And it is not so successful in holding the interest, perhaps because Mr. Chambers's own is beginning to flag. Yet, once begun, it will be finished; and once finished, the query will arise "To what end? . . ."

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

A BUDGET OF NOVELS*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.



OME French wit whose name escapes the writer at the moment, enjoyed Mlle. de Léspinasse's *causeries* but not her dinners. He once remarked that between that lady's cook and Mme. de Brinvilliers, the famous poisoner, the difference was one of intention only. This cooking must have been of about the same quality as that of Miss Tompkins's latest heroine, the dainty Marie Rose, whose attempt at making muffins nearly kills the man who eats them and does land him in matrimony. Marie Rose is a delightful young thing, but what she doesn't know about a kitchen is almost too bad to be true. She is also rather weak in propriety. When fortune lands her in a pretty little New York apartment, where she is to keep house for the first time in her life—her previous twenty years having been spent in hotels, where all she had to do seems to have been to press buttons—it is her luck to find that the chaperon and housekeeper engaged for her is detained elsewhere. So Marie Rose does her best. After trying to set the house afire with her gas-stove, and

*Pleasures and Palaces. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Her Weight in Gold. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Touchstone of Fortune. By Charles Major. Macmillan Company.

It. By Gouverneur Morris. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Five Thousand an Hour. By George Randolph Chester. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A Man and His Money. By Frederic S. Isham. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Bandbox. By Louis Joseph Vance. Little, Brown and Company.

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failing to open cans of soup with an ice-pick, and half cutting off a finger instead, she gets help from a stalwart young man in the next apartment, who for ten days gives her lessons in housekeeping and inspires her to the concoction of the aforesaid muffins that proved fatal. Incidentally the young man sings to her. He sings so well that in the end she decides to give up hotels for a real house in which she can make better muffins, and for the sake of the young man it may be hoped that she succeeds. Miss Tompkins's little story is a plea in favour of teaching girls to find happiness in doing things themselves instead of pressing buttons, and in this age of apartment houses, coöperative hotels and other devices for making life too easy it has its purpose. With all its impossibilities there are bright lines and some amusing situations. When Marie Rose accepts a gift of soup from the young neighbour, but declines coffee upon the ground that it is "more intimate," she draws a new line in the proprieties that the reader is hardly prepared to give her credit for.

Rather less serious, if possible, is Mr. McCutcheon's amusing skit, *Her Weight in Gold,* in which the author of *Graustark* deserts romance for the most mercenary of heroes, nothing less than a young man who consents to marry the ugliest woman he knows provided he gets her exact weight in gold with her. He is over his ears in debt, and she is a girl of majestic figure. Hence the temptation. Miss Martha Gamble is one of those young women who would perhaps look well on the back of an elephant but nowhere else. She is vast, but considering the conditions of the match proposed by a rich old guardian anxious to be relieved of his ward, this is the essential attraction to Eddie Ten Eyck, down to his last dollar's worth of credit. In an evil hour he had declared that he would marry Martha only for her weight in gold, thus casting a double slur—upon her undesirability and her weight, both enormous. But the wicked guardian takes Eddie up and starts the little comedy. No sooner has Eddie signed the contract to take Martha and her weight in yellow eagles on the wedding day, than the girl falls ill. When Eddie proposed she tipped the scales at one hundred and eighty-odd, which meant about forty thousand dollars. Happiness, thought Eddie, will surely cause her to gain a good many pounds before the wedding. Every kiss the villain gave her he estimated at an ounce of gold. It served the scoundrel right that she should catch typhoid or some other wasting disease and stagger to the altar a walking skeleton. He couldn't back out, because he had contracted more debts upon the strength of the coming windfall. So he had to take his Martha and only about a third of what he had counted on. But after the wedding, when returning health and new happiness did their work, how she did grow! Her weight went up by leaps and bounds, only it was too late for Eddie. This is good fooling, of which Mr. McCutcheon makes the most, abetted by Mr. H. Devitt Welsh, who furnishes many sketches of Martha at various weights and of scenes in the farce.

Serious historians may gasp if they happen to come across Mr. Major's *The Touchstone of Fortune,* for he seems to know so much more than they do about the secret doings of the Court of Charles II. For instance, they never knew that the Merry Monarch was tricked into selling Dunkirk to France by a certain lovely Frances Jennings, whom Mr. Major makes the heroine of a series of adventures highly improbable, but possible and certainly exciting. As a maid of honour this Frances proves to be a wonder of virtue, intelligence, honesty and energy. She loves the discredited but worthy George Hamilton, for whom she goes through fire and water and lots of other things. She is so beautiful that the dissolute king tries every rascality to win her and great noblemen offer her marriage. Her heart, however, belongs to Hamilton. The lovers have a hard time of it, of course—Mr. Major may be trusted for that. They get into scrapes from which there seems to be no escape, and when the reader is about to despair, this precious Frances, with the aid of an almost equally resourceful friend, an innkeeper's daughter, turns the tables upon rascality. There are ambuscades by the dozen, rattling fights, broken

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heads, marvellous escapes, and of course scores of pages devoted to love-making. In the few breathing spells left to the chief characters they make love with tremendous ardour. We all know that the Court of Charles Stuart was a wicked one, and Mr. Major lays the colours on thick. In his picture it has hardly a decent man or woman. From the King down it was a company of unmitigated blackguards. In order to bring out in relief the remarkable virtues of his two or three honest people it may have been wise to paint a dark background, but it does seem a bit too black even for contrast.

Mr. Gouverneur Morris has put together a number of his short stories, beginning with "It," a fantastic tale of mysterious horror. The sketches run from the fanciful, with a rather pretty gleam of poetry, to pictures of everyday life and here and there a vision of sordid tragedy. One of the prettiest in the book is "Two Business Women," the record of a boy's Adirondack fight for life against consumption. One of the strongest is "The Claws of the Tiger," the tragedy of a girl's sacrifice to the vice of a great city. "Growing Up," "The Bride's Dead," "Back There in the Grass" are all sketches worth preserving. Mr. Morris sometimes reaches the Kiplingesque touch he aims for. When in "It" he describes a Chinese executioner cutting off a head with the swing that golfers call "the follow through," he is as neat as the performance itself.

How a man may make five thousand dollars an hour until he has a million dollars—enough to marry the girl he wants—may be learned from Mr. Chester's *Five Thousand an Hour.* As in this author's *Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford,* the story has plenty of movement and slang enough to start a new dictionary. The hero, Johnny Gamble, rightly entitled to his name, is a worthy youth with one hundred dollars to begin with. He meets a lovely creature who is to inherit a million dollars the day she marries a certain man. Johnny feels that he cannot ask her to throw the other man over unless he can make her loss good. He finds that in order to succeed he must earn money at the preposterous rate of five thousand dollars every business hour for about a month. He is a born gambler. Beginning with a horse-race he plunges into every speculation that offers, and notwithstanding the counter schemes of envious rascals, he gets the money and the girl. As a boy his first ambition was to buy his poor old mother a cook-stove with nickle-plated knobs on it. His mother's delight gave him as much pleasure as the million dollars did in later life. The moral may be that if you want to win a million dollars buy your old mother a good cook-stove.

Money and lots of it is also the mainspring of *A Man and His Money,* in which Mr. Isham mixes up American millions, Russian princes, beautiful adventuresses, noble paupers and, of course, lovely and virtuous American girls. The young man in the case was so tremendously rich that he came to hate money. So he gave it all to a friend to keep for him till he should ask for it, meaning to try the novelty of making his own living. When the experiment grew tiresome, he found that his friend had lost the millions and died. So he had to go to work in earnest, and the first job he got cost him the love and respect of the only girl in the world for him, a delightful young thing named Betty, with golden hair, whom he had known in days of affluence. For his job happened to be playing bandit for the benefit of a moving-picture show. The girl saw him in the act of wrenching the diamonds from a lady's neck, but did not know that it was a motion-picture performance. She thought him a villain and said so. He was so hurt that he refused to explain. But when a Russian prince whom she had scorned abducted Betty and carried her off on his yacht, the young man swam after them, and by deeds of vast daring rescued her. They landed hungry but safe on some island where, upon visiting a local motion-picture show, the great diamond robbery film showed the girl how cruelly she had misjudged him. It does not appear that upon getting back to civilisation Mr. Heatherbloom, the hero, recovered any of his money, but the girl had enough for two. Mr. Max J. Spero's pictures of Betty show that she was worth swimming for.

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Double-dyed mysteries, one after another, one mystery dovetailing into the other like a Chinese puzzle until the reader is tempted to skip whole pages, knowing that by doing so he may get a clue, even though he is sure to miss a few extra mysteries, for there is one on every page—that is the sort of impression *The Bandbox,* by Mr. Louis Joseph Vance, may leave upon the conscientious reader. For those who love mystery Mr. Vance's book will be a delight from first to last. A bandbox may seem a commonplace thing, but when there are two of them and one contains a diamond necklace, and when the box with the necklace is always getting mixed up with the box without one, when they are shipped over seas with detectives and thieves by the dozen trailing after them, and when murder and sudden death occur wherever one or both those bandboxes turn up, it will be seen that they are more interesting than the most wonderful Paris bonnet could make them. Naturally there is a love theme involved, and the beautiful Alison Landis, who owned one of the bandboxes, had some sentiment in her. But what the reader gets is not romance, it is mystery. There is no time for much else.

MILLIONS AND MILLIONAIRES IN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON

IN TWO PARTS. PART II

ITH the advent of Silas Lapham into American fiction came a new method of treating wealth and rich men as themes for the novelist. The great modern fortunes were just in process of building, and the early '70's were filled with foreshadowings of mightier fortunes under single management than the world had known. Dickens had caught the coming spirit, and in *Little Dorrit* had dealt extravagantly with the great Merdle fortune after a manner that is still followed by novelists of the *Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford,* and the *Brewster's Millions,* and the *Money Changers* stripe. That is, money miraculously accumulates under one man's manipulations, and the difference of an odd cipher or two, or a discrepancy of three in the numeral that heads the total is of no consequence. There is simply money and then more money, all of it dazzling and thrilling, but as unreal as any poor man's mental concept of the purchasing power of three trillion dollars. Within the past ten or fifteen years the reading public has been deluged with these lurid tales of big business—The *Saturday Evening Post* story—did old Gorgon Graham lead them all?—has come to stand as the typical example upon which all tales of this character are industriously modelled. Dishonesty and graft rampant, disregard of the little fellow, worship of the two or three American gods of high finance, a rolling of amounts of money that range through millions to three-quarter billions, a beautiful stenographer or a beautiful heiress—these are the materials with which more or less impecunious authors juggle to the end of unreality and the modest increment of their bank accounts.

No need to call the roll of these successful delineators of great wealth, as it is not for the sake of the story that must be. That there is demand for it from the weekly primary vote of the people is shown by the fact that the flood of golden fiction sweeps endlessly on. The American bourgeoisie feast greedily on detailed descriptions of recklessly acquired and recklessly spent wealth. How else came Edith Wharton ever to rank as a "best seller"! And side by side with *The House of Mirth* stands on many a mental bookshelf Upton Sinclair's *The Metropolis,* with its Sunday supplement

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chapters of the millionaire's wardrobe, the detailed costs of his Romanesque feasts, its disbursement of moneys by people moved by sheer mania for spending. Modern fortunes have been dealt with no less luridly than that old guard in the *Ledger* days, Emma Southworth, dealt with love and hate and intrigue and murder.

But Howells saw in the early days of fortune making a motive not new, but one capable of a new interpretation, and in *The Rise of Silas Lapham* he gave us not the fortune, but the man who made it, and, like a haunting note, the figure of the cheated Rogers; the man who made through the man who lost. Howells does not juggle with figures that mean nothing and have but a tinkling sound in shallow ears; almost the only gauge he gives for the proper estimation of Lapham's fortune is the bare fact of the price he was prepared to pay for his "palatial mansion," one hundred thousand dollars. But here lies, on every page, a sense of the inherent injustice in a huge fortune built up on technical legalities and moral wrongs. Lapham had piled it up stubbornly and harshly, and, because he was not as hard as the real men of affairs who came after him, was unhappy in his harshness. Perhaps Silas Lapham loved his women folks too well, and perhaps they had not learned the art of spending to an extent that made them, too, harsh and stubborn dispensers of the Lapham wealth.

More than thirty years later, in *A Certain Rich Man,* William Allen White tried to do it over again, handling the fortunes of the early '70's as they were making, with the conclusion of the whole matter so far as we have reached conclusions. And, besides covering a quarter of a century more in time than Howells did or could with his theme, White undertook the delineation of a whole community, and, through it, the groanings of a nation under John Barclay's iron-heeled oppressions. Silas Lapham's fortune, in so far as his creator shows us, affects only his home, Rogers, and himself.

John Barclay is playing the concertina at country dances for two dollars a night when we first see him; even then he was a cold, hard youth. And from the time that he organised the Golden Belt Wheat Company, seeing, in the need of his neighbours for money, his chance to get control of them and all their possessions, his feet, until the end, never strayed from the narrow, chill road he had marked out to travel. Owning or holding mortgages on practically every acre of land in his region: "That year of the panic John capitalised the hardship of his people and made terms for them which they could not refuse. He literally sold them their own want." A year later, owing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Eastern stockholders with no means in sight of paying the interest, he compelled his old friend, and the father of his New York clerk, to whom he would pay no more than fifty dollars a month, to break the law in half a dozen different and hazardous ways, to risk all his bank's assets and all its cash, to lend to no man, stranger or old friend, a dollar except as the borrower consented to comply with the demands of the Golden Belt Wheat Company, and to mortgage his own farm to Barclay. Finally, after a series of juggling with railroads and rebates, of stretching out a thousand hands in search of profitable by-product patents, and of factories that should supply at cost all its needs, the National Provision Company is capitalised at seventy-five million dollars, and John Barclay is on the way to becoming the richest man in the world. His æsthetic life is dead of inanition; his emotional life is starved all but to death's door; he is hated by most of those who know him as few men are hated, and finally, when he gives up his life for another, though his end should be a dramatic one, it is not. Somehow, though one feels it should supersede in melodrama the death of—McTeague, say, handcuffed to a corpse in the middle of the Great Desert, it does not approach it; probably because no one can feel that John Barclay, who had deliberately killed all humanitarian impulse for so many years, could have felt the impulse that would make him surrender life to save another. He had slain too many thousands, soul and body. And, despite the detail and figures that *A Certain Rich Man* holds, it remains, with all its detail

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and verbiage, a less powerful study somehow of a rich man than the old, first study in millionairedom's realism.

Another American realist, in two of an uncompleted trilogy of novels, dealt with Big Business, more graphically in *The Octopus* than in *The Pit*. In the first book Frank Norris took the impersonal corporate body of the thieving railway rather than a single rich man, and those rich men who do figure in these pages are, however cruel and relentless, less their own self-distorted spirits than the puppets in the graspings of the mighty Octopus. Once again Norris cannot hold back from a melodramatic death, and buries his arch villain in the wheat as it pours into the hold of the ship that is to distribute it through the world to people all defrauded of their right to the fruits of the earth. The epic of the wheat pit at Chicago is less vital by a good many degrees, owing to the deliberate and therefore unspontaneous injecting into it of a "love interest" that failed to interest. It is the Chicago local colour, and the cat that sat, washing her face, on the edge of the pit after its greatest battle, that one remembers more definitely than this relentless millionaire, Jadwin.

Robert Herrick, too, has tried his hand at rich men—the fortunes in *Together* are large and in most cases unscrupulously got. Old Colonel Price died richer than his family suspected, being worth more than eight millions. But his will, modelled undoubtedly after the Field will, was, like that, "a document in the trust field." The old Colonel, having but little faith in the generation that would immediately succeed him, left his daughter only a pittance, a few hundred thousands—"Isabel had thought that she would be a rich woman in her own right;"—and by creating a trust, the name of his beloved firm was insured to stand for another generation at least. "The Colonel did not trust the present generation; he preferred that his money should wait until possibly the passing of years had brought wisdom." "A selfish will," his public said. That, undoubtedly.

Isabel's husband did not need the Colonel's wealth—he was making his own, mounting steadily in the service of the great railroad corporation, not his own master, not the controlling mind behind the business intrigues, but a trusted servant of his masters until the Railroad Graft case was tried, and Lane personally was fined over thirteen thousand dollars. He was made the scapegoat of the Company, and that they might give a public demonstration of the cleansing of garments, was invited to resign. It was in this time of humiliation that Isabel learned the fine distinctions—some of them—that exist between the mere officials of the corporations and the control behind them—the money power; it is this distinction that Herrick has tried to trace out and make clear. "There emerged into her view something of a panorama of industry, organised on modern lines,—the millions of workers in the industrial armies, the infinite gradation of leadership in these armies, and finally in the far off distance, among the cañons of the skyscrapers in the great cities, the Mind of it all, the Control, the massed Capital. There were the Marshals' quarters! Even the chiefs of great corporations were little people compared with their real employers, the men who controlled capital. Men did not reach the Marshals' quarters with a few hundreds of thousands of dollars, nor with a few millions, with savings and inheritances and prudent thrift. They must have tens of millions at their command. And these millions came through alliances, manipulations, deals, by all sorts of devices whereby money could be made to spawn miraculously."

It is in *A Life for a Life*, that curious jumble of theories and half-baked conclusions, the mixture of realism and parable, of socialism and egoism, vanity and the Anarch, that Herrick has attempted to set forth the taint of ever-spawning wealth in its worst aspect: its hideous fight for life in socialistic age.

Pigs in Clover is a book that delineates with deliberate intent an almost isolated case, from the standpoint of fiction, in the portraiture of millionaires. *Pigs in Clover*, from its sneering title to its "Finis," is intended to paint only one type of the world's rich men, and that type the rich Jew, self-made, and his relation,

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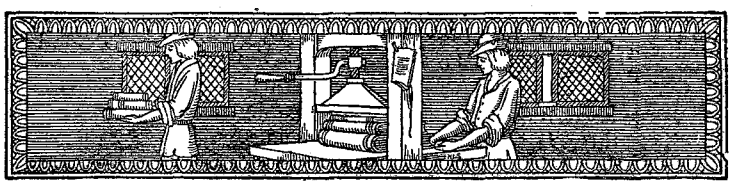
financially and personally, to the England whose industries he manipulates, and whose statecraft he attempts to control for his own purposes. His millions are already made; he is disclosed to us first, in his attempt to establish at home an influence in the Cabinet and with the English Houses, an influence that, from the southernmost tip of Africa he can control and use as matters develop in the Transvaal. The story of Joan de Groot almost buried the story of Karl, but he stands there, painted, so all literary gossip said, true to type and to one individual. This is a study of wealth used to decide the votes of Houses, the decisions of Ministers, the futures of new countries and undeveloped lands and peoples.

As a study of the methods whereby money may be drawn from a people and its banks to breed more money for one shrewd mind who sees a chance to build a huge fortune on nothing at all, *Tono-Bungay* has not been displaced by any later study. Mixed with it, after the Wells manner, are the observations of its effect upon the minds and lives and manners of a people. Not for one hundred and fifty pages have we an idea of what Tono-Bungay is—nor then do we know more of it than that it—"bottles and mitigated water"—is the basis of Ponderevo's thefts from the people. For if taking something and giving nothing is not thieving, what is! Wells does not pretend to tell you. Says he: "We sold our stuff and got the money and spent the money honestly in lies and clamour to sell more stuff." A big boom of patent, bottle dope, with side issues added from time to time, in quick succession—Tono-Bungay Hair Stimulant, Concentrated Tono-Bungay for the eyes, Tono-Bungay lozenges and ditto chocolates! Finally the two, uncle and nephew, took over for exploitation after their manner, Moggs Domestic Soap. In the beginning Ponderevo bought the compounds for "the stuff" on credit, and in small quantities. It was no time at all before he went to the public "to ask with honest confidence for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds for the good will in a string of lies and a trade in bottles and mitigated water." Then came the final play—the expedition for the voyage to Mordet Island and the acquisition of its "quap," that deposit of radio-activity that Wells pauses to define as "a real disease of matter—exactly what the decay of our old culture is in society." And, with the failure of the human mind to control the contagious disease that quap spread about it, came bankruptcy, the softly falling collapse of a pasteboard fortune. No modern writer has shown, quite so vividly, the utter rottenness of the quap-like modern fortunes, as Wells in *Tono-Bungay*.

The book of the modern financier has yet to be written, his psychology, the man behind the bitter mask. But the book of the modern fortunes may be put together, like the old books of "Selections," only a far more pregnant volume, this, by taking from every modern minded novelist of to-day, bits that, dealing not obviously at all with great fortunes or their makers, point the shocking results of the modern mess we call the highest civilisation the world has known! Galsworthy's *Fraternity,* his *The Man of Property, The Country House,* Wells's *George Meek* and his *Kipps,* books that, none of them, deal with great wealth nor mighty financiers, are filled with the results of the system that puts the control of the earth's wealth into the hands of a few of the least fitted of her sons to sustain the burden. Not an unhopeful sign of these parlous times!



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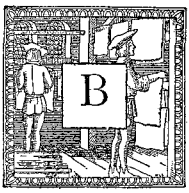
IN MEMORIAM

The Obituaries of the Authors Club of New York for 1911



BY the death of Henry Abbey The Authors Club lost one of its oldest and most interested members, — a familiar figure in the poets' corner since 1884. Like many whose literary star led toward Parnassus, Mr. Abbey during the greater part of his life was an efficient and highly trusted man of affairs, at first in a banking-house and subsequently as a merchant. After about 1905, however, he gradually withdrew from commercial responsibilities, and, building himself a home in which he might entertain his friends, he settled quietly down among the genial neighbours by whom he had so long been esteemed and loved.

It would seem that no life, in the world of to-day, could be more simple—even narrow—than Mr. Abbey's. He never crossed the ocean, was never even west of the Alleghanies. He seemed rather to dread than to court any experience of travel. This was partly due to, and partly the cause of, the distinguishing peculiarities of his temperament, in which were manifested a most generous friendliness coupled with a shy modesty and an excessive fear of intrusion or of accidentally giving offence, which often obscured his real sweetness and worth. The distressing death of his childless wife in 1889, and of other dear ones later, were saddening blows, yet Abbey was always sunny company, drolly humorous, and especially the friend of children.

From boyhood, when his ambition for a collegiate education was frustrated. Abbey delighted in writing verses, and some of his earliest efforts have proved the best of his life's whole product, which numbered no less than seven volumes. No critique is called for here—least of all from me; but it is fact that the more elaborate structures of his leisure age won no such heartfelt response as the loving, truthful little poems of his active youth. Those were simple lyrics such as fitted the ideas of the plain people whom he knew, and yet were instinct with his own uplifting goodness and sense of beauty. A generation ago they illuminated the corners of fireside journals, and were engraven upon the memories of school children, from end to end of the country. This was not the academic fame he hoped for in his later and more ambitious efforts, but it was a spontaneous, sincere, and lasting appreciation, and that, perhaps, is better.

Henry Abbey was born in Rondout, now Kingston, New York, on July 11, 1842, and died of heart disease in Tenafly, New Jersey, on June 7, 1911. He was buried with affectionate respect in the cemetery at Kingston, where already there stands a monument to him in the stone which long ago he erected upon the almost obliterated grave of the artist Vanderlyn—an example of that constant desire to do something for others which was this kindly poet's foremost characteristic.

E. I.

Clarence Cary was a remarkable illustration of that remarkable thing—a self-made man well made, which was again an illustration of the old, old truth that "blood will tell." He was of the Virginia Carys, brother of Constance Cary—later Mrs. Burton Harrison, the well-known author (to whom we owe a portion of this sketch); and cousin of Hetty Cary, the two girls being among the inspirations and joys of Richmond in the hopeful days of the Confederacy, and among its consolations in the dark days.

Clarence Cary was admirably schooled at the Episcopal High School in Fairfax, which was, and has been since, a Rugby in the South. At fifteen he went into the Confederate Army, was in several battles after Manassas, and received his appointment to the navy as a reward for gallantry in service among the volunteers near his old home. After these stirring experiences, he was sent back to Richmond to the school-ship *Patrick Henry* on the James, where he eagerly resumed his studies. Coming as he did of a

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household that set the first value on books and scholarship, he was always reading and studying in the intervals of active service.

He came to New York after the war and, despite his irregular education, soon forged his way to a very prominent position in the law.

He read voraciously, spent half the night in studies, especially of languages, and in time attained mastery over French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian enough to read one of Tolstoy's books, and, as he said, a smattering of Chinese. His unrhymed translation of Horace showed high scholarship, and has been adopted in various educational institutions. He also made some graceful rhythmical versions of Horace's odes. He began a history of the blockade-running fighting ships of the Confederate Navy, which was never finished. He wrote a monograph concerning the Trans-Siberian railway route from China (one of the first to appear), also a quaint and witty French guide to the bicyclist in France.

This sort of thing he did in the intervals of a strenuous law practice. How he managed to do it is indicated by the circumstance that the present writer happening into Cary's room once while he was dressing for dinner, found him listening to a phonograph that was teaching him Russian. His curiosity regarding that language was partly the result of his coming into contact with Russian influences during a professional visit to China in behalf of some American railway interests.

His life embraced a more than ordinary amount of travel, he having circled the globe many times and met everywhere interesting people, so that the culture which proceeds from inspiring sources was manifestly and emphatically his. Still, in later years he constantly lamented that his adventurous early life had prevented him from obtaining a university training.

It is doubtful whether he ever came to The Authors Club as a member, though before joining he was here once as a visitor. About the time that he joined, he was struck with a long and eventually fatal illness, which he bore with the heroism that he had shown in the strenuous experiences of his boyhood and, as his friends knew, through his whole life.

He was a delightful companion, and that we should have been so tantalisingly deprived of the enjoyment we had a right to anticipate from his becoming one of us, is not among the least regrettable things of his premature taking off.

H. H.

The death of Edwin Asa Dix took place in New York on Thursday, August 24, 1911. He was born in Newark, New Jersey, June 25, 1860, and was a son of John Edwin and Mary Joy Dix. Both sides of the family had come from England and settled in New England in 1635. Edwin Asa Dix prepared for Princeton at the Newark Latin School. For two years before entering college in 1877, he printed and published the *Jersey Blue,* one of the best amateur monthlies of the time. His father gave him a large printing press and fonts of type and he did all the work himself. In Princeton he stood first in his class for the entire four years and received an average grade of 98½ per cent., believed to be the highest average ever attained there. Besides being first honour man and Latin Salutatorian, he was managing editor of *The Nassau Literary Magazine,* gold medalist of Whig Hall, and prize essayist, and the winner of the Boudinot Historical Fellowship. When he was graduated in 1881, he had not quite reached his twenty-first birthday.

Later Mr. Dix was graduated with the highest honours from the Columbia Law School, and was admitted to the New York Bar. He practised law only a short time, and then spent several years in travel in Europe, North Africa, the Holy Land, the Balkan States, Burmah, China, and Japan. In 1893 he became the literary editor of *The Churchman.* After two years his health failed and he subsequently spent much time in travel. In August, 1895, he married Marion Alden Alcott in Cherry Valley, New York. His published works include *A Midsummer Drive Through the Pyrenees,* 1889; *Deacon Bradbury,* 1900; *Old Bowen's Legacy,* 1901; *Champlain,*

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the Founder of New France, 1903; *Prophet's Landing,* 1907; *Quincey Baxter,* a serial published in *The Churchman* and in an Australian journal, and various short stories of New England life and travel articles in the magazines. To members of The Authors Club it seems superfluous to speak of his thorough knowledge of music. He published *A Musical Critic's Dream* which was played frequently by Sousa's band. He was secretary of his class at Princeton for many years and a member of the Graduate Council of the University. His favourite pastime was tramping and exploring in Switzerland. Though he never spent much time in New England he seemed to have an instinctive and intuitive understanding of and appreciation for New England life and character of a generation ago, and everything that he wrote on that subject bore the stamp of reality. He usually thought out his New England novels chapter by chapter and had every detail of the story complete in his mind before he put pen to paper. Then he wrote many hours every day and usually finished his manuscript in about six weeks.

The loss of Edwin Asa Dix is a loss that will not easily be forgotten by those who knew his kindly, gentle, courteous spirit. In thinking of him we think of one of the best of human attributes, an attribute that he possessed to an unusual degree, the politeness of the heart.

A. B. M.

When I became a member of The Authors Club, in 1884, I found GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON one of the most active and earnest members. He seldom missed a meeting, was always entertaining in conversation, never forgot to welcome a new member and make him feel at home, and was constantly called upon to take some part in the government of the Club. When I was myself elected to office, I found that official association with him was as agreeable and helpful as in the mass-meetings of the members. And when the Council had unanimously adopted my proposal for the book that was ultimately named *Liber Scriptorum,* and had appointed me chairman of the committee to produce it, and told me to select my own associates, I naturally invited Mr. Eggleston as one whose ability, experience, and popularity would make him acceptable to every member. With him and Mr. Champlin for my associates, the success of the enterprise was assured. In the earliest days of the Club, when its little treasury was empty, he was one of those who put their hands into their individual pockets and made up the deficit; and in the later days of its prosperity he was always a wise counsellor in the management of its resources.

Mr. Eggleston was born late in the year 1839, in Vevay, southern Indiana. The energy that he inherited is indicated by the fact that his widowed mother not only managed, on very limited means, to bring up and educate her sons, but gave a hundred dollars toward the founding of a college. In those days and in that country this was a large contribution. George taught a country school when he was still in his teens, and subsequently was educated at Indiana Asbury University and Richmond, Va., College. He was practising law in Virginia when the Civil War broke out. He voted against secession; but when the fortunes of Virginia had been merged in those of the Confederacy he enlisted in the Confederate Army. His service was first in Stuart's Cavalry, and afterward with the artillery. He served through the war, having the luck to escape wounds and serious illness, and was included in the surrender at Appomattox. His volume entitled *A Rebel's Recollections* is one of the most interesting of the many personal narratives of participation in that mighty contest. For about thirty years after the war he was an active journalist. His services in this profession were spent upon the New York *Evening Post, Hearth and Home,* the *Commercial Advertiser,* and *The World,* as literary editor, managing editor, or editorial writer; and in the course of them he was several times sent abroad on important commissions. He had produced several books in the meantime, and the last ten years of his life were devoted exclusively to the writing of books, most of which were novels. The noticeable fact concerning these is that he never considered

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it necessary to follow the procession to Europe for characters or scenes; all are purely American; the South as he knew it, both before and during the war. He also, in the last year of his life, published a volume of reminiscences and a two-volume history of the war. His other works include stories for boys and one or two volumes for practical education.

Mr. Eggleston's last illness was long and sorrowful; but he bore it heroically as he gradually wasted away. I was with him in one of his last days, when he tried to recall a quatrain that he remembered imperfectly. I recognised it as Sir William Jones's famous translation from the Persian and recited it to him:

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled.
So live that, sinking in thy last, long sleep,
Smiles may be thine while all around thee weep.

His long day's work was done, and well done, and with the coming of a new spring and new duties for us, he bade us farewell and went to his rest. He knew that we loved him while he lived, and I hope he knows that we love him still.

R. J.

On May 1, 1911, there passed away JOHN HENRY FLAGG, a most devoted member of The Authors Club and one in most loyal sympathy with its aims and purposes, yet whom a long painful illness had prevented from ever being present at any of its meetings. Mr. Flagg was born at Wilmington, Vermont, on July 11, 1843, a descendant of an English family that came to this country at the close of the Revolution, and could trace its lineage back over ten centuries. Educated in the public schools of his native town and by private tutors, he entered into the study of law at eighteen, graduating from the Albany Law School in 1864. He entered into the practice of law in his father's firm at Wilmington, shortly moving to Bennington. His success was rapid and brilliant. In his five years of practice there, it is said that of his cases appealed to the Supreme Court not a single one was lost. Ill-health from overwork necessitated his change to a warmer climate and he accepted an appointment as legislative clerk to the United States Senate at Washington. For four succeeding Congresses he continued in this office with such signal ability that when he resigned in 1878 he received a unanimous vote of regret.

He then opened law offices in Washington and New York, giving special attention to commercial questions arising under treaties between the United States and various foreign powers. In 1880 he concentrated his efforts on his New York office, specialising on corporation law in its large phases, and for eighteen years was counsel to the Standard Oil Company. In 1889 he married Miss Lucy P. Jones of Brooklyn, who still survives him.

In the winter of 1900, he was severely injured by an accident and for eleven years, up to the date of his death, was confined to his room. Though rarely free from pain and for much of the time suffering physical agony, his courage, marvellous endurance, cheerfulness, optimism, and heroic self-control made him a living sermon to all who knew him. His clear, keen, incisive mind triumphed over a body racked with pain; his conversation was brilliant, witty, and broad in its range, and so close was he in touch with everything of contemporary interest that it almost seemed to the friends who delighted to visit him that his long illness must be a delusion, that surely no one who had so suffered could be so simple, sympathetic, and uncomplaining. During this terrible siege he carried on his work for the Standard Oil Company and was active in other lines of business.

Mr. Flagg contributed to the magazines and periodicals articles on historical, political, and genealogical subjects as well as occasional poems. His two volumes of verse are *The Monarch* and *Lyrics of New England.*

W. G. J.

There have been few men of letters more courageously militant than was THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. He rather enjoyed being on the side of the under dog; but for him it was necessary that the dog should be congenitally weak, a creature helpless by inheritance—one

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of "God's poor." He was not out hunting for "under dogs," as many people seem to suppose, nor was it necessary in his early days to keep a sharp lookout for God's poor. The oppressive Puritan atmosphere hung about the church door in New England, and he headed a band to storm the pulpit and let in a larger and healthier air. He was hardly out of college, at eighteen, when he was preaching a wide Unitarianism at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and, a little later, a wider Liberalism at Worcester among the iron-masters of that elm-shaded town—a Liberalism closely associated in later years with the broad ideas and sledge-hammer logic of Theodore Parker in Music Hall, Boston. He was about fourteen years old when the temperance movement swept New England, and then, as always, he took the side of the under dog—the helpless dog. He was with the storming party, loving New England rum not at all, and tobacco quite as little. As Worcester had sent up its Minute Men to help Boston throw off the British incubus, in 1775, so also it sent up its contingent, with Higginson at the head, to put out of the Boston court house that blacker tyranny which held Anthony Burns in its grasp. Worcester was among the first to send emigrants to Kansas with the Sharp's rifle, and Higginson was with them. He was not with John Brown in the massacre at Harper's Ferry; neither was he among those who concealed the fact that he helped to pay for the pikes used there. He was a prime leader in the movement for bettering the legal status of women. Indeed, he believed fully in woman's ability to keep up with the band. He scented reform afar off, and, at eighty-five, in his hardy old age, he travelled two hundred odd miles to help Mr. Carnegie knock out a few hereditary but rather ornamental letters from the language of Milton and Emerson, that foreigners and others might slip more easily through the spelling-book.

With all this militant activity, he was by temperament a man of letters—perfecting himself in the literary form at a time when the essay was at its serviceable best, when good criticism was sorely needed and was beginning to base itself on careful, thoughtful, genial scholarship. He developed better than most the parlour talk, which had vogue in his early middle time and has found for itself a choice place among those unable or unwilling to seek the public hall. He was always entertaining, by his personality, his grace of manner, his habit of remembering good rather than disagreeable things, of seeking the best rather than the scaly side of life. When he attacked wrong, it was always with a smile. "I am sorry to have to stop you, but you are on the wrong road. Don't you see the bars?" That was his attitude; yet he was as inexorable as he was courteous. A man of robust mental and physical frame, he loved the good swimmer, the stout walker, the high jumper; believed in the "Soldiers' Field" in Cambridge. Forty years ago, when I first knew him, at Newport, he was one of the best swimmers, rowers, searchers of the woods, lovers of nature. He was also the first man whom one loving good wit, humour, repartee, letters, social charm, would seek in that fashionable ocean-town. He had made his mark in romance, poetry, essay writing; was one of the brilliant corps of contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly* in its great days. A year ago, when I last saw him, he was still at heart among the young of the new generation—loved the past, but chiefly the youth of the past, and would not listen to any disparagement of the present or of the everlasting youthfulness of the world. He was still contemplating additions to the thirty volumes of his published writings.

J. H. M.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS was born in Brooklyn fifty years ago and always claimed to bewail the fact, pretending that Brooklyn was a sort of ball and chain attached to the winged feet of the Mercury of his career. Yet he insisted on living in Jersey near the bank of an indolent creek where the frogs rehearse drowsily on summer eves and the suburbanite is glumly astir in the cold grey dawns of winter.

Loomis had a wonderful mask for humour. He had the marked appearance of an unusual man, a talented man,

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though shyer than a woman and as gentle. The moment his face appeared above the horizon before an audience, a smile would be apt to break forth audibly through the room, and his lectures and readings, scintillating with amiable fun, never failed of their response of congenial laughter.

The Authors Club will not for many a year forget his inimitable performances on Watch Night. He had become a sort of luminous star of the first magnitude at the midnight zenith of these gambols.

As indicative of his remarkable fertility in invention at such times, many of our old-time members will no doubt remember, for instance, the clever tale which he drawled out about that Irish Princess of his with her "tin finger nails." Their parings of gold and silver and tin indeed threatened for a time to disrupt the happiness and contentment of the whole Irish race. It was impossible for any one to have divined that evening what was to be the climax of the yarn, the like of which would seem never to have been heard before, and for which there appeared to be no possible successful ending. And yet, behold, the finish was a little triumph of deft surprise.

He saw life as through a glass brightly, and so did all who came in contact with him personally or who read his stories. He wielded an easily popular pen. His was the instinct of the people, for the mass. Possessing a lively capacity for enjoying himself, he radiated softly, pervasively, with sunshine, tenderness, douceur.

These gifts and graces enabled him to aim at the world playful little shafts whose points never hurt any one's sensibilities or vanity. What would we, each of us, not give to know how he would have reflected in print, with his genius, our own personal virtues and foibles? How suavely he could have turned upon us, each in turn, the mirror of his fancy so that we could see ourselves really as our club fellows see us!

A child of innocence and lightsomeness, dear Loomis became, alas, a martyr to a long, long suffering. But he bore his pain as sweetly as a nun, and as bravely as any stricken soldier dying on a battlefield. S. H.

Edward Morse Shepard was born in the city of New York sixty-one years ago, and died at his country home at Lake George, New York, on the 28th of July, 1911. His father was Lorenzo B. Shepard, a distinguished lawyer, who when he was but twenty-seven years of age was the district attorney of the United States for the District of New York, and subsequently held the positions of district attorney of the county of New York and of corporation counsel.

Following in his father's footsteps, Edward M. Shepard was a Democrat by conviction and by sympathy with the struggling masses. In one of his addresses he summed up his political creed in the words: "The Government should make the least possible demand upon the citizen, and the citizen the least possible demand upon the Government." Politically and in his writings and addresses, he continually dwelt upon the independence of citizenship, and that the individual should have the pride of self-support and refuse, whether by device or through the power of majorities, to cast his burden upon others.

His highest aim in life was to render service. He was innately modest and retiring, and the principal attraction public position had for him was the opportunity it afforded to render the greatest possible service to his fellow-men. This fact is evident in his many public addresses and in his political speeches, many of which were delivered in heated campaigns, and nowhere do we find that he ever descended from principles to personalities. With that generosity of temperament which he displayed upon all occasions he attributed to his opponents the same rectitude of purpose which ever actuated and guided him. His appeals were always to the intellect and never to the passions or prejudices of his auditors.

He was pre-eminently the scholar and philosopher in politics as in all of his public activities. He was never a carping critic, but a leader, instructor, and guide. We cannot but regret he did not give us more from his pen which wrote the history of Van Buren and his times, which in scholarship, style, and clearness of vision of past political events is a real contribution to our national history and

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political literature. He took part in many political contests wherein he won moral victories the results of which will endure and which crown his brave and chivalrous efforts against the powers of unrighteous greed and political corruption.

He graduated from the Free Academy, now the College of the City of New York, and at the time of his death he was chairman of its board of trustees. No son of any university gave more of his heart and soul, thoughts and time to the development of his college than he gave to his alma mater, not only because it was his alma mater, but because it is the people's university of this great metropolitan city, destined to train thousands to useful citizenship. His devotion to education here and elsewhere will be a living monument to his memory. Jefferson directed that there should be inscribed first upon his tomb not his services as a public officer, as a minister of State, as a diplomat, and as president, but as the founder of the university of his commonwealth. So let Edward M. Shepard be remembered as the guardian of higher education for the masses, the true Democrat, the friend of the sons of the people.

O. S. S.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.30.
3. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. A Man and His Money. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Counsel Assigned. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. The Terrible Meek. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Boston Cooking School Book. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) $1.60.
4. Children of the Resurrection. Watson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Danny's Own Story. Marquis. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. Red Eve. Haggard. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Travel Tales. The Princess. (Putnam.) $2.00.
3. Two Years in the Forbidden City. Princess der Ling. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.50.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.

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2. The History of England. Kipling and Fletcher. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.80.
3. On the Cinder Path. Duffey. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The One Way Trail. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Three Polite Farces. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. How to Study Pictures. Caffin. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Ray's Reward. Foster. (Reid.) 75 cents.
3. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Butterfly House. Freeman. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
5. Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life and Times of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.
2. Principles of Economics. Taussig. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
3. George the Third and Charles Fox. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.00.
4. Josephine Shaw Lowell. Stewart. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Honey Bee. France. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Boys' Life of Edison. Meadowcroft. (Harper.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Adjustment. Bryant. (Duffield.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? Butler. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
2. Intimacies of Court and Society. Anon. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
3. George the Third and Charles Fox. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.00.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

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2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Forest Castaways. Bartlett. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Four Gordons. Brown. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.20.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
2. Increasing Human Efficiency. Scott. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
4. A Buckeye Boyhood. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rolf of the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. Boy Scouts Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Guardian. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
4. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. South Sea Tales. London. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Gleaners. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75 cents.
5. The Life Everlasting. Corelli. (Doran.) $1.35.
6. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Flower of the North. Curwood. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Red Eve. Haggard. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

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3. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
4. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Jean Christophe in Paris. Rolland. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.)

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
2. Moral and Religious Challenge. King. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Referendum, Initiative and Recall in America. Oberholtzer. (Scribner.) $2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper. $1.00.
3. Tell Me a True Story. Stewart. (Revell.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Natural Taxation. Shearman. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. A B C of Taxation. Fillebrown. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Progress and Poverty. George. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Fifty Famous Stories. Baldwin. (American Book Co.) 35 cents.
2. Boy Scouts Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. King Arthur and His Knights. Macleod. (Stokes.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Position of Peggy. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
3. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Ethan Frome. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.00.
5. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. The Song of Renny. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. Fifty Years of Public Service. Cullom. (McClurg.) $3.00.
3. Anatol. Schnitzler. (Kennerly.) $1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Mystery of Mary. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Chalice of Courage. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. New Gardens of Canada. Talbot. (Cassell.) $2.50.
2. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
3. On the Art of the Theatre. Craig. (Browne's Book Store.) $2.00.
4. The Arctic Prairies. Seton. (Scribner.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. The Indian Book. Hopkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double day, Page.) $1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
5. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. The Cable Game. Washburn. (Sherman, French.) $1.25.
2. A Garden of Paris. Wallace. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. The Life and Times of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.
4. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Fiction

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Fighting Doctor. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Woman from Wolverton. Curtis. (Century Co.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. The Ladies' Battle. Seawell. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Healer. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
2. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Road to Joy. Willcox. (Harper.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. Travelers Five. Johnson. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Danny's Own Story. Marquis. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

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2. We and Our Children. Hutchinson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Thread of Life. Eulalia. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? Butler. (Scribner.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Five Senses. Keyes. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.
2. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. The Young Continentals at Trenton. McIntyre. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. When Tragedy Grins. White. (Watt.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Small Talks on Auction Bridge. Meyer. (Elder.) 50 cents.
2. Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan. Hovey. (Sturgis & Walton.) $2.50.
3. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
4. The Blast Furnace and the Manufacture of Pig Iron. Forsythe. (Williams.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peggy Owen at Yorktown. Madison. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Century of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Lonesome Land. Bower. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Jaunts of Junior. Hunt. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. The Boy Craftsman. Hall. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $2.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. The Matador of Five Towns. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The One-Way Trail. Cullum. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Sally Salt. Woodrow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. Heredity. Davenport. (Holt.) $2.00.
3. Providence in Colonial Times. Kimball. (Houghton Mifflin.) $6.50.
4. Child Nature. St. John. (Pilgrim Press.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.40.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Studies in Character. Norton. (Estes.) $1.00.
2. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Chanticler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Potter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. A Negro Explorer at the North Pole. Henson. (Stokes.) $1.00.
3. The Play Boy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) $1.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Grandma. Gould. (Penn.) $1.00.
3. Marjorie's Maytime. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
2. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
3. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.
4. The Testimony of the Suns. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Western Gate. Ross. (Dodd, Mead.) 75 cents.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. South America of To-day. Clemenceau. (Putnam.) $2.00.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75
3. Betty Wales Decides. Ward. (Penn.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Danny's Own Story. Marquis. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Sable Lorcha. Hazeltine. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Green Vase. Castle. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, ONT.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.
5. Joseph in Jeopardy. Danby. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. (Herz Bros.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Trevor Case. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Woman from Wolverton. Curtis. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
2. Two Years in the Forbidden City. Princess der Ling. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
3. Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? Butler. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
4. The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman. Anon. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. The Flower Book. Gordon. (Volland Press.) $1.00.
3. The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Adjustment. Bryant. (Duffield.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. Through the Mill. Priddy. (Pilgrim Press.) $1.35.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Tell It Again Stories. Emerson and Dillingham. (Ginn.) 60 cents.
3. The Adventures of Freckle Toad. McKibben. (Davis Press.) 75 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing		1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	270
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40	108
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	101
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	100
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	99
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.	96

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